THE

EDINBURGH REPOSITORY

FOR

POLITE LITERATURE:

CONSISTING OF

ELEGANT, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING

EXTRACTS,

SELECTED FROM

THE BEST ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS:

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

TO INTRODUCE THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES

TO AN ACQUAINTANCE

WITH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL

KNOWLEDGE.

EMBELLISHED WITH *TWELVE* BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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To condenſe within a moderate compaſs the vaſt bulk into which every department of Literature has expanded itſelf, is an attempt no leſs laborious and expenſive than it is at preſent uſeful and neceſſary. The multiplicity of books which firſt contributed greatly to the advancement of knowledge, has now increaſed to ſuch an enormous degree, that it ſeems to be one of the principal cauſes of *Ignorance*. To reduce into a ſmall ſize, and to comprehend at the ſame time moſt of the uſeful knowledge which is diffuſed through the many volumes of Hiſtory, Biography, and Natural Hiſtory, is the chief intention of the preſent work. No encomiums are requiſite on any of theſe branches of Science. Every one is willing to be acquainted with them, provided he could be ſo upon eaſy terms; and this it is hoped may be attained by means of the following REPOSITORY. The *Hiſtorical* part conſiſts of EXTRACTS from the moſt approved ancient and modern Authors: The *Biographical* department has, in like manner, been ſelected from thoſe who have moſt remarkably diſtinguiſhed themſelves by recording the lives of eminent men; and the *Natural Hiſtory* is a Selection from the moſt judicious authors on that ſubject, particularly thoſe who have illuſtrated and embelliſhed their works with elegant Engravings. In the whole ſelection, particular care has been taken to admit nothing that does not contribute both to real inſtruction and amuſement. Nor has any extract been given, except from ſuch authors as have at all times been deſervedly held in eſtimation by the public.

Objections have been made to the mode of conducting this work—and the compilers avow, that, to have arranged each particular department of Literature under one diſtinct head,—without diffuſing it through the whole, would have rendered the

the plan more complete: but the periodical form in which this Volume has been given to the Public, rendered the adoption of that plan objectionable.---In fucceeding Volumes, however, due attention will be paid to every thing that may tend to improvement.

Unforefeen accidents will retard the completion of the fucceeding Volumes to a later period than was at firft intended. In the mean time, a Volume of Elegant Extracts, from the moft admired Britifh Poets, may poffibly foon make its appearance;---and when thofe fetters which now bind commercial credit are removed, the prefent work will be again refumed, and completed, on a plan that will enfure general approbation.

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THE

EDINBURGH REPOSITORY

FOR

POLITE LITERATURE:

CLASSICAL, HISTORICAL, MORAL, BIOGRAPHICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Beneficial Effects of a TASTE for the BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES LETTRES AND CRITICISM chiefly confider man as a being endowed with thofe powers of tafte and imagination, which were intended to embellifh his mind, and to fupply him with rational and ufeful entertainment. They open a field of inveftigation peculiar to themfelves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur and elegance; all that can foothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They prefent human nature under a different afpect from that which it affumes when viewed by other fciences. They bring to light various fprings of action, which, without their aid, might have paffed unobferved, and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on feveral departments of human life.

Such ftudies have alfo this peculiar advantage, that they exercife our reafon without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries, acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abftrufe. They ftrow flowers in the path of fcience; and, while they keep the mind bent, in fome degree, and active, they relieve it, at the fame time from that more toilfome labour to which it muft fubmit in

the acquiſition of neceſſary erudition, or the inveſtigation of abſtract truth. BLAIR.

Beneficial Effects of the Cultivatian of TASTE.

THE cultivation of taſte is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The moſt buſy man, in the moſt active ſphere, cannot be always occupied with buſineſs. Men of ſerious profeſſions cannot always be on the ſtretch of ſerious thought: neither can the moſt gay and flouriſhing ſituations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleaſure. Life muſt always languiſh in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languiſh even in the hands of the buſy, if they have not ſome employment ſubſidiary to that which forms their main purſuit. How then ſhall theſe vacant ſpaces, thoſe unemployed intervals, which more or leſs occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to diſpoſe of them in any way that ſhall be more agreeable in itſelf, or more conſonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taſte, and the ſtudy of polite literature? He who is ſo happy as to have acquired a reliſh for theſe, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amuſement for his leiſure hours, to ſave him from the danger of many a pernicious paſſion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himſelf: He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of looſe pleaſures, in order to cure the tedioufneſs of exiſtence.

Providence ſeems plainly to have pointed out this uſeful purpoſe, to which the pleaſures of taſte may be applied, by interpoſing them in a middle ſtation, between the pleaſures of ſenſe, and thoſe of pure intellect. We were not deſigned to grovel always among objects ſo low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling conſtantly in ſo high a region as the latter. The pleaſures of taſte refreſh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abſtract ſtudy; and they gradually raiſe it above the attachments

attachments of ſenſe, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So conſonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wiſe men, than to tincture them early with a reliſh for the entertainments of taſte. The tranſition is commonly made with eaſe from theſe to the diſcharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of thoſe whoſe minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely void of reliſh for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is juſtly conſtrued to be an unpromiſing ſymptom in youth; and raiſes ſuſpicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or deſtined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal purſuits of life. *Ibid.*

Improvement of TASTE connected with improvement in VIRTUE.

THERE are, indeed, few good diſpoſitions of any kind, with which the improvement of taſte is not more or leſs connected. A cultivated taſte increaſes ſenſibility to all the tender and humane paſſions, by giving them frequent exerciſe; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions,

"———— Ingenuas didiciſſe, fideliter artes
" Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros *."

The elevated ſentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and hiſtory, are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nouriſh in our minds public ſpirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truely illuſtrious and great. I will not go ſo far as to ſay that the improvement of taſte and of virtue is the ſame; or that they may always be expected to co-exiſt in an equal degree. More power-

 ful

* Theſe poliſh'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boiſt'rous mind.

ful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move, or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and, if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Ibid.

Of the Rise of POETRY *among the* ROMANS.

THE Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into

a virtue,

a virtue, by calling it a Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It ſeems to me, that there was more of auſterity than juſtice, and more of inſolence than courage, in ſome of their moſt celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at firſt a nation of ſoldiers and huſbandmen; roughneſs was long an applauded character among them; and a ſort of ruſticity reigned, even in their ſenate-houſe.

In a nation originally of ſuch a temper as this, taken up almoſt always in extending their territories, very often in ſettling the balance of power among themſelves, and not unfrequently in both theſe at the ſame time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root and flouriſhed to any degree. Poetry was the firſt that did ſo; but ſuch a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, buſied, unpoliſhed people.

Not to enquire about the ſongs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly ſomething of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converſe with the muſes, as well as with Egeria, and who might poſſibly himſelf have made the verſes which the Salian prieſts ſung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the ſame reign, or if you pleaſe ſome time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philoſophy; for Cicero aſſures us, that the Pythagoreans made great uſe of poetry and muſic: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered moſt of their precepts in verſe. Indeed, the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had alſo a ſort of prophetic or ſacred writers, who ſeem to have wrote generally in verſe; and were ſo numerous, that there were above two thouſand of their volumes remaining even to Auguſtus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in theſe early times, derived from what they had ſeen of the Tuſcan actors, when ſent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. Theſe ſeem to have been either like our dumb ſhows, or elſe a kind of extempore

extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in uſe all over Italy, and in Tuſcany In a more particular manner add to theſe, that extempore kind of jeſting dialogues begun at their harveſt and vintage feaſts; and carried on ſo rudely and abuſively afterwards, as to occaſion a very ſevere law to reſtrain their licentiouſneſs—and thoſe lovers of poetry and good eating, who ſeem to have attended the tables of the richer ſort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own Britiſh bards, and ſung there, to ſome inſtrument of muſic, the atchievements of their anceſtors, and the noble deeds of thoſe that had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almoſt all theſe poets ſleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loſs to us. One of their beſt poets repreſents them as very obſcure and very contemptible; one of their beſt hiſtorians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their moſt judicious Emperors ordered the greateſt part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.——All theſe poets may therefore be very well dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And ſo we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the firſt of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themſelves ſeem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Auguſtan age.

The firſt kind of poetry that was followed with any ſucceſs among the Romans, was that for the ſtage. They were a very religious people; and ſtage plays in thoſe times made no inconſiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greateſt number of their oldeſt poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almoſt all of them, are dramatic poets.

Spence.

Of

Of the Flouriſhing State of POETRY *among the* ROMANS.

THE firſt age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in compariſon of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Auguſtus Cæſar. The ſtate, which had ſo long been tending towards a monarchy, was quite ſettled down to this form by this Prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at leaſt concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvements of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a miniſter, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himſelf) knew how to encourage the beſt; and who admitted the beſt poets, in particular, into a very great ſhare of friendſhip and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremoſt in this liſt; who, at his firſt ſetting out, grew ſoon their moſt applauded writer for genteel Paſtorals: then gave them the moſt beautiful and moſt correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his Rules of Agriculture (ſo beautiful that ſome of the ancients ſeem to accuſe Virgil of having ſtudied beauty too much in that piece;) and, laſt of all, undertook a political poem in ſupport of the new eſtabliſhment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever ſince I firſt read Boſſu; and the more one conſiders it, the more, I think, one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is ſaid to have begun this poem the very year that Auguſtus was freed from his great rival Anthony: The government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and, though he choſe to be called their Father, he was, in every thing but the name, their King. This monarchial form of government muſt naturally be apt to diſpleaſe the people. Virgil ſeems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of ſome old prophecies that muſt have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promiſing them the empire of the whole world. He weaves this in with the moſt probable account of their origin, that of their being deſcended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his Æneid, ſhews that Æneas was called

called into their country by the exprefs order of the gods: that he was made king of it by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be: that there was an uninterrupted fucceffion of kings from him to Romulus: that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæfar was of the royal race, and that Auguftus was his fole heir. The natural refult of all this is, that the promifes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguftus, the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be mafters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eftablifhment under that prince. As odd a fcheme as this may feem now, it is fcarce fo odd as that of fome people among us, who perfuaded themfelves, that an àbfolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their fuppofed defcent from fome unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effect with many about a century ago; and feems not to have quite loft all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their religious tenets, and to fupport the new form of government in the family of the Cæfars. That poem, therefore, may very well be confidered as a religious and political work; or rather, (as the vulgar religion with them was fcarce any thing more than an engine of ftate) it may fairly enough be confidered as a work merely political. If this was ths cafe, Virgil was not fo highly encouraged by Auguftus and Mæcenas for nothing. To fpeak a little more plainly: He wrote in the fervice of the new ufurpation on the ftate; and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the ufurper he wrote for was become a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their conftitution, at that time, was fuch, that the reins of government muft have fallen into the hands of fome one perfon or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of fome one lefs mild and indulgent than Auguftus was at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his fervice. But whatever may be faid of his reafons for writing it, the

poem

poem itſelf has been highly applauded in all ages, from its firſt appearance to this day; and though left unfiniſhed by its author, has been always reckoned as much ſuperior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Ibid.*

....

Of the Fall of POETRY *among the* ROMANS.

THERE are ſome who aſſert that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been ſpeaking of began to decline even in the latter part of Auguſtus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence, therefore, we may date the Third Age, or the Fall of the Roman Poetry. Auguſtus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at leaſt a mildneſs that gave a calm to the ſtate during his time: The ſucceeding emperors flung off the maſk; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monſters than men. We need not go to their hiſtorians for proofs of their prodigious vileneſs: It is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under ſuch heads every thing that was good run to ruin. All diſcipline in war, all domeſtic virtue, the very love of liberty, and all the taſte for ſound eloquence and good poetry, ſunk gradually, and faded away, as they had flouriſhed, together. Inſtead of the ſenſible, chaſte, and manly way of writing that had been in uſe in the former age, there now roſe up a deſire of writing ſmartly, and an affectation of ſhining in every thing they ſaid. A certain prettineſs, and glitter, and luxurioufneſs of ornaments, was what diſtinguiſhed their moſt applauded writers in proſe; and their poetry was quite loſt in high flights and obſcurity. Seneca, the favourite proſe-writer of thoſe times, and Petronius Arbiter, ſo great a favourite with many of our own, afford too many proofs of this.

As to the profe in Nero's time, and as to the poets, it is e-nough to fay, that they had then Lucan and Perfius, inftead of Virgil and Horace. *Ibid.*

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☞ Occafionally we fhall introduce to the acquaintance of our readers, the principal writers in thefe different ftages of the Roman poetry.

ATHENS.

A fhort hiftorical Account of ATHENS, from the Time of her PERSIAN Triumphs to that of her becoming fubject to the TURKS.—Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State; of her Philofophers; of her Gymnafia; of her good and bad Fortune, &c. &c.—Manners of the prefent Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.

WHEN the Athenians had delivered themfelves from the tyranny of Pififtratus, and after this had defeated the vaft efforts of the Perfians, and that againft two fucceffive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be confidered as at the fummit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards, they maintained, without controul, the fovereignty of Greece *.

As their tafte was naturally good, arts of every kind foon rofe among them, and flourifhed. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an afcendant; and that afcendant produced a fecurity, which left their minds at eafe, and gave them leifure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It

* For thefe hiftorical facts confult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian hiftory.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great ſculptor, was employed as his architect; who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himſelf, and added ſtatues and baſſo-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they ſaw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and ſtates, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealouſy and ambition inſenſibly fomented wars; and ſucceſs in theſe wars, as in others, was often various. The military ſtrength of the Athenians was firſt impaired by the Lacedemonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, laſt of all, it was wholly cruſhed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political ſovereignty was loſt, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not ſink along with it.

Juſt at the cloſe of their golden days of empire, flouriſhed Xenophon and Plato, the diſciples of Socrates; and from Plato deſcended that race of philoſophers called the Old Academy.

Ariſtotle, who was Plato's diſciple, may be ſaid not to have invented a new philoſophy, but rather to have tempered the ſublime and rapturous myſteries of his maſter with method, order, and a ſtricter mode of reaſoning.

Zeno, who was himſelf alſo educated in the principles of Platoniſm, only differed from Plato in the comparative eſtimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinſically good but virtue, nothing intrinſically bad but vice, and conſidering all other things to be in themſelves indifferent.

He too, and Ariſtotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Ariſtotle chiefly dwelt upon the ſimple ſyllogiſm; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philoſophers, cultivated

cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requiſite for thoſe who think of addreſſing mankind with all the efficacy of perſuaſion. Zeno elegantly illuſtrated the force of theſe two powers by a ſimile, taken from the hand: the cloſe power of logic he compared to the fiſt, or hand compreſt; the diffuſe power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I ſhall mention but two ſects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, ſo called from the Old Academy (the name given to the ſchool of Plato) was founded by Arceſilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a miſtaken imitation of the great parent of philoſophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) becauſe Socrates doubted ſome things, therefore Arceſilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another ſource; Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concourſe of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, leſt the trouble of it ſhould impair their uninterrupted ſtate of bliſs. Virtue he recommended, though not for the ſake of virtue, but pleaſure; pleaſure, according to him, being our chief and ſovereign good. It muſt be confeſt, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temporate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate eſteem

We have already mentioned the alliance between philoſophy and rhetoric. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are perſuaded, and if men cannot be perſuaded without a knowledge of human nature; for what, but philoſophy, can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reaſon the ableſt Greek philoſophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote alſo treatiſes upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinſic

trinſic beauty of their language, as it was then ſpoken among the learned and polite. They would have been aſhamed to have delivered philoſophy, as it has been too often delivered ſince, in compoſitions as clumſy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The ſame love of elegance, which made them attend to their ſtyle, made them attend even to the places where their philoſophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place ſhaded with groves, on the banks of the river Iliſſus; and which, as it once belonged to a perſon called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Ariſtotle choſe another ſpot of a ſimilar character, where there were trees and a ſhade; a ſpot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, diſtinguiſhed from other buildings of that ſort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital maſters of that tranſcendant period. Epicurus addreſſed his hearers in thoſe well-known gardens, called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of theſe places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there Plato's philoſophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word ſignifying a portico.

The ſyſtem indeed of Ariſtotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he diſſerted. The term Epicurean philoſophy needs no explanation.

Open air, ſhade, water, and pleaſant walks, ſeem above all things to favour that exerciſe the beſt ſuited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford, may teach my own countrymen the truth of this aſſertion, and beſt explain how

Horace

Horace lived, while the ſtudent at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

——— inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum.

Theſe places of public inſtitution were called among the Greeks by the name of Gymnaſia, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all thoſe exerciſes, and all thoſe arts which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being conſiſting of both, the Greeks could not conſider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their Gymnaſia, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two ſtatues, thoſe of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accompliſhments being patronized (as they ſuppoſed) by the God of ſtrength, the mental accompliſhments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, ſcarce deſerve the name upon this extenſive plan, if the profeſſors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horſes.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accompliſhment that Athens was celebrated (as we have ſaid) during many centuries, long after her political influence was loſt, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately ſprung up. Athens then, though ſhe ſtill maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their inſolence. Antipater deſtroyed her orators, and ſhe was ſacked by Demetrius. At length ſhe became ſubject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her ſevereſt enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumſtance could

not

not eſcape the witty Athenians: they deſcribed him in a verſe, and ridiculouſly ſaid,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, ſprinkled with meal.

The devaſtations and carnage which he cauſed ſoon after, gave them too much reaſon to repent their ſarcaſm.

The civil war between Cæſar and Pompey ſoon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them ſide with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæſar conquered. But Cæſar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made ſo amiable a part of his character, he diſmiſſed them, by a fine alluſion to their illuſtrious anceſtors, ſaying, "that he ſpared the living for the ſake of the dead."

Another ſtorm followed ſoon after this, the wars of Brutus and Caſſius with Auguſtus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forſake them; they took part in the conteſt with the two patriot Romans, and erected their ſtatues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who had ſlain Hipparchus. But they were ſtill unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Auguſtus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, ſometimes favourable, ſometimes harſh, and never more ſevere than under Veſpaſian, their oppreſſions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that beſt of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a reſpite from thoſe evils which they had ſo ſeverely felt before, and which they felt ſo ſeverely revived under Commodus, and his wretched ſucceſſors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for ſhe found in Adrian ſo generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help eſteeming him a ſecond founder. He reſtored their old privil-

eges,

eges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do ſo much, ſtill continued to ſhew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we ſhall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was ſent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his ſon Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ableſt philoſophers then belonging to that city.

The ſects of philoſophers which we have already deſcribed, were ſtill exiſting when St Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the ſuperior eloquence of that apoſtle, in his manner of addreſſing ſo intelligent an audience We cannot enough admire the ſublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the reſidence of philoſophers, and the inſtitution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleaſure in a retreat which contributed ſo much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correſpondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained ſuch a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himſelf the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be ſaid to have lived during times of the worſt and crueleſt factions. His youth was ſpent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the ſanguinary ſcenes that followed; and when he was old, he ſaw the proſcriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the beſt men periſhed, he had the good fortune to ſurvive every danger. Nor did he ſeek a ſafety for himſelf alone: his virtue ſo recommended him to the leaders of

every

every ſide, that he was able to ſave not himſelf alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well ſuppoſe, that it was not merely for amuſement that he choſe to live at Athens; but rather that, by reſiding there, he might ſo far realize philoſophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for oſtentation.

Another perſon, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus) was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this perſon I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the laſt name from the ſame reaſons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that viciſſitudes befal both men and cities, and changes too often happen from proſperous to adverſe. Such was the ſtate of Athens, under the ſucceſſors of Alexander, and ſo on from Sylla down to the time of Auguſtus. It ſhared the ſame hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the acceſſion of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was beſieged by the ſame. Yet here we are informed (at leaſt we learn ſo from hiſtory) that it was miraculouſly ſaved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddeſs, it ſeems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raiſe the ſiege.

HARRIS.

The Account given by SYNESIUS *of* ATHENS, *and its ſubſequent Hiſtory.*

SYNESIUS, who lived in the fifth century, viſited Athens, and gives, in his epiſtles, an account of his viſit. Its luſtre appears at that time to have been greatly diminiſhed. Among other

things

things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the ſect of Stoics, had, by an oppreſſive proconſul, been deſpoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devaſtation, it had been forſaken by thoſe philoſophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppreſſed by the cruſaders, and all things in confuſion, Athens was beſieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montſerrat, to whom it ſurrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was ſometimes under the Venetians, ſometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himſelf maſter of Conſtantinople. This fatal cataſtrophe (which happened near two thouſand years after the time of Piſiſtratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whoſe deſpotic yoke it has continued ever ſince.

The city from this time has been occaſionally viſited, and deſcriptions of it publiſhed by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have publiſhed curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this iſland as foreigners, have been there ſince, and ſome have given (as Monſr. Le Roy), ſpecious publications of what we are to ſuppoſe they ſaw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr Stuart, who, after having reſided there between three and four years, has given ſuch plans and elevations of the capital buildings now ſtanding, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he ſeems, as far as was poſſible for the power of deſcription, to have reſtored the city to its ancient ſplendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines and their meaſures, but ſeparate meaſures and drawings of the minuter decorations; ſo that a Britiſh artiſt may (if he pleaſes) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon,

Spon, ſpeaking of Attica, ſays, " that the road near Athens was pleaſing, and the very peaſants poliſhed." Speaking of the Athenians in general, he ſays of them—" ils ont une politeſſe d'eſprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'addreſſe dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprenent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow traveller, ſays as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: " We began now to think ourſelves in a more civilized country than we had yet paſt: for not a ſhepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wiſhed us a good journey." p 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, " This muſt with great truth be ſaid of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much ſubtlety or wit." p. 347. And again, " The Athenians, notwithſtanding the long poſſeſſion that barbariſm hath had of this place, ſeem to be much more poliſhed, in point of manners and converſation, than any other in theſe parts; being civil, and of reſpectful behaviour to all, and highly complimental in their diſcourſe." p. 356.

Stuart ſays of the preſent Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler ſaid of their forefathers;—he found in them the ſame addreſs, the ſame natural acuteneſs, though ſeverely curbed by their deſpotic maſters.

One cuſtom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a ſpecies of guitar, and after a ſhort prelude on the inſtrument, as if he were waiting for inſpiration, accompanies his inſtrumental muſic with his voice, ſuddenly chanting ſome extempore verſes, which ſeldom exceed two or three diſtichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the ſame, delivers it to another; and that ſo the lyre circulates, till it has paſt round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithſtanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica was ſtill fa-

mous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human inſtitutions periſh, but Nature is permanent. *Ibid.*

Anecdote of the Modern GREEKS.

I SHALL quit the Greeks, after I have related a ſhort narrative; a narrative, ſo far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the preſent Greeks, in the day of ſervitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally exſtinct.

When the late Mr Anſon (Lord Anſon's brother) was upon his travels in the Eaſt, he hired a veſſel to viſit the iſle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were ſailing along, ſaid with ſome ſatisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr Anſon demanded, "What fleet?" What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the queſtion) "why our Grecian fleet at the ſiege of Troy *." *Ibid.*

On the different Modes of Hiſtory.

THE methods indeed of hiſtory appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call hiſtorical declamation; a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himſelf in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general or rather public hiſtory; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and ſieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, deſcriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps, both of chronology and geography.

In

* This ſtory was told the author, Mr Harris, by Mr Anſon himſelf.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the ſameneſs of the events reſembles not a little the ſameneſs of human bodies. One head, two ſhoulders, two legs, &c. ſeem equally to characteriſe an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third ſpecies of hiſtory ſtill behind, is that which gives a ſample of ſentiments and manners.

If the account of theſe laſt be faithful, it cannot fail being inſtructive, ſince we view through theſe the interior of human nature. 'Tis by theſe we perceive what ſort of animal man is: ſo that while not only Europeans are diſtinguiſhed from Aſiatics, but Engliſh from French, French from Italians, and (what is ſtill more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the ſame time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the ſentiments and manners are well preſerved, will pleaſe the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic compoſition, is not leſs true in hiſtorical.

Plutarch, among the Greek hiſtorians, appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praiſe.

Nor ought I to omit (as I ſhall ſoon refer to them) ſome of our beſt Monkiſh hiſtorians, though prone upon occaſion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they deſcribed, 'twas natural they ſhould paint the life and the manners which they ſaw. *Ibid.*

GENERAL

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

I. FROM THE CREATION TO THE INSTITUTION OF THE AMPHICTIONIC COUNCIL OF GREECE.

IT being our intention, in the prefent work, to lay before our readers fuch extracts from ancient and modern hiftory, as may be moft conducive to their forming juft and enlightened ideas of the cuftoms, manners, and progreffion of fcience in every country,---as well as to felect thofe more amufing paffages chiefly calculated to afford them a delightful amufement in the hour of retirement from the bufy fcenes of active life,----fo we deem it neceffary to place before their eyes a fhort and general hiftory of the world, from the earlieft ages to the Reformation of religion in the 16th century, when PRINTING, the moft beneficial of arts, had now called from her folitary retreats, to enlighten a long benighted world, LEARNING, with all the concomitant arts and fciences, deftined, wherever they appear, to difpell thofe clouds of error, ignorance, and barbarifm, fo inimical to the happinefs of mankind. By a hiftory of the world, we do not mean a mere lift of dates, which, when taken by itfelf, is a thing extremely infignificant; but an account of the moft important and interefting events that have happened among mankind, with the caufes which have produced, and the effects which have followed from them. This we judge to be a matter of great importance in itfelf, and highly neceffary for the right underftanding of many of thofe extracts which form one of the principal departments of this work.

THE

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THE firſt age of the world immediately preſents to us a grand and awful ſpectacle :---God creating the heavens and the earth by his word, and making man after his own image. With this begins Moſes, the moſt ancient of hiſtorians, moſt ſublime of hiſtorians, and wiſeſt of legiſlators.

This he lays the foundation, as well of his hiſtory, as of his doctrine and laws. Next he ſhews us all mankind contained in one man, and his wife herſelf extracted from him ; matrimonial union, and the ſociety of mankind eſtabliſhed upon this foundation ; the perfection and power of man, ſo far as, in his firſt eſtate, he bears the image of God ; his dominion over animals ; his innocence, together with his felicity, in paradiſe, the memory of which is preſerved in the golden age of the poets ; the divine command given to our firſt parents ; the malice of the tempting ſpirit, and his appearance under the form of a ſerpent ; the fall of Adam and Eve, fatal to all their poſterity ; the firſt man juſtly puniſhed in all his children, and mankind curſed by God ; the firſt promiſe of redemption, and the future victory of men over the devil, who had undone them.

The earth begins to fill, and wickedneſs encreaſes. Cain, the firſt ſon of Adam and Eve, ſhews the infant world the firſt tragical action † ; and thence virtue dates her perſecution from vice. There we ſee the contrary manners of the two brothers ; the innocence of Abel, his paſtoral life, and his offerings accepted ; thoſe of Cain rejected, his avarice, his impiety, his fratricide, and jealouſy, the parent of murders ; the puniſhment of that crime, the conſcience of the parricide racked with continual terrors ; the firſt city built by this miſcreant, now a vagabond upon the face of the earth, ſeeking a refuge from the hatred and horror of mankind ; the invention of ſome arts by his children ; the tyranny of the paſſions, and the prodigious malignity of man's heart, ever prone to evil ; the poſterity of Seth

† Y. W. 129 : B. C, 2875.

Seth faithful to God, notwithſtanding that depravation; the pious Enoch miraculouſly ſnatched out of a world unworthy of him*; the diſtinction of the children of God from the children of men; that is, of thoſe who live after the ſpirit from thoſe who live after the fleſh; their intermixture, and the univerſal corruption of the world; the deſtruction of men decreed by a juſt judgment of God; his wrath denounced againſt ſinners by his ſervant Noah; their impenitence and hardneſs of heart puniſhed by the deluge §; and Noah and family reſerved for the reſtoration of mankind.

Such is the ſum of what paſſed in 1656 years; and ſuch the beginning of all hiſtories: where are diſplayed the omnipotence, wiſdom, and goodneſs of God; innocence happy under his protection; his juſtice in avenging crimes; and at the ſame time his patience for the converſion of ſinners; the greatneſs and dignity of man in his primitive ſtate; the temper of mankind after its corruption; the nature of jealouſy, and the ſecret cauſes of violences and wars; in ſhort, the whole foundation of religion and morality.

With mankind Noah preſerved the arts, as well thoſe which were eſſential to human life, and which men knew from their origin, as thoſe they had afterwards invented. Thoſe arts which men learned at firſt, and probably from their Creator, were agriculture, the paſtoral art, that of clothing, and, perhaps, that of building. So trace we their commencement from thoſe places of the Eaſt, whence mankind was propagated.

The tradition of the univerſal deluge prevails over all the earth. The ark, where the remnant of mankind was ſaved, has ever been celebrated in the Eaſt; particularly in thoſe parts, where it reſted after the deluge. Many other circumſtances of that famous ſtory are in the annals and traditions of ancient nations: the times agree, and every thing anſwers as far as can be expected in ſo remote an antiquity. *Boſſuet.*

THE deluge produced a very conſiderable change on the ſoil and atmoſphere of this globe, and gave them a form leſs favourable

* Y. W. 987: B. C. 3017. § B. C. 2345.

able to the frame and texture of the human body. Hence the abridgement of the life of man, and that formidable train of diseases which have ever since made such havock in the world.

A curious part of history follows that of the deluge, the re-peopling of the world, and the rising of a new generation from the ruins of the former. The memory of the three sons of Noah, the first founder of nations, was long preserved among their several descendants. Japhet continued famous among the western nations under the celebrated name of Japetus; the Hebrews paid an equal veneration to Shem, who was the founder of their race; and among the Egyptians, Ham was long revered as a divinity, under the name of Jupiter Hammon. It appears that hunting was the principal occupation some centuries after the deluge. The world teemed with wild beasts, and the great heroism of those times consisted in destroying them. Hence Nimrod acquired immortal renown; and by the admiration which his courage and dexterity universally excited, was enabled to acquire an authority over his fellow-creatures, and to found at Babylon the first monarchy, whose origin is particularly mentioned in history *.

Not long after, the foundation of Nineveh was laid by Assur: and in Egypt, the four governments of Thebes, Theri, Memphis, and Tanis, began to assume some appearance of form and regularity. That these events should have happened so soon after the deluge, whatever surprize it may have occasioned to the learned some centuries ago, need not in the smallest degree excite the wonder of the present age. We have seen, from many instances, the powerful effects of the principles of population, and how speedily mankind increase when the generative faculty lies under no restraint. The kingdoms of Mexico and Peru were incomparably more extensive than those of Babylon, Niniveh, and Egypt, during this early age; and yet these kingdoms are not supposed to have existed four centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus. As mankind continued to

* B. C. 2640.

to multiply on the earth, and to ſeparate from each other, the tradition concerning the true God was obliterated or obſcured. This occaſioned the calling of Abraham to be the father of a choſen people. From this period the hiſtory of ancient nations begins a little to expand itſelf; and we learn ſeveral particulars of very conſiderable importance *.

Mankind had not long been united into ſocieties before they ſet themſelves to oppreſs and deſtroy one another. Chederlaomer, king of the Elamites, or Perſians, was already become a robber and a conqueror. His force, however, muſt not have been very conſiderable, ſince, in one of theſe expeditions, Abraham, aſſiſted only by his houſehold, ſet upon him in his retreat, and, after a fierce engagement, recovered all the ſpoil that had been taken. Abraham was ſoon after obliged, by a famine, to leave Canaan, the country where God had commanded him to ſettle, and to go into Egypt. This journey gives occaſion to Moſes to mention ſome particulars with regard to the Egyptians, and every ſtroke diſcovers the character of an improved and powerful nation. The court of the Egyptian monarch is deſcribed in the moſt brilliant colours. He is ſurrounded with a crowd of courtiers, ſolely occupied in gratifying his paſſions. The particular governments into which this country was divided, are now united under one powerful prince; and Ham, who led the colony into Egypt, is become the founder of a mighty empire. We are not, however, to imagine that all the laws which took place in Egypt, and which have been ſo juſtly admired for their wiſdom, were the work of this early age. Diodorus Siculus, a Greek writer, mentions many ſucceſſive princes, who laboured for their eſtabliſhment and perfection. But in the time of Jacob †, the firſt principles of civil order and regular government ſeem to have been tolerably underſtood among the Egyptians. The country was divided into ſeveral diſtricts or ſeparate departments; councils, compoſed of experienced and ſelect perſons, were eſtabliſhed for

* B. C. 2026. † B. C. 1833.

for the management of public affairs; granaries for preserving corn were erected; and, in fine, the Egyptians in this age enjoyed a commerce far from inconsiderable. These facts, though of an ancient date, deserve our particular attention. It is from the Egyptians, that many of the arts, both of elegance and utility, have been handed down in an uninterrupted chain to the modern nations of Europe. The Egyptians communicated their arts to the Greeks; the Greeks taught the Romans many improvements both in the arts of peace and war; and to the Romans, the present inhabitants of Europe are indebted for their civility and refinement. The kingdoms of Babylon and Nineveh remained separate for several centuries; but we know not even the names of the kings who governed them, till the time of Ninus king of Nineveh, who, by the splendour of his actions, reflects light on this dark history. Fired by the spirit of conquest, he extends the bounds of his kingdom, adds Babylon to his dominion, and lays the foundation of that monarchy which, under the name of the Assyrian empire, kept Asia under the yoke for many ages.

The history of Europe now begins to dawn. Javin, son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, is the stock from whom all the people known by the name of Greeks are descended. Javin established himself in the islands of the western coast of Asia Minor, from whence it was impossible that some wanderers should not escape over into Europe *. To these first inhabitants succeeded a colony from Egypt, who, about the time of Abraham, penetrated into Greece, and, under the name of Titans, endeavoured to establish monarchy in this country, and to introduce into it the laws and civil policy of the Egyptians. But the empire of the Titans soon fell asunder; and the ancient Greeks, who were at this time the most rude and barbarous people in the world, again fell back into their lawless and savage manner of life. Several colonies, however, soon after passed over from Asia into Greece, and by remaining in that

 country,

* B. C. 2025.

country, produced a more confiderable alteration on the manners of its inhabitants. The moft ancient of thefe were the colonies of Inachus and Ogyges; of whom the former fettled in Argos, and the latter in Attica. We know extremely little of Ogyges or his fucceffors. Thofe of Inachus endeavoured to unite the difperfed and wandering Greeks; and their endeavours for this purpofe were not altogether unfuccefsful.

But the hiftory of God's chofen people, is the only one with which we are much acquainted during thofe ages. The train of curious events which occafioned the fettling of Jacob and his family in that part of Egypt of which Tanis was the capital, are univerfally known. That patriarch died, according to the Septuagint verfion, 1794 years before Chrift *. This is a pretty remarkable æra with refpect to the nations of heathen antiquity, and concludes that period of time which the Greeks confidered as altogether unknown, and which they have hardly disfigured by their fabulous narrations. Let us view this period then in another point of view, and confider what we can learn from the facred writings, with refpect to the arts, manners, and laws, of ancient nations.

It is a common error among writers on this fubject, to confider all the nations of antiquity as being on the fame footing with regard to thefe matters. They find fome nations extremely rude and barbarous, and hence they conclude that all were in that fituation. They difcover others acquainted with many arts, and hence they infer the wifdom of the firft ages. There appears, however, to have been as much difference between the inhabitants of the ancient world, in points of art and refinement, as between the civilized kingdoms of modern Europe, and the Indians in America, or Negroes on the coaft of Africa. Noah was, undoubtedly, acquainted with all the arts of the antedeluvian world; thefe he would communicate to his children, and they again would hand them down to their pofterity. Thofe nations therefore who fettled neareft the original feat of mankind,

* B. C. 1794.

mankind, and who had the beſt opportunities to avail themſelves of the knowledge which their great anceſtor was poſſeſſed of, early formed themſelves into regular ſocieties, and made conſiderable improvements in the arts which are moſt ſubſervient to human life.

Agriculture appears to have been known in the firſt ages of the world. Noah cultivated the vine; in the time of Jacob, the fig-tree and the almond were well known in the land of Canaan; and the inſtruments of huſbandry, long before the diſcovery of them in Greece, are often mentioned in the ſacred writings. It is hardly to be ſuppoſed that the ancient cities, both in Aſia and Egypt, whoſe foundation, as we have already mentioned, aſcends to the remoteſt antiquity, could have been built unleſs the culture of the ground had been practiſed at that time. Nations, who live by hunting or paſturage only, lead a wandering life, and ſeldom fix their reſidence in cities. Commerce naturally follows agriculture; and though we cannot trace the ſteps by which it was introduced among the ancient nations, we may, from detached paſſages in ſacred writ, aſcertain the progreſs which had been made in it during the patriarchial times. We know, from the hiſtory of civil ſociety, that the commercial intercourſe between men muſt be pretty conſiderable, before the metals come to be conſidered as the medium of trade; and yet this was the caſe even in the days of Abraham. It appears, however, from the relations which eſtabliſh this fact, that the uſe of money had not been of an ancient date; it had no mark to aſcertain its weight or fineneſs: and in a contract for a burying-place, in exchange for which Abram gave ſilver, the metal is weighed in preſence of all the people. But as commerce improved, and bargains of this ſort became more common, this practice went into diſuſe, and the quantity of ſilver was aſcertained by a particular mark, which ſaved the trouble of weighing it. But this does not appear to have taken place till the time of Jacob, the ſecond from Abram. The reſilah, of which we read in his time, was a piece

of money, ſtamped with the figure of a lamb, and of a preciſe and ſtated value. It appears from the hiſtory of Joſeph, that the commerce between different nations was by this time regularly carried on. The Iſhmaelites and Midianites, who bought him of his brethren, were travelling merchants, reſembling the modern caravans, who carried ſpices, perfumes, and other rich commodities, from their own country into Egypt. The ſame obſervations may be made from the book of Job, who, according to the beſt chronology, was a native of Arabia Felix, and contemporary with Jacob. He ſpeaks of the roads of Thema and Saba, i. e. of the caravans who ſet out from thoſe cities of Arabia. If we reflect that the commodities of this country were rather the luxuries than the conveniences of life, we ſhall have reaſon to conclude, that the countries into which they were ſent for ſale, and particularly Egypt, were conſiderably improved in arts and refinement; for people do not think of luxuries until the uſeful arts have made high advancement among them.

In ſpeaking of commerce, we ought carefully to diſtinguiſh between the ſpecies of it which is carried on by land, or inland commerce, and that which is carried on by ſea; which laſt kind of traffic is both later in its origin, and ſlower in its progreſs. Had the deſcendants of Noah been left to their own ingenuity, and received no tincture of the antediluvian knowledge from their wiſe anceſtors, it is improbable they ſhould have ventured on navigating the open ſeas ſo ſoon as we find they did. That branch of his poſterity who ſettled on the coaſt of Paleſtine, were the firſt people of the world among whom navigation was made ſubſervient to commerce; they were diſtinguiſhed by a word which in the Hebrew tongue ſignifies merchants, and are the ſame nation afterwards known to the Greeks by the name of Phenicians. Inhabiting a barren and ungrateful ſoil, they ſet themſelves to better their ſituation by cultivating the arts. Commerce was their capital object; and with all the writers of pagan antiquity, they paſs for the

inventors

inventors of whatever is ſubſervient to it. At the time of Abraham they were regarded as a powerful nation; their maritime commerce is mentioned by Jacob in his laſt words to his children: and if we may believe Herodotus in a matter of ſuch remote antiquity, the Phenicians had by this time navigated the coaſts of Greece, and carried off the daughter of Inachus.

The arts of agriculture, commerce, and navigation, ſuppoſe the knowledge of ſeveral other; aſtronomy, for inſtance, or a knowledge of the ſituation and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, is neceſſary both to agriculture and navigation; that of working metals, to commerce; and ſo of other arts. In fact, we find that before the death of Jacob, ſeveral nations were ſo well acquainted with the revolutions of the moon, as to meaſure by them the duration of their year. It had been an univerſal cuſtom among all the nations of antiquity, as well as the Jews, to divide time into the portion of a week, or ſeven days: this undoubtedly aroſe from the tradition with regard to the origin of the world. It was natural for thoſe nations who led a paſtoral life, or who lived under a ſerene ſky, to obſerve that the various appearances of the moon were completed nearly in four weeks; hence the diviſion of a month. Thoſe people again who lived by agriculture, and who had got among them the diviſion of the month, would naturally remark, that twelve of theſe brought back the ſame temperature of the air, or the ſame ſeaſons: hence the origin of what is called the lunar year, which has every where taken place in the infancy of ſcience. This, together with the obſervation of the fixed ſtars, which ſtudy, as we learn from the book of Job, muſt have been very ancient, naturally paved the way for the diſcovery of the ſolar year, which at that time would be thought an immenſe improvement in Aſtronomy. But with regard to thoſe branches of knowledge which we have mentioned, it is to be remembered that they were peculiar to the Egyptians and a few nations of Aſia. Europe offers a frightful ſpectacle during this period.

Who

Who could believe that the Greeks, who in later ages became the patterns of politenefs and every elegant art, were defcended from a favage race of men, traverfing the woods and wilds, inhabiting the rocks and caverns, a wretched prey to wild animals, and fometimes to one another. This, however, is no more than what was to be expected. The defcendants of Noah, who removed at a great diftance from the plains of Sennaar, loft all connexions with the civilifed part of mankind. Their pofterity became ftill more ignorant; and the human mind was at length funk into an abyfs of mifery and wretchednefs.

We might naturally expect that, from the death of Jacob, and as we advance forward in time, the hiftory of the great empires of Egypt and Affyria would emerge from their obfcurity: this, however, is far from being the cafe; we only get a glimpfe of them, and they difappear entirely for many ages. * After the reign of Ninius, who fucceeded Ninus in the Affyrian throne, we find an aftonifhing blank in the hiftory of this empire for no lefs than eight hundred years. The filence of ancient hiftory on this fubject is commonly attributed to the foftnefs and effeminacy of the fucceffors of Ninus, whofe lives afforded no events worthy of narration. Wars and commotions are the great themes of the hiftorian, while the gentle and happy reigns of a wife prince pafs unobferved and unrecorded. Sefoftris †, a prince of wonderful abilities, is fuppofed about this time to have mounted the throne of Egypt. By his affiduity and attention, the civil and military eftablifhments of the Egyptians received very confiderable improvements. Egypt, in the time of Sefoftris and his immediate fucceffors, was in all probability the moft powerful kingdom upon earth, and according to the beft calculation is fuppofed to have contained twenty-feven millions of inhabitants. But ancient hiftory often excites, without gratifying our curiofity; for from the reign of Sefoftris to that of Bocchoris ‡, we know not even the names of the intermediate princes. If we judge, however, from

* B. C. 2122. † B. C. 2341. ‡ B. C. 1760.

from collateral circumſtances, the country muſt ſtill have remained in a very flouriſhing condition, for Egypt continued to pour forth her colonies into diſtant nations. Athens, that ſeat of learning and politeneſs, that ſchool for all who aſpire after wiſdom, owes its foundation to Cecrops *, who landed in Greece, with an Egyptian colony, and endeavoured to civilize the rough manners of its original inhabitants. From the inſtitutions which Cecrops eſtabliſhed among the Athenians, it is eaſy to infer in what ſituations they muſt have lived before his arrival. The laws of marriage, which few nations are ſo barbarous as to be altogether unacquainted with, were not known in Greece. Mankind, like the beaſts of the field, were propagated by accidental rencounters, and without all knowledge of thoſe to whom they owed their generation. † Cranaus, who ſucceeded Cecrops in the kingdom of Attica, purſued the ſame beneficial plan, and endeavoured, by wiſe inſtitutions, to bridle the keen paſſions of a rude people.

Whilſt theſe princes uſed their endeavours for civilizing this corner of Greece, the other kingdoms, into which this country, by the natural boundaries of rocks, mountains, and rivers, is divided, and which had been already peopled by colonies from Egypt and the Eaſt, began to aſſume ſome appearance of form and regularity. This engaged Amphiction ‡, one of thoſe uncommon genuiſſes who appear in the world for the benefit of the age in which they live and the admiration of poſterity, to think of ſome expedient by which he might unite in one plan of politics the ſeveral independent kingdoms of Greece, and thereby deliver them from thoſe inteſtine diviſions which muſt render them a prey to one another, or to the firſt enemy who might think proper to invade them. Theſe reflections he communicated to the kings or leaders of the different territories, and by his eloquence and addreſs engaged twelve cities to unite together for their mutual preſervation. Two deputies from each of theſe cities aſſembled twice a year at Thermopylæ, and

* B. C, 1582. † B. C, 1532. ‡ B. C, 1526.

and formed what, after the name of its founder, was called the Amphictionic Council. In this aſſembly, whatever related to the general intereſt of the confederacy was diſcuſſed and finally determined. Amphiction likewiſe, ſenſible that thoſe political connexions are the moſt laſting which are ſtrengthened by religion, committed to the Amphictions the care of the temple at Delphi, and of the riches which, from the dedications of thoſe who conſulted the oracle, had been amaſſed in it. This aſſembly, conſtituted on ſuch ſolid foundations, was the great ſpring of action in Greece, while that country preſerved its independence; and by the union which it inſpired among the Greeks, enabled them to defend their liberties againſt all the force of the Perſian empire. *Guthrie.*

On the Reſpect paid by the LACEDEMONIANS *and* ATHENIANS *to Old Age.*

IT happened at Athens, during a public repreſentation of ſome play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who obſerved the difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: the good man buſtled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was, to ſit cloſe and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on thoſe occaſions, there were alſo particular places aſſigned for foreigners: When the good man ſkulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a man, and, with the greateſt reſpect, received him among them. The Athenians, being ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the Spartan virtue, and

their

their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applauſe; and the old man cried out: "The Athenians underſtand what is good, but "the Lacedemonians practiſe it." *Spectator.*

Pætus and Arria: Or, Conjugal Affection.

During the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcina Pætus, was an illuſtrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her huſband and her ſon were both at the ſame time, attacked with a dangerous illneſs. The ſon died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and perſon which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguiſh of grief; yet ſhe reſolved to conceal the diſtreſſing event from her huſband. She prepared and conducted his funeral ſo privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever ſhe came into her huſband's bed-chamber, ſhe pretended her ſon was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would anſwer, that he had reſted well, or had eaten with an appetite. When ſhe found that ſhe could no longer reſtrain her grief, but her tears were guſhing out, ſhe would leave the room, and, having given vent to her paſſion, return again with dry eyes, and a ſerene countenance, as if ſhe had left her ſorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms againſt Claudius, Pætus joined himſelf to his party, and was ſoon after taken priſoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ſhip, Arria beſought them to permit her to go with him. "Certainly," ſaid ſhe, "you cannot refuſe a man of conſular dignity, as he is, "a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, "I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was

was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—" What!" said she, " shall I re- " gard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered in thy very " arms, and yet survivest him."

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, " Would you then, if my life were to be taken from " me, advise your daughter to die with me?" " Most certainly " I would," she replied, " if she had lived as long, and in as " great harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, " My Pætus, it is not painful."

ABDOLONYMUS raised to the Throne of SIDON.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him, that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any

any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expreſſed his admiration of their diſintereſted ſpirit, deſired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whoſe ſingular merit had rendered him conſpicuous even in the vale of obſcurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a ſeries of misfortunes had reduced him to the neceſſity of cultivating a garden, for a ſmall ſtipend, in the ſuburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was buſily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæſtion, bearing in their hands the enſigns of royalty, approached him, and ſaluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his ruſtic garb, and utenſils of huſbandry, for the regal robe and ſceptre. At the ſame time, they urged him, when he ſhould be ſeated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raiſed.

All this, at the firſt, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illuſion of the fancy, or an inſult offered to his poverty. He requeſted them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jeſts, and to find ſome other way of amuſing themſelves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obſcure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him, that they were ſerious in their propoſal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No ſooner was he in poſſeſſion of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whiſpered their murmurs in every place, till at laſt they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new elected prince to be ſent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I "may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for "when I poſſeſſed little, I wanted nothing: Theſe hands have "ſupplied

" ſupplied me with whatever I deſired." From this anſwer, Alexander formed ſo high an idea of his wiſdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon. *Q. Curtius.*

An Account of MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebaſtian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture. *Spectator.*

The

The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.

"LIFE," ſays Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progreſs of which we are perpetually changing our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleaſing part of old age."—The peruſal of this paſſage having excited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe, among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and, firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands, all was darkneſs; nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before

Before me, and on either ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eyes could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for, by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him: and many ſpent their laſt moments

moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage, ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement of the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of

 which

which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Eafe fpreads couches of repofe; and with fhades, where Pleafure warbled the fong of invitation. Within fight of thefe rocks, all who failed on the ocean of Life muft neceffarily pafs. Reafon indeed was always at hand to fteer the paffengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might efcape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonftrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ftipulating that fhe fhould approach fo near unto the rocks of Pleafure, that they might folace themfelves with a fhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purfue their courfe without any other deviation.

Reafon was too often prevailed upon fo far by thefe promifes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courfe of the veffel, and drew it, by infenfible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ftrong to be overcome; and the paffenger, having danced in circles with a pleafing and giddy velocity, was at laft overwhelmed and loft. Thofe few whom Reafon was able to extricate, generally fuffered fo many fhocks upon the points which fhot out from the rocks of Pleafure, that they were unable to continue their courfe with the fame ftrength and facility as before, but floated along timoroufly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and fhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they funk, by flow degrees, after long ftruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againft the firft approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artifts who profeffed to repair the breaches and ftop the leaks of the veffels which had been fhattered on the rocks of Pleafure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their fkill, and fome, indeed, were preferved by it from finking,

ing, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked, that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked. *Rambler.*

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The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of OBIDAH.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the

laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from the heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This un-

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easiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and gave way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful rememberance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

> Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,
> Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
> The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was

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every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtrait road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our ſight,

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and to which we propofe to return. But temptation fucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lofe the happinefs of innocence, and folace our difquiet with fenfual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational defire. We entangle ourfelves in bufinefs, immerge ourfelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconftancy, till the darknefs of old age begin to invade us, and difeafe and anxiety obftruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with forrow, with repentance; and wifh, but too often vainly wifh, that we had not forfaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my fon, who fhall learn from thy example not to defpair, but fhall remember, that though the day is paft, and their ftrength is wafted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopelefs, nor fincere endeavours ever unaffifted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores ftrength and courage from above, fhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my fon, to thy repofe; commit thyfelf to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life. *Rambler.*

FIDELIA,—*a Tale:*

Or the Infufficiency of MORALITY, *without* RELIGION, *for attaining real Happinefs.*

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchafed with the portion that was allotted him a genteel poft under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old, and my father, who was exceffively fond of me, determined to be himfelf my preceptor,

preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, ſhould not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of ſenſe, with a tolerable ſhare of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reaſon took ſome pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever faſhionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himſelf, he was now in advanced life, and had at leaſt worldly wiſdom enough to know, that it was neceſſary his daughter ſhould be reſtrained from thoſe liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happineſs and ſelf-reward of virtue; but at the ſame time profeſſed it his deſign to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and ſuperſtition, for ſo he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuſe virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no neceſſary connection with immortality, I was not led to conſider a future ſtate either with hope or fear: My father, indeed, when I urged him upon that ſubject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or falſe, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; becauſe the virtue which ſecured happineſs in the preſent ſtate, would alſo ſecure it in a future ſtate: A future ſtate, therefore, I wholly diſregarded, and, to confeſs a truth, diſbelieved; for I thought I could plainly diſcover that it was diſbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his ſentiments. As I had no very turbulent paſſions, a ductile and good diſpoſition, and the higheſt reverence for his underſtanding, as well as the tendereſt affection for him, he found it an eaſy taſk to make me adopt every ſentiment and opinion which he propoſed to me as his own; eſpecially as he took care to ſupport his principles by the authority and arguments of the beſt writers againſt Chriſtianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make uſe of all the philo-

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ſophy I had been taught, by his death, which not only deprived me of a parent I moſt ardently loved, but with him of all the eaſe and affluence to which I had been accuſtomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; conſequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow underſtanding and illiberal education, was a little diſguſted with me for employing ſo much of my time in reading; but ſtill more ſo, when happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that ſome of them were what he called blaſphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheiſt. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to diſguiſe or diſavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deiſt and an atheiſt, my arguments only ſerved to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phraſe, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the eſtabliſhed faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reaſon, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmoſt concern; I perceived, too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myſelf I ſhould owe to his love. I comforted myſelf, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conſcious pride in ſuffering this perſecution from ignorance and folly, only becauſe I was ſuperior to vulgar errors and popular ſu-

perſtition; and that Chriſtianity deſerved theſe appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doctrine "which he profeſſed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful ſenſibility of receiving continual benefits from a perſon whoſe eſteem and affection I had loſt, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and, after preparing me for ſome unexpected good fortune, told me he had juſt had a propoſal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not poſſibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune, and a fair character, my uncle thought himſelf ſufficiently authoriſed to pronounce, as he did, that I could not poſſibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me inſuperable; it was, that the perſon whom he propoſed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: His underſtanding was low, his ſentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleaſing. "What ſtuff is all this," interrupted my uncle; "ſentiments indelicate! unpolite! his "underſtanding, forſooth, not equal to your own! Ah, "child, if you had leſs romance, conceit and arrogance, "and more true diſcretion and prudence, it would do you "more good than all the fine books you have confounded "your poor head with, and what is worſe, perhaps, ruin-"ed your poor ſoul. I own, it went a little againſt my "conſcience to accept my honeſt friend's kind offer, and give "him ſuch a pagan for his wife; but how know I whether "the believing huſband may not convert the unbelieving "wife?—As to your flighty objections, they are ſuch non-"ſenſe, that I wonder you can ſuppoſe me fool enough to be

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" deceived by them. No, child, wiſe as you are, you cannot " impoſe upon a man who has lived as many years in the " world as I have. I ſee your motive; you have ſome infidel " libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go head-" long to perdition. But I ſhall take care not to have your ſoul " to anſwer for as well as your perſon. Either I ſhall diſpoſe of " you to an honeſt man that may convert you, or you ſhall " diſpoſe of yourſelf how you pleaſe for me; for I diſclaim all " further care or trouble about you: So I leave you to conſi-" der, whether or no the kindneſs I have ſhewn you entitles " me to ſome little influence over you, and whether you chuſe " to ſeek protection where you can find it, or accept of the " happy lot Providence has cut out for you."

He left me at the cloſe of this fine harangue, and I ſeriouſly ſet myſelf to conſider as he bade me, which of the two ſtates he had ſet before me I ought to chuſe; to ſubmit to a legal ſort of proſtitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conſcience, or to expoſe myſelf to all the diſtreſſes of friendleſs poverty and unprotected youth. After ſome hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have ſuffered extremely in accepting a huſband, at leaſt indifferent to me, yet as my heart was perfectly diſengaged, and my temper naturally eaſy, I thought I could have been leſs unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it; but then I muſt have ſubmitted to an action I could not think juſtifiable, in order to avoid mere external diſtreſſes. This would not have been philoſophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itſelf ſufficient to happineſs; and that thoſe things which are generally eſteemed evils could have no power to diſturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I reſolved, therefore, to run all riſques, rather than depart from this glorious principle: I felt myſelf raiſed by the trial, and exulted in the op-

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portunity of ſhewing my contempt of the ſmiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to ſuſtain the ſoul under all accidental circumſtances of diſtreſs.

I communicated my reſolution to my uncle, aſſuring him at the ſame time of my everlaſting gratitude and reſpect, and that nothing ſhould have induced me to offend or diſobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reaſon and conſcience diſapproved; that ſuppoſing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet ſtill thoſe of virtue were greater, and I could not reſolve to purchaſe the one by a violation of the other; that a falſe vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the higheſt injuſtice, to enter into ſo ſolemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man ſhould poſſeſs my perſon, who could not obtain the firſt place in my heart.

I was ſurpriſed that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that paſſion had kept him ſilent. At length the gathering ſtorm burſt over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reaſons were condemned as romantic abſurdities, which I could not myſelf believe: I was accuſed of deſigning to deceive, and to throw myſelf away on ſome worthleſs fellow, whoſe princples were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to aſſert that I had no ſuch deſign, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could ſooner have believed the groſſeſt contradiction, than that a young woman could ſo ſtrenuouſly refuſe one man without being prepoſſed in favour of another. As I thought myſelf injured by his accuſations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the juſtice of his reſentment, and againſt my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he ſaid would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his houſe, and ſee his face no more. I bowed in ſign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity

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and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtesy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: However, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of a man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear "cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like "an ideot. What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, "refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, "because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might "have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it, "pray, that marries the person of their choice? For my own "part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a "good fifteen hundred a year, than you who have not a shil-"ling, I found it would not do, and that there was some-"thing more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or "a genius! Do you think I cared three farthings for the wo-"man I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds "were worth having: With that I can purchase a seraglio of

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"beauties, and indulge my taſte in every kind of pleaſure. "And pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty, or "wit, or elegance, when her money will ſupply me with all "that in others? You, couſin, had an opportunity of being "as I am: The men, believe me, would not like you a bit "the worſe for being married; on the contrary, you would "find, that for one who took notice of you as a ſingle woman, "twenty would be your admirers and humble ſervants when "there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you might "have gratified all your paſſions, made an elegant figure in "life, and have choſen out ſome gentle ſwain as romantic and "poetical as you pleaſed for your Ceciſbee. The good John "Trot huſband would have been eaſily managed, and ——" Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in diſdain, when he caught me by the hand, "Nay, prithee, my dear couſin, none of theſe violent airs. I "thought you and I had known one another better. Let the "poor ſouls, who are taught by the prieſts and their nurſes "to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they ſhall go to the devil "for following nature and making life agreeable, be as out-"rageouſly virtuous as they pleaſe: You have too much ſenſe "to be frighted at bugbears: You know that the term of your "exiſtence is but ſhort; and it is highly reaſonable to "make it as pleaſant as poſſible." I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

I went home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try, whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda,

Amanda, whofe heart feems capable of every tender and generous fentiment, will do juftice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tendernefs will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praifes and endearments will compenfate all my hardfhips. Amanda was a fingle woman of a moderate fortune, which I heard fhe was going to beftow on a young officer, who had little or nothing befides his commiffion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refufing a mercenary match, fince fhe herfelf had chofen from motives fo oppofite to thofe which are called prudent. She had been in the country fome months, fo that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myfelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anfwered me with politenefs enough, but with a coldnefs that chilled my very heart. "You are fenfible, my dear Fidelia," faid fhe, "that I never "pretended to fet my underftanding in competition with yours. "I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your no-"tions and opinions appeared to me very ftrange and particu-"lar, I never attempted to difpute them with you. To be "fure, you know beft; but it feems to me a very odd conduct "for one in your fituation to give offence to fo good an uncle; "firft by maintaining doctrines which may be very true, for "ought I know, but which are very contrary to the received "opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to fhock "a common underftanding; and fecondly, to renounce his "protection, and throw yourfelf into the wide world, rather "than marry the man he chofe for you: to whom, after all, "I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy "for his perfon."——Antipathy, my dear! faid I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and averfion? The firft is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herfelf, and engaged in under the moft folemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendlefs, unprovided ftate, fince they are the confequen-

ces of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they difturb that happinefs which is the gift of virtue. "I "am heartily glad," anfwered fhe, "that you have found the "art of making yourfelf happy by the force of imagination! "I wifh your enthufiafm may continue; and that you may "ftill be further convinced, by your own experience, of the "folly of mankind, in fuppofing poverty and difgrace to be "evils."

I was cut to the foul by the unkind manner which accompanied this farcafm, and was going to remonftrate againft her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in fpite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the ftings of unkindnefs. The beauty and gracefulnefs of his perfon caught my eye, and the politenefs of his addrefs and the elegance of his compliments foon prejudiced me in favour of his underftanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his moft intimate friend, and feemed defirous to give credit to his friend's judgment, by making himfelf as agreeable as poffible. He fucceeded fo well, that Amanda was wholly engroffed by the pleafure of his converfation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new gueft; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I rofe to leave her, fhe preffed me fo earneftly to ftay dinner, that I could not, without difcovering how much I refented her behaviour, refufe. This, however, I fhould probably have done, as I was naturally difpofed to fhew every fentiment of my heart, had not a fecret wifh arofe there to know a little more of this agreeable ftranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my refentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The converfation grew more and more pleafing; I took my fhare in it, and had more than my fhare of the charming ftranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreferved, Amanda dropt hints in the courfe of the converfation relating to my ftory, my fentiments, and unhappy fituation. Sir George Freelove, for that

that was the young gentleman's name, liſtened greedily to all that was ſaid of me, and ſeemed to eye me with earneſt curioſity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George inſiſted on attending me to my lodgings; I ſtrongly refuſed it, not without a ſenſation which more properly belonged to the female than the philoſopher, and which I condemned in myſelf as ariſing from diſhoneſt pride. I could not without pride ſuffer the polite Sir George, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, to diſcover the meanneſs of my abode. To avoid this, I ſent for a chair; but was confuſed to find, that Sir George and his ſervants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to diſpute; he himſelf walked before, and his ſervants followed it. I was covered with bluſhes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little ſhop-door, and took leave with as profound reſpect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thouſand different thoughts kept me from cloſing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the ſoul; I found that I muſt look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one perſon whom I could call my friend. My heart felt deſolate and forlorn; I knew not what courſe to take for my future ſubſiſtence; the pain which my pride had juſt given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the paſſions of humanity, and that I ſhould feel too ſenſibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to ſubdue this pride, and called to my aſſiſtance the examples of ancient ſages and philoſophers, who deſpiſed riches and honours, and felt no inconveniencies from the malice of fortune. I had almoſt reaſoned myſelf into a contempt for the world, and fancied myſelf ſuperior to its ſmiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove ruſhed upon my mind, and deſtroyed at once the whole force of my reaſoning. I found that however I might diſregard the reſt of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being deſpiſed by him was inſupportable. I recol-

lected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philoſopher, whoſe rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and reſpect of mankind: at leaſt, the philoſopher's ſchemes and wiſhes were very different from thoſe which at that time were taking poſſeſſion of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impreſſion in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to loſe the ground I had gained, and to throw myſelf into a ſtate below his notice, I ſcorned the thought of impoſing on him with regard to my circumſtances, in caſe he ſhould really have had favourable intentions for me: yet to diſgrace myſelf for ever in his eye, by ſubmitting to ſervitude, or any low way of ſupporting myſelf, was what I could not bring myſelf to reſolve on.

In the midſt of theſe reflections I was ſurpriſed the next morning by a viſit from Sir George. He made reſpectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that reſpect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented ſuch offers of ſervice from a ſtranger, as could only be juſtified by a long experienced friendſhip: that I was not in a ſituation to receive viſits, and muſt decline his acquaintance, which nevertheleſs in a happier part of my life would have given me pleaſure.

He now had recourſe to all the arts of his ſex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his paſſion, proteſting the moſt inviolable

inviolable refpect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punifh him fo feverely as to deny him the liberty of feeing me, and making himfelf more and more worthy of my efteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only juft fortitude enough to perfevere in refufing his vifits, and to infift on his leaving me, which at laft he did; but it was after fuch a profufion of tendernefs, prayers and proteftations, that it was fome time before I could recal my reafon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own fituation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his difhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my prefence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reafon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected, that that confcioufnefs would make me happy, but I found it otherwife; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I difcovered that my heart was entangled in a paffion which muft for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now confidered riches as truly defirable, fince they would have placed me above difgraceful attempts, and given me reafonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was difcontented and unhappy, but furprifed and difappointed to find myfelf fo, fince hitherto I had not one criminal action to reproach myfelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I refolved, however, to try ftill farther the power of Virtue to confer happinefs, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had ftronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practifed in the arts of feduction, to be difcouraged by a firft repulfe: every day produced either fome new attempt to fee me, or a letter full of the moft paffionate proteftations and intreaties for pardon and favour. It was in

vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurpriſed into reading them, contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enſnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and in ſpite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſigns deſerved. But the moment he left me, all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured againſt the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions which I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and deteſtation, who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whoſe face was ever covered with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. Is not this man, ſaid I, happier than I am? And if ſo, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compenſation ſhe offers me? What are my proſpects in this world but poverty, mortification, diſappointment, and grief? Every wiſh of my heart denied, every paſſion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe the bleſſings with which Heaven diſtinguiſhes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miſerable

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than that of the vicious? I myfelf have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and fee no likelihood of my being otherwife in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darknefs. Yet why do I fay, that I have no profpect of happinefs? Does not the moft engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can beftow? Will not he protect me from every infult of the proud world that fcoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleafure, even of that higheft and trueft of all pleafures, the power of relieving the fufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of diftrefs into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happinefs to all around me? Is not this a ftate far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happinefs the laudable purfuit of reafon? Is it not then laudable to purfue it by the moft probable means? Have I not been accufing Providence of unkindnefs, whilft I myfelf only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have miftaken the path of virtue: it muft be that which leads to happinefs. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darknefs; but I fee another that is ftrewed with flowers, and bright with the funfhine of profperity: this, furely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happinefs. Hither then let me turn my weary fteps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is furely impoffible that I fhould offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to refift. He has allotted me a fhort and precarious exiftence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleafure? What is evil but pain? Reafon and nature direct me to choofe the firft, and avoid the laft. I fought for happinefs in what is called virtue, but I found it not; fhall I not try the other experiment, fince I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wildernefs of error, and thus had I almoft reafoned myfelf out of every principle

ciple of morality, by purſuing through all their conſequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity, the taliſmans of Truth, by which I ſhould be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the ſyrens of temptation: when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in the chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: ſuffice it that I ſubmit to the humiliation I have ſo well deſerved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reaſon, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience which would yet have warned me from ruin: that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my boaſted philoſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates of inclination; the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed

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to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer. O depth of miſery! to be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf.

This was the ſtate of my mind during a year which I paſſed in Sir George's houſe. His fondneſs was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to ſhare my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderneſs, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The firſt dawnings of unkindneſs were but too viſible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealouſy to endure, till certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my falſe lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately reſolved to leave him; but could not do it without firſt venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me inſolence, which though I had deſerved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with ſcorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my ſin, and the trappings of my ſhame, and left his houſe in the bittereſt anguiſh of reſentment and deſpair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a ſcene which recalled every circumſtance of my undoing, aſhamed to to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt-chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

My reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without

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once confidering what I was to do with myfelf, or why I chofe that place for my abode. To fay truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confufed and diftracted. A fhort frenzy muft have filled up thofe hours, of which my memory retains fuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as foon as I faw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's fide, where after having walked fome time, the frefhnefs of the air revived my fenfes, and awakened reafon. My reafon, my memory, my anguifh and difpair, returned together! Every circumftance of my paft life was prefent to my mind, but moft the idea of my faithlefs lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in fpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereft and moft ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguifh of refentment, and completed my mifery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrofpect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future profpects. They were ftill more dreadful: Poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppreffion and the taunts of infolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, refpected, and admired, was now the outcaft of human nature, defpifed and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had moft loved! hateful to myfelf, belonging to no one, expofed to wrongs and infults from all.

I tried to find out the caufe of this difmal change, and how far I was myfelf the occafion of it. My conduct with refpect to Sir George, though I fpontaneoufly condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would juftify. But as my principles could not preferve me from

vice,

vice, neither could they ſuſtain me in adverſity: Conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: Whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and diſpair. I accuſed the Supreme Being of cruelty and injuſtice, who, though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhed me with the conſequences of indulgence. "If there "is a GOD," cried I, "he muſt be either tyrannical and "cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. I will no longer en-"dure a being which is undeſervedly miſerable either from "chance or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in which all "my proſpects terminate. Take back," ſaid I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, "the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my "duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and exalted to mi-"ſery."

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do. At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwe[illegible]n; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhowed, and the te[illegible]neſs with which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! Madam," ſaid he, "theſe are gracious ſigns, and "unlike thoſe which firſt drew my attention, and made me "watch you unobſerved, fearing ſome fatal purpoſe in your "mind. What muſt be the thoughts which could make a face "like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my "morning walk, and have ſeen you a conſiderable time; "ſometimes ſtopping and wringing your hands, ſometimes "quickening your pace, and ſometimes walking ſlow with

"your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raiſed them to "heaven, with looks not of ſupplication and piety, but rather "of accuſation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that "you have quarrelled with yourſelf, with life, nay, even with "Heaven? Recal your reaſon and your hope, and let this "ſeaſonable prevention of your fatal purpoſe be an earneſt "to you of good things to come, of God's mercy not yet "alienated from you, and ſtooping from his throne to ſave "your ſoul from perdition."

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me ſo much relief that I found myſelf able to ſpeak, and deſirous to expreſs my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was ſo long ſince I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt ſurpriſing pleaſure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and, ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to me, whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern; and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrated that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he had found me. "This poor lady," ſaid he, "from the "fault of her education and principles, ſees every thing "through a gloomy medium: She accuſes Providence, and "hates her exiſtence for thoſe evils which are the common

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"lot of mankind in this ſhort ſtate of trial. You, my dear, "who are one of the greateſt ſufferers I have known, are beſt "qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience, and to con-"vince her, by your own example, that this world is not the "place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no "one ſo unhappy as herſelf; but if ſhe knew all that you "have gone through, ſhe would ſurely be ſenſible, that if you "are happier than ſhe, it is only becauſe your principles are "better."

"Indeed, my dear Madam," ſaid ſhe, "that is the only "advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs "every thing elſe. It is now but ten days ſince I followed to "the grave my only ſon, the ſurvivor of eight children, who "were all equally the objects of my fondeſt love. My heart "is no leſs tender than your own, nor my affections leſs warm. "For a whole year before the death of my laſt darling, I "watched the fatal progreſs of his diſeaſe, and ſaw him ſuf-"fer the moſt amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded "evil to which you could not ſubmit, wanting to my trials. "Though my huſband is by his profeſſion a gentleman, his "income is ſo ſmall, that I and my children have often "wanted neceſſaries: And though I had always a weakly con-"ſtitution, I have helped to ſupport my family by the labour "of my own hands. At this time I am conſuming, by daily "tortures, with a cancer which muſt ſhortly be my death. "My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper aſſiſtance, "though nothing could preſerve my life; but I have not the "means to obtain that aſſiſtance."——"O hold," interrupted I, "my ſoul is ſhocked at the enumeration of ſuch intolerable "ſufferings. How is it that you ſupport them! Why do I "not ſee you, in diſpair like mine, renounce your exiſtence, "and put yourſelf out of the reach of torment? But, above "all, tell me how it is poſſible for you to preſerve, amidſt "ſuch complicated miſery, that appearance of cheerfulneſs

" and ſerene complacency which ſhines ſo remarkably in your " countenance, and animates every look and motion?"

" That cheerfulneſs and complacency," anſwered the good woman, " I feel in my heart. My mind is not only ſerene, " but often experiences the higheſt emotions of joy and ex- " ultation that the brighteſt hopes can give."—" And whence," ſaid I, " do you derive this aſtoniſhing art of extracting joy " from miſery, and of ſmiling amidſt all the terrors of pain, " ſorrow, poverty, and death?" She was ſilent a moment; then ſtepping to her cloſet, reached a Bible, which ſhe put into my hands. " See there," ſaid ſhe, " the volume in which " I learn this art. Here I am taught that everlaſting glory " is in ſtore for all who will accept it upon the terms which " Infinite Perfection has preſcribed: Here I am promiſed " conſolation, aſſiſtance and ſupport, from the LORD OF LIFE; " and here I am aſſured, that my tranſient afflictions are only " meant to fit me for eternal and unſpeakable happineſs. This " happineſs is at hand. The ſhort remainder of my life ſeems " but a point, beyond which opens the glorious proſpect of " immortality. Thus encouraged, how ſhould I be dejected? " Thus ſupported, how ſhould I ſink? With ſuch proſpects, " ſuch aſſured hopes, how can I be otherwiſe than hap- " py?"

While ſhe ſpoke, her eyes ſparkled, and her whole face ſeemed animated with joy. I was ſtruck with her manner, as well as her words. Every ſyllable ſhe uttered ſeemed to ſink into my ſoul, ſo that I never can forget it. I reſolved to examine a religion which was capable of producing ſuch effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple preſſed me with ſo much unaffected kindneſs, to make their little parſonage my aſylum till I could better diſpoſe of myſelf, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the aſſiſtance of the clergyman, who is a plain, ſenſible, and truly pious man, I have ſtudied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of

of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinfic arguments of their truth fuperfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the confiftency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propofe, together with the ftriking example I had before my eyes of their falutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witnefs to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much foftnefs and tendernefs as ever I faw in a female character, fhe fhewed more dauntlefs intrepidity than the fterneft philofopher or the proudeft hero. No torment could fhake the conftancy of her foul, or length of pain wear out the ftrength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her laft breath in thankfgiving, and faw the fmile of extafy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings—" O Death! where " is thy fting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a fervice, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A ftate of fervitude, to which once I could not refolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Chriftianity has fubdued, though philofophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I fhould gratefully fubmit to mortification; but as a Chriftian, I find myfelf fuperior to every mortification, except the fenfe of guilt. This has humbled me to the duft: But the full affurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon fincere repentance, have calmed my troubled fpirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumftances, I find myfelf changed from a diftracted, poor, de-

ſpairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleaſed with my preſent ſtate of exiſtence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endleſs glory and happineſs.

O! tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into thoſe truths which moſt concern them, and who are led by faſhion, and the pride of human reaſon, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them theſe amazing effects of the power of Chriſtianity; tell them this truth, which experience has taught me, that, "Though "vice is conſtantly attended by miſery, Virtue itſelf cannot "confer happineſs in this world, except it is animated with "the hopes of eternal bliſs in the world to come."

Adventurer.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

THE breed of horſes in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horſes has given us a variety, that no ſingle country can boaſt of: moſt other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the ſeveral ſpecies, by the happy difference of our ſoils, and by our ſuperior ſkill in management, may triumph over the reſt of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the higheſt perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found inſtances of horſes that have literally out-ſtripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately ſhewn in his remarks on thoſe of Great Britain. Childers is an amazing inſtance of rapidity, his ſpeed having been more than once exerted equal to 82½ feet in a ſecond, or near a mile in a minute: the ſame horſe has alſo run the round courſe at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards leſs than 4 miles) in ſix minutes and forty ſeconds; in

in which cafe, his fleetnefs is to that of the fwifteft Barb, as four to three; the former, according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a fpace of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horfes of this kind, derive their origin from Arabia; the feat of the pureft, and moft generous breed.

The fpecies ufed in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others fuperior in ftrength, but inferior in point of fpeed and lineage: an union of both is neceffary; for the fatigues of the chace muft be fupported by the fpirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the ftrength and fize of our horfes deftined for the draught; or to the activity and ftrength united of thofe that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are inftances of fingle horfes that are able to draw on a plain, for a fmall fpace, the weight of three tons; but could with eafe, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horfes of Yorkfhire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the moft remote parts of the kingdom, ufually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the higheft hills of the north, as well as the moft level roads; but the moft remarkable proof of the ftrength of our Britifh horfes, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horfes: fome of thefe will carry at one load thirteen meafures, which at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight fuperior to that which the leffer fort of camels will bear: this will appear lefs furprifing, as thefe horfes are by degrees accuftomed to the weight; and the diftance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had opportunity) fhewed over thofe of our allies, as well as of the French, a great fuperiority both of ftrength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our fquadrons; while

while the German horfes, from their great weight, and inactive make, were unable to fecond our efforts; though thofe troops were actuated by the nobleft ardour.

The prefent cavalry of this ifland only fupports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earlieft times: our fcythed chariots, and the activity and good difcipline of our horfes, even ftruck terror into Cæfar's legions: and the Britains, as foon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to reprefent on their money the animal for which they were fo celebrated. It is now impoffible to trace out this fpecies; for thofe which exift among the *indigenæ* of Great Britain, fuch as the little horfes of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the fhelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the ufes of thofe countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and ftronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the ifland. Thofe we employ for that purpofe, or for the draught, are an offspring of the German or Flemifh breed, meliorated by our foil, and a judicious culture.

The Englifh were ever attentive to an exact culture of thefe animals; and in very early times fet a high value on their breed. The efteem that our horfes were held in by foreigners fo long ago as the reign of Athelftan, may be collected from a law of that monarch, prohibiting their exportation, except they were defigned as prefents. Thefe muft have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needlefs; for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourfe with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we foon laid hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Belefme, Earl of Shrewfbury, is the firft that is on record: he introduced the Spanifh ftallions into his eftate in Powifland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a fwift and generous

race

race of horſes. Giraldus Cambrenſis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, cotemporary with Shakeſpeare, ſings their excellence in the ſixth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably deſtined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous conteſts of the tilt-yard. From theſe ſprung, to ſpeak the language of the times, the Flower of Courſers, whoſe elegant form added charms to the rider; and whoſe activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithſtanding my former ſuppoſition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diverſion. But by his words, it appears not to have been deſigned for the purpoſes of gaming, but merely to have ſprung from a generous emulation of ſhewing a ſuperior ſkill in horſemanſhip.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to ſuch exceſs as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have waſted more of his eſtate than any of his anceſtors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horſe-races, tiltings, and other expenſive diverſions. It is probable that the parſimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diverſions exhibited at Kennelworth by her favourite Leiceſter. In the following reign, were places allotted for the ſport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkſhire, were celebrated courſes. Camden alſo ſays, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diverſion to be known in theſe kingdoms in earlier times; we only aſſert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horſes. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the ſports that gallant philoſopher thought unworthy of a man of honour.

honour. "The exercife (fays he) I do not approve of, is running of horfes, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I fee why a brave man fhould delight in a creature whofe chief ufe is to help him to run away."

The increafe of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey thofe manufactures, multiplied the number of our horfes: an excefs of wealth, before unknown in thefe iflands, increafed the luxury of carriages, and added to the neceffity of an extraordinary culture of thefe animals: their high reputation abroad, has alfo made them a branch of commerce, and proved another caufe of their vaft increafe.

As no kingdom can boaft of parallel circumftances, fo none can vie with us in the number of thefe noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guefs at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increafe: the number feems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horfemen in the wars of thofe times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not fupply 2000 horfes to form our cavalry: and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the moft imminent danger from the Spanifh invafion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnifh, amounted only to 3000: to account for this difference we muft imagine, that the number of horfes which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an undifciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and fuch as might be oppofed to fo formidable an enemy as was then expected: but fuch is their prefent increafe, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and fuch is our improvement in the breed of horfes, that moft of thofe which are ufed in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the fame purpofe: of thofe, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The

The learned M. de Buffon has almoſt exhauſted the ſubject of the natural hiſtory of the horſe, and the other domeſtic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may obſerve, that this moſt noble and uſeful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it ſubſervient to the uſes of mankind; and thoſe qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a leſs degree, in proportion to our various neceſſities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reaſoning, is given to ſome, which fits them for military ſervices. The ſpirit and emulation ſo apparent in others, furniſh us with that ſpecies, which is admirably adapted for the courſe; or, the more noble and generous pleaſure of the chace.

Patience and perſeverance appear ſtrongly in that moſt uſeful kind deſtined to bear the burdens we impoſe on them; or that employed in the ſlavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vaſt ſtrength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their maſter's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues, even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent diſpoſition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain conſciouſneſs of the ſervices we can render them. Moſt of the hoofed quadrupeds are domeſtic, becauſe neceſſity compels them to ſeek our protection: Wild beaſts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, deſtitute of theſe advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial ſhelter, and harveſted proviſions; as nature, in theſe climates, does not throughout the year ſupply them with neceſſary food.

But ſtill, many of our tame animals muſt by accident endure the rigour of the ſeaſon: To prevent which inconvenience, their feet (for the extremities ſuffer firſt by cold) are protected by ſtrong hoofs of a horny ſubſtance.

The tail too is guarded with long buſhy hair that protects it in both extremes of weather; during the ſummer it ſerves, by its pliancy and agility, to bruſh off the ſwarms of inſects which

are perpetually attempting either to ſting them, or to depoſit their eggs in the *rectum*; the ſame length of hair contributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the abſurd and cruel cuſtom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive theſe animals of both advantages: In the laſt war our cavalry ſuffered ſo much on that account, that we now ſeem ſenſible of the error, and, if we may judge from ſome recent orders in reſpect to that branch of the ſervice, it will for the future be corrected.

Thus is the horſe provided againſt the two greateſt evils he is ſubject to from the ſeaſons: His natural diſeaſes are few; but our ill uſuage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the diſtempers he is naturally ſubject to, are the worms, the bots, and the ſtone: The ſpecies of worms that infect him are the *lumbrici*, and *aſcarides*; both theſe reſemble thoſe found in human bodies, only larger: The bots are the *erucæ*, or caterpillars of the *oeſtrus*, or gad-fly: Theſe are found both in the *rectum*, and in the ſtomach, and when in the latter bring on convulſions that often terminate in death.

The ſtone is a diſeaſe the horſe is not frequently ſubject to; yet we have ſeen two examples of it; the one in a horſe near Highwycombe, that voided ſixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a ſtone taken out of the bladder of a horſe, and depoſited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. Theſe ſtones are formed of ſeveral cruſts, each very ſmooth and gloſſy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by colliſion againſt each other.

The all-wiſe Creator hath finely limited the ſeveral ſervices of domeſtic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of ſuch, which in their lives have been the moſt uſeful, ſhould after death contribute the leaſt to our benefit. The chief uſe that the *exuviæ* of the horſe can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harneſs; and thus, even after

after death, he preferves fome analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of ufe in making wigs; of the tail in making the bottoms of chairs, floor cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

HISTORY OF CYRUS,

FOUNDER OF THE EMPIRE OF THE PERSIANS.

CYRUS was the fon of Cambyfes, king of Perfia, and of Mandana, daughter of Aftyages, king of the Medes. * He was born one year after his uncle Cyaxares, the brother of Mandana.

The Perfians confifted at this time of twelve tribes, and inhabited only one province of that vaft country, which has fince borne the name of Perfia, and were not in all above one hundred and twenty thoufand men. But this people having afterwards, through the wifdom and valour of Cyrus, acquired the empire of the eaft, the name of Perfia extended itfelf with their conquefts and fortune, and comprehended all that vaft track of land, which reaches from eaft to weft, from the river Indus to the Tigris; and from north to fouth, from the Cafpian fea to the ocean. And ftill to this day the country of Perfia has the fame extent.

Cyrus was beautiful in his perfon, and ftill more lovely for the qualities of his mind; was of a very fweet difpofition, full of good-nature and humanity, and had a great defire to learn and a noble ardour for glory. He was never afraid of any danger, or difcouraged by any hardfhip or difficulty, where honour was to be acquired. He was brought up according to the laws and

* A. M. 3405. Ant. J. C. 599.

and cuſtoms of the Perſians, which were excellent in thoſe days, with reſpect to education; and ſurpaſſed all of his age, not only in aptneſs to learn, but in courage and addreſs in executing whatever he undertook.

When Cyrus was twelve years old, his mother Mandana took him with her into Media, to his grandfather Aſtyages, who, from the many things he had heard ſaid in favour of that young prince, had a great deſire to ſee him. In this court young Cyrus found very different manners from thoſe of his own country. Pride, luxury, and magnificence reigned here univerſally. Aſtyages himſelf was richly clothed, had his eyes coloured, his face painted, and his hair embelliſhed with artificial locks. For the Medes affected an effeminate life, to be dreſſed in ſcarlet, and to wear necklaces and bracelets; whereas the habits of the Perſians were very plain and coarſe. All this finery did not affect Cyrus, who, without criticiſing or condemning what he ſaw, was contented to live as he had been brought up, and adhered to the principles he had imbibed from his infancy. He charmed his grandfather with his ſprightlineſs and wit, and gained every body's favour by his noble and engaging behaviour. I ſhall only mention one inſtance, whereby we may judge of the reſt.

Aſtyages, to make his grandſon unwilling to return home, made a ſumptuous entertainment, in which there was a vaſt plenty and profuſion of every thing that was nice and delicate. All this exquiſite cheer and magnificent preparation Cyrus looked upon with great indifference; at which obſerving Aſtyages to be ſurpriſed: "The Perſians," ſays he to the king, "inſtead of going ſuch a round-about way to appeaſe their "hunger, have a much ſhorter to the ſame end; a little "bread and creſſes with them anſwer the purpoſe." Aſtyages deſiring Cyrus to diſpoſe of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter immediately diſtributed them to the king's officers in waiting: To one, becauſe he taught him to ride; to another, becauſe he waited well upon his grandfather; and to a third,

becauſe

becaufe he took great care of his mother. Sacas, the king's cup-bearer, was the only perfon to whom he gave nothing. This officer, befides the poft of cub-bearer, had that likewife of introducing thofe who were to have audience of the king; and as he could not poffibly grant that favour to Cyrus as often as he defired it, he had the misfortune to difpleafe the prince, who took this occafion to fhow his refentment. Aftyages teftifying fome concern at the neglect of this officer, for whom he had a particular confideration, and who deferved it, as he faid, on account of the wonderful dexterity with which he ferved him: "Is that all, papa?" replied Cyrus, "if that be "fufficient to merit your favour, you fhall fee I will quickly "obtain it; for I will take upon me to ferve you better than "he." Immediately Cyrus is equipped as a cup-bearer, and advancing gravely with a ferious countenance, a napkin upon his fhoulder, and holding the cup nicely with three of his fingers, he prefented it to the king with a dexterity and a grace, that charmed both Aftyages and Mandana. When he had done, he flung himfelf upon his grandfather's neck, and kiffing him, cried out with great joy, "O Sacas, poor Sacas, "thou art undone; I fhall have thy place." Aftyages embraced him with great fondnefs, and faid, "I am mighty well pleafed, "my dear child: Nobody can ferve with a better grace: But "you have forgot one effential ceremony, which is that of tafting." And indeed the cup-bearer was ufed to put fome of the liquor into his left hand, and to tafte it, before he prefented it to the king. "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not "thro' forgetfulnefs that I omitted that ceremony." "Why "then," fays Aftyages, "for what reafon did you do it?" "Becaufe I apprehended there was poifon in the liquor." "Poifon, child? How could you think fo?" "Yes; poifon, "papa; for not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the "lords of your court, after the guefts had drank a little of that "liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned; they fung, "made a noife, and talked they did not know what: You

yourfelf

"yourſelf ſeemed to have forgot you were king, and they, that "they were ſubjects; and when you would have danced, you "could not ſtand upon your legs." "Why," ſays Aſtyages, "have you never ſeen the ſame thing happen to your father?" "No, never," ſays Cyrus. "What then? How is it with "him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drank, his "thirſt is quenched, and that is all."

Mandana being upon the point of returning to Perſia, Cyrus joyfully complied with the repeated inſtances his grandfather had made to him to ſtay in Media; being deſirous, as he ſaid, to perfect himſelf in the art of riding, which he was not yet maſter of, and which was not known in Perſia, where the barrenneſs of the country, and its craggy mountainous ſituation, rendered it unfit for the breeding of horſes.

During the time of his reſidence at this court, his behaviour procured him infinite love and eſteem. He was gentle, affable, officious, beneficent, and generous. Whenever the young lords had any favour to aſk of the king, Cyrus was their ſolicitor. If the king had any ſubject of complaint againſt them, Cyrus was their mediator: Their affairs became his; and he always managed them ſo well, that he obtained whatever he deſired.

When Cyrus was about ſixteen years of age, the ſon of the king of the Babylonians, this was Evil-Merodach, ſon of Nebuchadnezzer, at a hunting-match a little before his marriage, thought fit, in order to ſhow his bravery, to make an irruption into the territory of the Medes; which obliged Aſtyages to take the field, to oppoſe the invader. Here it was that Cyrus, having followed his grandfather, ſerved his apprenticeſhip in war. He behaved himſelf ſo well on this occaſion, that the victory which the Medes gained over the Babylonians, was chiefly owing to his valour.

The year after, his father recalling him, that he might accompliſh his time in the Perſian exerciſes, he departed immediately from the court of Media, that neither his father nor his country might have any room to complain of his delay.

This

This occaſion ſhowed how much he was beloved. At his departure he was accompanied by all ſorts of people, young and old. Aſtyages himſelf conducted him a good part of his journey on horſeback; and when the ſad moment came that they muſt part, the whole company were bathed in tears.

Cyrus having returned into his own country, his companions, after his long reſidence in ſo voluptuous and luxurious a court as that of the Medes, expected to find a great change in his manners: But when they found that he was content with their ordinary table, and that, when he was preſent at any entertainment, he was more ſober and temperate than any of the company, they looked upon him with new admiration.

Aſtyages, king of the Medes, dying, was ſucceeded by his ſon Cyaxares, brother to Cyrus' mother. Cyaxares was no ſooner on the throne, than he was engaged in a terrible war with Neriglisſor, king of the Babylonians,—who had raiſed a powerful army—had engaged ſeveral princes on his ſide, and, amongſt others, Croeſus, king of Lydia. Cyaxares diſpatched ambaſſadors to Cambyſes, deſiring ſuccours of him, with a requeſt that Cyrus might command the auxiliary forces. As ſoon as it was known that Cyrus was to march at the head of the army, the joy was univerſal. The army conſiſted of 31,000 men, all infantry; for the Perſians had as yet no cavalry; but they were all choſen men, raiſed after a particular manner: Firſt of all, Cyrus choſe out of the nobility 200 of the braveſt officers, each of whom was ordered to chuſe out four more of the ſame ſort—1000 in all; and theſe were the officers who ſignalized themſelves ſo glorioully upon all occaſions. Every one of this thouſand was appointed to raiſe among the people, ten light-armed pikemen, ten ſlingers, and ten bowmen; which amounted in whole to 31,000 men.

Before proceeding to this choice, Cyrus thought fit to make a ſpeech to the two hundred officers, whom, after having

highly praised for their courage, he inspired with the strongest assurance of victory and success. After contrasting the bravery and hardiness of the Persians, with the effeminacy and voluptuousness of the Assyrians—the equity of their cause, with the injustice of the enemy's—he thus concluded: "But what ought to "be the principal motive of your confidence is, that I do not "engage in this expedition, without having first consulted the "gods, and implored their protection; for you know it is "my custom to begin all my actions, and all my undertakings, "in that manner." For his great maxim was, and he had it from his father, That a man ought not to form any enterprise, great or small, without consulting the Divinity, and imploring his protection.

Cambyses accompanied his son as far as the frontiers of Persia; and, in the way, gave him excellent instructions concerning the duties of the general of an army

As soon as Cyrus had reached Cyaxares, the first thing he did, after the usual compliments had passed, was to inform himself of the quality and number of the forces on both sides;—when it appeared, that the enemy's army amounted to 200,000 foot, and 60,000 horse—and that the united armies of the Medes and Persians scarce amounted to half that number. This great inequality put Cyaxares in terrible fears and apprehensions: But Cyrus, by the strict discipline he introduced into the army, and by the excellent improvements he made in the armour of his soldiers, made amends for the inequality of his forces, and animated Cyaxares with the most sanguine hopes of success.

He established a wonderful order among the troops, and inspired them with a surprising emulation, by the rewards he promised, and by his obliging and engaging deportment towards all. As for money, the only value he set upon it was to give it away. He was continually making presents to one or other, according to their rank or their merit; to one a buckler, to another a sword, or something of the same kind equally

ly acceptable. By this generoſity, this greatneſs of ſoul, and beneficent diſpoſition, he thought a general ought to diſtinguiſh himſelf, and not by the luxury of his table, or the richneſs of his clothes, and ſtill leſs by his haughtineſs and imperious demeanour. "A commander could not," he ſaid, "give actual "proofs of his munificence to every body, and for that very "reaſon he thought himſelf obliged to convince every body of "his inclination and good-will; for though a prince might ex- "hauſt his treaſures by making preſents, yet he could not in- "jure himſelf by benevolence and humanity; by being ſin- "cerely concerned in the good or evil that happens to others, "and by making it appear that he is ſo."

One day, as Cyrus was reviewing his army, a meſſenger came to him from Cyaxares, to acquaint him, that ſome ambaſſadors being arrived from the king of the Indies, he deſired his preſence immediately. "For that purpoſe, ſays he, "I "have brought you a rich garment, for the king deſires you "would appear magnificently dreſſed before the Indians, to "do the nation honour." Cyrus loſt not a moment's time, but inſtantly ſet out with his troops to wait upon the king; though without changing his dreſs, which was very plain, after the Perſian faſhion, and not, as Xenophon has it, polluted or ſpoiled with any foreign ornament. Cyaxares ſeeming at firſt a little diſpleaſed at it; "If I had dreſſed myſelf in "purple," ſays Cyrus, "and loaded myſelf with bracelets and "chains of gold, and with all that, had been longer in coming, "ſhould I have done you more honour than I do now by my "expedition, and the ſweat of my face, and by letting all the "world ſee with what promptitude and diſpatch your orders "are obeyed."

Cyaxares, ſatisfied with this anſwer, ordered the Indian ambaſſadors to be introduced. The purport of their ſpeech was, that they were ſent by the king their maſter, to learn the cauſe of the war between the Medes and the Babylonians; and that they had orders, as ſoon as they heard what the Medes ſhould

 ſay,

ſay, to proceed to the court of Babylon, to know what motives they had to allege on their part; to the end that the king their maſter, after having examined the reaſons on both ſides, might take part with thoſe who had right and juſtice on their ſide. This is making a noble and glorious uſe of great power: To be influenced only by juſtice, to conſult no advantage from the diviſion of neighbours, but to declare openly againſt the unjuſt aggreſſor, in favour of the injured party. Cyaxares and Cyrus anſwered, they had given the Babylonians no ſubject of complaint, and that they willingly accepted the mediation of the king of India. It appears in the ſequel, that he declared for the Medes.

Tigranes, king of Armenia, believing that Cyaxares was ready to be ſwallowed up by the formidable league raiſed againſt him, thought this a fit time to ſhake off the yoke of of the Medes, and refuſed to pay the cuſtomary tribute: But Cyrus attacked him ſuddenly, and, before he ſuſpected any deſigns againſt him, made himſelf maſter of the only fortreſs he had, and took his family priſoners; obliged him to pay the uſual tribute, and to furniſh his quota of troops; and after all ſo won upon him by his humanity and courteous behaviour, that he rendered him one of the faithfulleſt and moſt affectionate allies the Medes ever had.

In moſt conquerors we find courage, reſolution, intrepidity, a capacity for martial exploits, and all ſuch talents as make a noiſe in the world, and are apt to dazzle people by their glaring outſide: But an inward ſort of goodneſs, compaſſion, and gentleneſs towards the unhappy, an air of moderation and reſerve even in proſperity and victory, an inſinuating and perſuaſive behaviour, the art of gaining people's hearts, and attaching them to him more by affection than intereſt; a conſtant, unalterable care always to have right on his ſide, and to imprint ſuch a character of juſtice and equity upon all his conduct, as his very enemies are forced to revere; and laſtly, ſuch a clemency as to diſtinguiſh thoſe who offend through imprudence rather than malice,

malice, and to leave room for their repentance, by giving them opportunity to return to their duty: Thefe are qualities rarely found in the moft celebrated conquerors of antiquity, but fhone out moft confpicuoufly in Cyrus.

The Perfian prince, before he quitted the king of Armenia, was willing to do him fome fignal fervice. This king was then at war with the Chaldeans, a neighbouring warlike people, who continually harraffed his country by their inroads, and by that means hindered a part of his land from being cultivated. Cyrus having exactly informed himfelf of their character, ftrength, and fituation of their ftrong-holds, marched againft them—drove them from their faftneffes—routed their army—took a great many prifoners—and entirely difperfed their forces. Cyrus himfelf fpoke to the prifoners, affuring them he was not come to injure them, or wantonly ravage their country, but to grant them peace on reafonable terms. Deputies were immediately fent to him, and a peace was concluded, the conditions of which gave mutual fatisfaction.

The expedition againft the Armenians being happily ended, Cyrus left that country, to rejoin Cyaxares. Four thoufand Chaldeans, the braveft of the nation, attended him; and the king of Armenia, who was now delivered from his enemies, augmented the number of troops he had promifed him: So that he arrived in Media, with a great deal of money, and a much more numerous army than he had when he left it.

The Medes and Affyrians had now been employed three years together in forming their alliances, and making preparations for the war. Cyrus, finding his troops full of ardour, propofed to Cyaxares his leading them againft the enemy, thinking that fo bold a ftep would fpread terror in the Affyrian army, and infpire their own with greater confidence.

Having offered the accuftomed facrifices, and invoked the tutelary gods of the empire, befeeching them to be propitious to them in the expedition they had undertaken, to conduct them, fight for them, and infpire them with virtue, courage and

and prudence, Cyrus began his march. When the armies came within ſight, both ſides prepared for battle. A numerous body of the Aſſyrians firſt moving out of their camp, Cyrus advanced with his troops to meet them. He gave the word of battle, "Jupiter, protector and conductor;" he then cauſed the ordinary hymn to be ſounded, in honour of Caſtor and Pollux, to which the ſoldiers, full of religious ardour, anſwered with a loud voice. There was nothing in Cyrus' army but cheerfulneſs, emulation, courage, mutual exhortations to bravery, and an univerſal zeal to execute whatever their leader ſhould command. "For it is obſervable," ſays Xenophon, in this place, "that on theſe occaſions, thoſe who "fear the Deity moſt, are the leaſt afraid of men." The Perſians, animated by the example of Cyrus, broke through the firſt battalions of the Aſſyrians, who, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Croeſus and their own king, were unable to endure ſo rude a ſhock, and were warmly purſued to the camp: A terrible ſlaughter was made; and Nerigliſſor, king of the Babylonians, was killed in the action. Croeſus, ſeeing things in great confuſion, fled, and his example was followed by the other allies. Cyrus marched in purſuit of the enemy. All that ſtaid in the camp ſurrendered; thoſe that ran away, being warmly purſued, were killed. The victory was complete, and the ſpoil immenſe. Cyrus ſet apart the richeſt and moſt valuable part of the booty for Cyaxares; and as for the priſoners, he gave them all liberty to go home to their own country, without impoſing any other condition upon them, than that they and their countrymen ſhould deliver up their arms, and engage no more in war; Cyrus taking upon himſelf their protection, and engaging to put them in a condition of cultivating their lands with entire ſecurity.

PANTHEA AND ARASPES.

Amongst the priſoners of war they had taken, there was a young princeſs of moſt exquiſite beauty, whom they reſerved for

for Cyrus. Her name was Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Susiana. Upon the report made to Cyrus of her extraordinary beauty, he refused to see her; for fear, as he said, such an object might engage his affection more than he desired, and divert him from the prosecution of the great designs he had in view. This singular moderation in Cyrus, was undoubtedly an effect of the excellent education he had received: For it was a principle among the Persians, never to speak before young people of any thing that tended or related to love, lest their natural inclination to pleasure, which is so strong and violent at that age of levity and indiscretion, should be awakened and excited by such discourses, and should hurry them into follies and debaucheries. Araspes, a young nobleman of Media, who had the lady in his custody, had not the same distrust of his own weakness, but pretended that a man may be always master of himself. Cyrus committed the princess to his care, and at the same time gave him a very prudent admonition. "I have seen a great many persons," says he, "who "have thought themselves very strong, wretchedly overcome "by that violent passion, in spite of all their resolution; who "have owned afterwards, with shame and grief, that their "passion was a bondage and slavery, from which they had not "the power to redeem themselves; an incurable distemper, "out of the reach of all remedies and human efforts; a kind "of bond or necessity, more difficult to force than the strong-"est chains of iron." "Fear nothing," replied Araspes, "I "am sure of myself, and will answer with my life, I shall "do nothing contrary to my duty." Nevertheless his passion for this young princess increased, and by degrees grew to such a height, that finding her invincibly averse to his desires, he was upon the point of using violence with her. The princess at length made Cyrus acquainted with his conduct; who immediately sent Artabasus to Araspes, with orders to admonish and reprove him in his name. This officer executed his orders in the harshest manner, upbraiding him with his fault in the most

moſt bitter terms, and with ſuch a rigorous ſeverity, as was enough to throw him into deſpair. Araſpes, ſtruck to the ſoul with grief and anguiſh, burſt into a flood of tears; and being overwhelmed with ſhame and fear, thinking himſelf undone, had not a word to ſay for himſelf. Some days afterwards, Cyrus ſent for him. He went to the prince in fear and trembling. Cyrus took him aſide, and, inſtead of reproaching him with ſeverity, as he expected, ſpoke gently to him; acknowledging, that he himſelf was to blame for having imprudently expoſed him to ſo formidable an enemy. By ſuch an unexpected kindneſs the young nobleman recovered both life and ſpeech. But his confuſion, joy, and gratitude, expreſſed themſelves firſt in a torrent of tears. "Alas!" ſays he, "now I am come "to the knowledge of myſelf, and find moſt plainly that I "have two ſouls; one that inclines me to good, another that "incites me to evil. The former prevails when you ſpeak to "me, and come to my relief: When I am alone, and left to "myſelf, I give way to, and am overpowered by the latter." Araſpes made an advantageous amends for his fault, and rendered Cyrus conſiderable ſervice, by retiring among the Aſſyrians, under the pretence of diſcontent, and by giving intelligence of their meaſures and deſigns.

The loſs of ſo brave an officer, whom diſcontent was ſuppoſed to have engaged in the enemy's party, cauſed a great concern in the whole army. Panthea, who had occaſioned it, promiſed Cyrus to ſupply his place with an officer of equal merit; whereby ſhe meant her huſband Abradates. Accordingly, upon her writing to him, he repaired to the camp of the Perſians, and was directly carried to Panthea's tent, who told him, with a flood of tears, how kindly and handſomely ſhe had been treated by the generous conqueror. "And how," cried out Abradates, "ſhall I be able to acknowledge ſo important a ſervice?" "By behaving towards him," replied Panthea, "as he hath done towards me. Whereupon he waited immediately upon Cyrus, and paying his reſpects to ſo great

 a benefactor,

a benefactor: "You ſee before you," ſays he to him, "the "tendereſt friend, the moſt devoted ſervant, and the faith- "fulleſt ally you ever had; who, not being able otherwiſe to "acknowledge your favours, comes and devotes himſelf en- "tirely to your ſervice." Cyrus received him with ſuch a noble and generous air, and withal with ſo much tenderneſs and humanity, as fully convinced him, that whatever Panthea had ſaid of the wonderful character of that great prince, was abundantly ſhort of the truth.

Two Aſſyrian noblemen, who likewiſe intended to put themſelves under Cyrus' protection, rendered him extraordinary ſervice. Their names were Gobryas and Gadates, princes of great bravery and virtue; but who had been cruelly uſed by the Aſſyrian monarch. Theſe chiefs ſurrendered their fortreſſes into his hands, which acquired him the poſſeſſion of the country of the Sacæ and Caducians. As Cyrus treated theſe nations with great humanity, they remained inviolably attached to him. The Caducians raiſed for him an army of 20,000 foot, and 4000 horſe;—the Sacæ 10,000 foot, and 2000 horſe.

The king of Aſſyria took the field, in order to puniſh Gadates for his rebellion. But Cyrus engaged and defeated him, obliging him to retreat to Babylon. The clemency and humanity of Cyrus conciliated the affections of all the nations around Babylon, who voluntarily ſubmitted themſelves to his authority.

The conqueror now began his march to the frontiers of Media, whoſe king, jealous of the great power and reputation of Cyrus, refuſed to admit him into his dominions; but ſet out to meet him with what cavalry he had: Cyrus likewiſe advanced to meet Cyaxares with his cavalry.—At ſight of theſe troops, which were fine and numerous, the jealouſy of the Median monarch was rekindled. He received his nephew coldly,—turned away his face from his ſalute, and even wept with vexation. But the magnanimous Cyrus, having commanded the company to retire, ſpoke to his uncle with ſuch temper, ſubmiſſion, and

 reaſon;

reaſon; gave him ſuch ſtrong proofs of his integrity, reſpect, and inviolable attachment to his perſon and intereſt,—that he diſpelled all his ſuſpicions, and perfectly recovered his good opinion: They embraced each other; and tears of joy were ſhed on both ſides. Some time after this, Cyaxares gave the prince of Perſia a ſignal teſtimony of the value he had for his merit. Having no male iſſue, and but one daughter, he offered her in marriage to Cyrus, with the empire of Media for her dowry. Cyrus gratefully accepted this kingly offer; but not till he had obtained the conſent of Cambyſes and Mandana,—leaving therein a ſignal example, to all future ages, of filial duty and obedience.

The Lydian and Babylonian monarchs, reſolving, at one blow, to annihilate the empire of the Medes, had again raiſed powerful armies,—had joined their forces near the river Pactolus,—from whence they advanced towards Thymbria, a city of Lydia. Their army, in which were an innumerable multitude of princes, conſiſted of Egyptians, Thracians, Cyprians, Cilicians, Phrygians, Lyconians, Paphlagonians, Cappadocians, Arabians, Ionians, Eolians, Lacedemonians, Aſſyrians, and Lydians. Crœſus was generaliſſimo of this mighty army.

Cyrus, whoſe forces were not half the number of thoſe of the enemy, prepared for the approaching battle like a man who had nothing but great projects in view. He excited amongſt his officers and ſoldiers a noble emulation for true glory, and inſpired them with a wonderful zeal and attachment for his perſon and intereſt: Confident of victory, they marched under their beloved general in queſt of the enemy, and, after a very long march, came up with them at Thymbria.

BATTLE OF THYMBRIA, AND TAKING OF SARDIS.

THIS battle is one of the moſt remarkable events in antiquity, ſince it decided the empire of Aſia, between the Aſſyrians and Perſians: ſtill farther memorable, as being the firſt pitched battle of which we have any particular account. Cyrus' army amounted

amounted to 190,000 men, both horſe and foot; 300 chariots, armed with ſcythes, each chariot drawn by four horſes a-breaſt, covered with trappings that were ſhot-proof; beſides a great number of chariots that were of a very large ſize, upon each of which was placed a tower 20 feet high, in which were lodged 20 archers. Each chariot was drawn by 16 oxen yoked a-breaſt. There were moreover a conſiderable number of camels, each mounted by two Arabian archers, back to back.

The next day, very early, Cyrus made a ſacrifice, during which his army took a little refreſhment; and the ſoldiers, after having offered their libations to the gods, put on their armour. Never was a ſight more beautiful and magnificent: Coat-armours, cuiraſſes, bucklers, helmets; one could not tell which to admire moſt: men and horſes finely equipped, and glittering in braſs and ſcarlet.

Xenophon is very minute in deſcribing the order of battle in which Cyrus formed his forces,—wherein, ſays that great captain and philſopher, the Perſian prince diſplayed a depth of knowledge in the military art that evinced him to have been one of the greateſt generals of antiquity.

When *Abradates* was juſt going to put on his cuiraſs, which was only of quilted flax, according to the faſhion of his country, his wife *Panthea* came and preſented him with an helmet, bracers, and bracelets, all of gold, with a coat-armour of his own length, plaited at the bottom, and with a purple-coloured plume of feathers. She had got all this armour prepared without her huſband's knowledge, that her preſent might be the more agreeable from ſurpriſe. In ſpite of all her endeavours to the contrary, when ſhe dreſſed him in this armour ſhe ſhed ſome tears. But notwithſtanding her tenderneſs for him, ſhe exhorted him to die ſword in hand, rather than not ſignalize himſelf in a manner ſuitable to his birth, and the idea ſhe had endeavoured to give Cyrus of his gallantry and worth. "Our obligations," ſays ſhe, "to that prince are infinitely great. I "was his priſoner, and as ſuch was ſet apart for his pleaſure;

 "but,

" but, when I came into his hands, I was neither uſed like a " captive, nor had any diſhonourable conditions impoſed on " me for my freedom. He treated me as if I had been his own " brother's wife; and in return I aſſured him, you would be " capable of acknowledging ſuch extraordinary goodneſs." " O Jupiter!" cried Abradates, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, " grant that on this occaſion, I may approve myſelf an " huſband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of ſo gene- " rous a benefactor." Having ſaid this, he mounted his chariot. Panthea, not being able to embrace him any longer, was ready to kiſs the chariot he rode in; and when ſhe had purſued him with her eyes, as far as ſhe poſſibly could, ſhe retired.

Whilſt Cyrus was conſidering on which ſide he ſhould direct his march, he heard a clap of thunder on the right, and cried out, " Sovereign Jupiter we follow thee!" When the armies were within ſight of each other, the Aſſyrians, whoſe forces were double that of Cyrus', made a movement as if they meant to encloſe his army, whoſe inferiority in numbers rendered them confident of ſucceſs: But Cyrus, not at all alarmed, having given the word of rallying the troops, " Jupiter, leader and pro- " tector," rode through all the ranks, to give orders, and encourage the ſoldiers: and he, on all other occaſions ſo modeſt, was now full of a noble confidence, and ſpoke as if he was aſſured of victory: " Follow me, my comrades," ſays he, " the " victory is certainly ours; the gods are for us." When the enemy had now almoſt entirely ſurrounded his army, his troops, upon the firſt ſignal given, faced about on every ſide, attacked the enemy with ſuch bravery, that, unable to bear ſo dreadful a ſhock, one of the wings was entirely routed. The ſecond wing, after an obſtinate conflict, was likewiſe put to flight. Cyrus now ordering Abradates to attack the front of the Aſſyrian army, that brave prince drove like lightning upon them with all his chariots. Having broken their firſt ranks, he came up with the Egyptian battalions, where, after performing prodigies of valour, he was killed with all his men. The Egyptians

gyptians long defended themſelves with wonderful bravery: but being ſurrounded on every ſide, and deſerted by all their allies, they accepted of honourable terms of capitulation.

The battle laſted till evening. Crœſus retreated with his troops to Sardis; and the other nations directed their courſe each to their own country, as faſt as they poſſibly could.

Cyrus, in the arrangement of his forces, and behaviour previous to and during the battle, diſplayed all the qualities of a conſummate general:—an admirable ſagacity in diſcovering and diſconcerting the enemy's meaſures,—an infinite foreſight in providing againſt every contingency,—a wonderful application to gain the hearts of his ſoldiers, and inſpire them with ardor,—in the heat of action, what a ſpirit and activity, what a preſence of mind in giving orders, what courage and intrepidity, and at the ſame time what humanity towards the enemy, whoſe valour he reſpects, and whoſe blood he is unwilling to ſhed?

But what appears ſtill more worthy of admiration, is the homage and worſhip he on all occaſions paid to the Deity. What a ſhame, then, and a reproach would it be to a Chriſtian officer or general, if on a day of battle he ſhould bluſh to appear as religious and devout as a Pagan prince; and if the Lord of hoſts, the God of armies, whom he acknowledges as ſuch, ſhould make a leſs impreſſion on his mind than a reſpect for the falſe deities of paganiſm did upon the mind of Cyrus?

But let us return to the camp of the Perſians. It is eaſy to imagine that *Panthea* muſt be in the utmoſt affliction and diſtreſs, when the news was brought her of *Abradates'* death. Having cauſed his body to be brought her, and holding it upon her knees, quite out of her ſenſes, with her eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed upon the melancholy object, ſhe thought of nothing but feeding her grief and indulging her miſery with the ſight of that diſmal and bloody ſpectacle. Cyrus being told what a condition ſhe was in, ran immediately to her, ſympathized with her affliction, and bewailed her unhappy fate with tears of compaſſion, doing all that he poſſibly could to give her comfort, and

ordering

ordering extraordinary honours to be ſhewn to the brave deceaſed Abradates. But no ſooner was Cyrus retired, than Panthea, overpowered with grief, ſtabbed herſelf with a dagger, and fell dead upon the body of her huſband. They were buried in one grave upon the very ſpot, and a monument was erected for them, which was ſtanding in the time of Xenophon.

The next day Cyrus marched towards Sardis. Crœſus, with all his forces, marched out to meet him;—but, after an obſtinate engagment, was defeated and drove back into Sardis, which Cyrus ſoon after beſieged and took, and found in it incredible treaſures. The humane conqueror, by the ſingular influence he had over his army, reſtrained the licentious fury of the ſoldiery, and preſerved the lives and property of the inhabitants, ordering them only to deliver up their gold and ſilver.

Herodotus relates that Crœſus' only ſon, who was dumb, ſeeing a ſoldier ready to give the king a ſtroke upon the head with his ſcimitar, made ſuch a violent effort and ſtruggle, out of fear and tenderneſs for the life of his father, that he broke the ſtrings of his tongue, and cried out, "Soldier, ſpare the life "of Crœſus."

The ſame author informs us, that Crœſus being a priſoner, was condemned by the conqueror to be burnt alive. Accordingly the funeral-pile was prepared, and that unhappy prince, being laid thereon, and juſt upon the point of execution, recollecting the converſation* he formerly had with Solon, was woefully convinced of the truth of that philoſopher's admonition, and in remembrance thereof cried aloud three times, Solon! Solon! Solon! Cyrus, who with the chief officers of his court was preſent at this ſpectacle, was curious to know why Crœſus pronounced that celebrated name with ſo much vehemence in this extremity. Being told the reaſon, and reflecting upon the uncertain ſtate of all ſublunary things, he was touched with commiſera-

tion

* Solon being at the court of Crœſus, that prince, who was eſteemed the richeſt in the world, diſplayed to him all his treaſures; after which he aſked him, *Whom he thought the happieſt man in the world?* The philoſopher, far from flattering the vain monarch, only replied, "That no one can be called happy be-"fore death; ſince none can tell what misfortunes may befall him ere he die."

tion at the prince's misfortune, caused him to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards, as long as he lived, with honour and respect. Thus had Solon the glory, with one single word, to save the life of one king, and give a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

TAKING OF BABYLON, & DEATH OF CYRUS.

CYRUS having subdued Asia Minor, Syria and Arabia, advanced towards Babylon. This celebrated city was surrounded by a wall 60 miles in circumference, 87 feet thick, and 300 feet high:—forming a great square, each side of which was 15 miles in length,—containing in all 100 gates of solid brass. The Babylonians, proudly confiding in the strength of their lofty ramparts,—and in their magazines stored with provisions for twenty years, insulted Cyrus from the top of their walls, and laughed at his vain attempts.

But this prince having, with infinite labour, turned aside the course of the Euphrates, which run through the heart of Babylon, entered the city, with his whole army, by the bed of that river, whilst the inhabitants were celebrating the feast of their god Bel;—put all who opposed to the sword,—and slew the impious Baltazar, with all his nobles, the same night that the hand appeared on the wall writing certain characters.

The capture of this celebrated city, which the prophets had so distinctly foretold, overturned the mighty empire of Assyria. Cyrus established a wonderful order and harmony throughout his extensive dominions; and by wise laws secured the happiness of those innumerable nations over whom he reigned.

The first thing he did, after the taking of the imperial city, was to offer his thanks to the gods; then calling together the principal officers, he applauded their courage and attachment to his person,—advised them to persevere in their ancient virtue, as the only means of preserving what they had so gallantly acquired;—and then he distributed rewards to his whole army. After this he made a display of all the grandeur of Eastern

ern magnificence, in a ſolemn proceſſion in honour of the gods, which concluded with games and horſe and chariot races.

Cyrus having regulated his affairs at Babylon, thought proper to take a journey into Perſia. In his way thither he paid a viſit to Cyaxares, to whom he carried magnificent preſents, and invited him to come and reign at Babylon. This prince is called in Scripture "Darius the Mede."

Cyaxares dying two years after, and Cambyſes likewiſe ending his days in Perſia, Cyrus returned to Babylon, and took upon him the ſole government of the empire: Here, properly ſpeaking, commences the empire of the Perſians. *

In the firſt year of the reign of Cyrus, that prince, no doubt at the requeſt of Daniel, whom he highly honoured and eſteemed, publiſhed the famous decree, permitting the Jews to return to Jeruſalem, and to carry with them the gold and ſilver veſſels Nabuchodonoſor had taken out of the temple of the Lord.

"In the firſt year of Cyrus, king of the Perſians, that the "word of the Lord might be accompliſhed, that he had pro"miſed by the mouth of Jeremy, the Lord raiſed up the ſpi"rit of Cyrus king of the Perſians; and he made proclama"tion through all his kingdom, and alſo by writing, ſaying, "Thus ſaith Cyrus, king of the Perſians, the Lord of Iſrael, "the Moſt High Lord, hath made me king of the whole world, "and commanded me to build him a houſe at Jeruſalem in "Jewry. If therefore there be any of you that are of his "people, let the Lord, even his Lord be with him, and let "him go up to Jeruſalem that is in Judea, and build the "houſe of the Lord of Iſrael; for he is the Lord that dwel"leth in Jeruſalem. Whoſoever then dwell in the places a"bout, let him help him, thoſe, I ſay, that are his neigh"bours, with gold and with ſilver; with gifts, with horſes, "and with cattle, and other things, which have been ſet forth "by vow for the temple of the Lord at Jeruſalem."

Equally beloved by his own natural ſubjects and by thoſe of

* Anno Mundi 3468. Ante Chriſtum 536.

the conquered nations, peaceably enjoying the fruits of his labours and victories, Cyrus lived to the age of 70, and to the laſt poſſeſſed a vigorous ſtate of health, which was the fruit of his ſober and temperate life. When he perceived the time of his death to draw nigh, he ordered his children and chief-officers, to be aſſembled about him: Having thanked the gods for all their favours to him, through the courſe of his life, he implored their protection for his children, his friends, and his country. He conjured his children to adore the gods, to love one another, and to cultivate virtue, which could alone communicate to them real happineſs. "For my body, my ſons," continued he, "when life has forſook it, incloſe it neither in gold nor ſil-"ver, nor any other matter whatſoever: RESTORE IT IMME-"DIATELY TO THE EARTH. Can it be more happy than in "being blended, and in a manner incorporated with the bene-"factreſs, and common mother of human kind."—"Adieu, "my dear children," were his laſt words, "may your lives "be happy; carry my laſt remembrance to your mother. And "for you, my faithful friends, as well abſent as preſent, re-"ceive this laſt farewell, and may you live in peace." Having ſaid this, he covered his face, and died equally lamented by all his people†.

Cyrus may juſtly be conſidered as the wiſeſt conqueror and the moſt accompliſhed prince to be found in profane hiſtory. He was poſſeſſed of all the qualities requiſite to form a great man; wiſom, moderation, courage, magnanimity, noble ſentiments, a wonderful ability in managing mens tempers and gaining their affections; a perfect knowledge of all the parts of the military art, a vaſt extent of genius for forming, and an equal prudence for executing the greateſt projects.

In peace or in war Cyrus appeared always great, and always ſo with eaſe. Never was prince more beneficent, more affable, or more eaſy of acceſs. Cicero obſerves, "that during the whole "courſe of Cyrus' government, he was never heard to ſpeak *one* "*angry word.*" What an encomium for a prince! *Rollin.*

† B. C. 529. Cyrus left two ſons, Cambyſes and Smerdis, and ſeveral daughters.

On the Necessity of a Classical Education.

THE fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock; they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress, and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In those countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choak them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection, without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent

decent and eaſy carriage, unleſs it be faſhioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that uſe it, truly ruſtic, forced and uncouth, and art muſt be applied to make it natural.

Felton.

On the Entrance to Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE will not be won without pains and application: ſome parts of it are eaſier, ſome more difficult of acceſs: we muſt proceed at once by ſap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to preſs boldly on, and enter: it is troubleſome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the ſpring, they riſe and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tireſome, but the rooms are ſpacious, and gloriouſly furniſhed: the country is admirable, and every proſpect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have ſtrait avenues, when the regions of happineſs, like thoſe of knowledge, are impervious, and ſhut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itſelf is narrow.

Common things are eaſily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will eaſily be perſuaded to put forth your hand to the utmoſt ſtretch, and reach whatever you aſpire at.

Ibid.

Claſſics recommended.

MANY are the ſubjects which will invite and deſerve the ſteadieſt application from thoſe who would excel, and be diſtinguiſhed in them. Human learning in general; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of ſcience. But there is no neceſſity of leading you through theſe ſeveral fields of knowledge: it will be moſt commendable for you to gather

fome of the faireft fruit from them all, and to lay up a ftore of good fenfe, and found reafon, of great probity, and folid virtue. This is the true ufe of knowledge, to make it fubfervient to the great duties of our moft holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and faving knowledge of a Chriftian, you may ufe the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and miftaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many inftances of greatnefs of mind, of unfhaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a moft paffionate love of their country, prodigality of life, difdain of fervitude, inviolable truth, and the moft public difinterefted fouls, that ever threw off all regards in comparifon with their country's good: you will difcern the flaws and blemifhes of their faireft actions, fee the wrong apprehenfions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble fpirit from the writings and hiftories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the claffic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themfelves to your approbation.

If you would refolve to mafter the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the fource and original of all that is moft excellent in the other: I do not mean fo much for expreffion, as thought, though fome of the moft beautiful ftrokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellifhment of their works, you will fee, the Latins have ranfacked the Grecian ftore, and, as Horace advifes all who would fucceed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been fuch happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is eafier to

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ſtrike out a new courſe of thought, than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to ſurpaſs, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own deſigns; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated maſter, but now we muſt think him leſs.

Felton.

The Claſſics exhibit a beautiful Syſtem of Morals.

ANOTHER great advantage of ſtudying the Claſſics is, that from a few of the beſt of them may be drawn a good ſyſtem and beautiful collection of ſound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are ſet off in the light and graceſulneſs of clear and moving expreſſion; and eloquence is meritoriouſly employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impreſſions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodneſs ſo engagingly dreſſed, and ſo beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tuſculan Queſtions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much ſuperior in language. Pinder writes in an exalted ſtrain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aſperſions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never ſpeaks of things or perſons ſacred, but with the tendereſt caution and reverence. He praiſes virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and ſpeaks of its eternal rewards with a pious aſſurance. A notable critic has obſerved, to the perpetual ſcandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral ſentences. Indeed Pinder is a great maſter of this excellency, for which all men of ſenſe will admire him; and at the ſame time be aſtoniſhed at that man's honeſty who ſlights ſuch an excellency; and that man's underſtanding, who cannot diſcover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in

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one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a juſt contempt of his vile and malicious adverſaries, he compares himſelf to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he ſoars far above the reach and out of the view of noiſy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek profeſſor, Duport, has made an entertaining and uſeful collection of Homer's divine and moral ſayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel paſſages out of the inſpired writers; By which it appears, that there is no book in the world ſo like the ſtile of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble hiſtorians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully inſtruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and vilainy in horrid colours; and employ all their reaſon and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undiſſembled goodneſs amiable in the eye of mankind. They expreſs a true reverence for the eſtabliſhed religion, and a hearty concern for the proſperous ſtate of their native country.

Blackwood.

The Influence of the Progreſs of Science, on the Manners and Characters of Men.

THE progreſs of ſcience, and the cultivation of literature, had conſiderable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now diſtinguiſhed. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had loſt that correct taſte which had rendered the productions of their anceſtors the ſtandards of excellence, and models for imitation to ſucceeding ages, ſtill preſerved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were ſo far from being ſtruck with any admiration of theſe unknown accompliſhments, that they deſpiſed them. They were not arrived at that ſtate of ſociety, in which thoſe faculties of the

the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themſelves. They were ſtrangers to all thoſe wants and deſires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they deſtroyed the monuments of them, with induſtry not inferior to that with which their poſterity have ſince ſtudied to preſerve, or to recover them. The convulſions occaſioned by their ſettlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they eſtabliſhed; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, baniſhed ſecurity and leiſure; prevented the growth of taſte or the culture of ſcience; and kept Europe, during ſeveral centuries, in a ſtate of ignorance. But as ſoon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated ſome taſte of the advantages ariſing from commerce, from public order, and from perſonal ſecurity, the human mind became conſcious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or purſuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we diſcern the firſt ſymptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been ſunk, and obſerve it turning with curioſity and attention towards new objects.

The firſt literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed, Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain ſome degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exerciſed in ſpeculative or abſtract diſquiſition. Men are poets before they are philoſophers. They feel with ſenſibility, and deſcribe with force, when they have made but little progreſs in inveſtigation or reaſoning. The age of Homer and of Heſiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our anceſtors, deviating from this courſe which nature pointed out, plunged at once into the depths of abſtruſe and metaphyſical enquiry. They had been converted

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to the Chriſtian faith ſoon after they ſettled in their new conqueſts: but they did not receive it pure. The preſumption of men had added to the ſimple and inſtructive doctrines of Chriſtianity, the theories of a vain philoſphy, that attempted to penetrate into myſteries, and to decide queſtions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to reſolve. Theſe over-curious ſpeculations were incorporated with the ſyſtem of religion, and came to be conſidered as the moſt eſſential part of it. As ſoon, then, as curioſity prompted men to inquire and to reaſon, theſe were the ſubjects which firſt preſented themſelves, and engaged their attention. The ſcholaſtic theology, with its infinite train of bold diſquiſitions, and ſubtile diſtinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reaſon, was the firſt production of the ſpirit of enquiry after it began to reſume ſome degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumſtance alone that gave ſuch a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exerciſe talents which they had ſo long neglected. Moſt of the perſons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received inſtruction, or derived their principles of ſcience from the Greeks in the eaſtern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both theſe people, acute and inquiſitive to exceſs, corrupted thoſe ſciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a ſyſtem of ſpeculative refinement, or of endleſs controverſy. The latter communicated to philoſophy a ſpirit of metaphyſical and frivolous ſubtlety. Miſled by theſe guides, the perſons who firſt applied to ſcience were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Inſtead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce ſuch works of invention as might have improved their taſte, and refined their ſentiments; inſtead of cultivating thoſe arts which embelliſh human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led aſtray by example;

ple, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may apppear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review *, were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in

* From the subversion of the Rom. empire to the beginning of the 16th century.

in that language. To have treated of any important ſubject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined ſcience within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was ſhut againſt all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkneſs and ignorance.

But though ſcience was thus prevented, during ſeveral ages, from diffuſing itſelf through ſociety, and its influence was circumſcribed, the progreſs of it may be mentioned, nevertheleſs, among the great cauſes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged ſpirit of inquiry, which I have deſcribed, occaſioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as intereſting. It accuſtomed them to exerciſes and occupations which tended to ſoften their manners, and to give them ſome reliſh for thoſe gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom ſcience hath been cultivated with ſucceſs.

Robertſon.

The Character of the Man of Buſineſs often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philoſopher.

PHILOSOPHY, taking its name from the love of wiſdom, and having for its end the inveſtigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and ſpeculation, in as much as truth of every kind is ſimilar and congenial. Hence we find that ſome of the moſt illuſtrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philoſophical ſpeculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the diſciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas ſpent his youth in the Pythagorean ſchool; Alexander the Great had Ariſtotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention

mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epiſtles, and the philoſophical works of the firſt, ſhew him ſufficiently converſant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when ſurrounded with buſineſs, that he uſed to read philoſophy in the ſenate-houſe, while the ſenate was aſſembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual ſcene of the moſt important actions, he found time not only to ſtudy, but to compoſe a treatiſe upon Virtue.

When theſe were gone, and the worſt of times ſucceeded, Thraſea Pætus, and Helvidius Priſcus, were at the ſame period both ſenators and philoſophers; and appear to have ſupported the ſevereſt trials of tyrannic oppreſſion, by the manly ſyſtem of the Stoic moral. The beſt emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in buſineſs of the laſt conſequence; ſometimes conſpiracies forming, which he was obliged to diſſipate; formidable wars ariſing at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of theſe periods did he forſake philoſophy, but ſtill perſiſted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by ſtealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we deſcend to later ages, and ſearch our own country, we ſhall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the ſame time conſpicuous for their ſpeculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philoſoher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambaſſador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate ſtateſman, that pattern of parſimony and political accompliſhments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves,

and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And fo much in defence of Philofophy, againft thofe who may poffibly undervalue her, becaufe they have fucceeded without her; thofe I mean (and it muft be confeft they are many) who, having fpent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "bufy hum of men," have acquired to themfelves habits of amazing efficacy, unaffifted by the helps of fcience and erudition. To fuch the retired ftudent may appear an awkward being, becaufe they want a juft ftandard to meafure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alledged; let them remember that thefe were eminent in their own way; were men of action and bufinefs; men of the world; and yet did they not difdain to cultivate philofophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the fplendor of their active character.

This reafoning has a farther end. It juftifies me in the addrefs of thefe philofophical arrangements, as your Lordfhip§ has been diftinguifhed in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Thofe who know the hiftory of our foreign tranfactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negociations of the laft importance: and thofe who are honoured with your nearer friendfhip, know that you can fpeculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and inftruction.

It may not perhaps be unintertaining to your Lordfhip to fee in what manner the "Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, fo that they might not caufe confufion, for want of accurate difpofition." It may be thought alfo a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unlefs he drew it from remoter fources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himfelf its inventor and original teacher. *Harris.*

Character

§ Addreffed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the duchy of Lancafter, &c.

Character of EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General.

EPAMINONDAS was born and educated in that honeſt poverty which thoſe leſs corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The inſtructions of a Pythagorean philoſopher, to whom he was intruſted in his earlieſt years, formed him to all the temperance and ſeverity peculiar to that ſect, and were received with a docility and pleaſure which beſpoke an ingenious mind. Muſic, dancing, and all thoſe arts which were accounted honourable diſtinctions at Thebes, he received from the greateſt maſters, and wonderfully excelled in them. In the athletic exerciſes he became conſpicuous, but ſoon learned to apply particularly to thoſe which might prepare him for the labours and occaſions of a military life. His modeſty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive inſtruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderneſs, and humanity, and an exalted patriotiſm, he had learned and ſoon diſplayed. To theſe glorious qualities he added penetration and ſagacity, a happineſs in improving every incident, a conſummate ſkill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and diſtreſs, a boldneſs in enterpriſe, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible and war: nor was he leſs diſtinguiſhed by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a ſoul capable of the moſt exalted and diſintereſted friendſhip. The warmth of his benevolence ſupplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the neceſſities of others, which his own circumſtances could not grant them: within the narrow ſphere of theſe were his deſires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no proſpects of advantage could ſhake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and ſolely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All theſe illuſtrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in ſuch repute, and appeared in council equally eminent,

equally

equally uſeful to his country, as in action. By him Thebes firſt roſe to ſovereign power, and with him ſhe loſt her greatneſs.

Leland.

....

Character of ALFRED *King of England.*

THE merit of this prince, both in public and private life, may with advantage be ſet in oppoſition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can preſent to us. He ſeems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a ſage or wiſe man, the philoſophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever ſeeing it reduced to practice: ſo happily were all his virtues tempered together, ſo juſtly were they blended, and ſo powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the moſt enterprizing ſpirit with the cooleſt moderation; the moſt obſtinate perſeverance with the eaſieſt flexibility; the moſt ſevere juſtice with the greateſt lenity; the greateſt vigour in command with the greateſt affability of deportment; the higheſt capacity and inclination for the ſciences with the moſt ſhining talents for action. His civil and military virtues are almoſt equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more uſeful, ſeem chiefly to challenge our applauſe. Nature alſo, as if deſirous that ſo bright a production of her ſkill ſhould be ſet in the faireſt light, had beſtowed on him all bodily accompliſhments, vigour of limbs, dignity of ſhape and air, and a pleaſant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of hiſtorians worthy to tranſmit his fame to poſterity; and we wiſh to ſee him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular ſtrokes, that we may at leaſt perceive ſome of thoſe ſmall ſpects and blemiſhes,

from which, as a man, it is impoſſible he could be entirely exempted.

Character of CHARLES I. *King of England.*

SUCH was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a ſacrifice to the moſt atrocious inſolence of treaſon, in the 49th year of his age, and in the 24th of his reign. He was a prince of a middling ſtature, robuſt, and well proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his viſage long, and his aſpect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exerciſes; he inherited a good underſtanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great aſſiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment ſolid and deciſive; he poſſeſſed a refined taſte for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to thoſe who excelled in painting, ſculpture, muſic, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemiſhed and exemplary. He was merciful, modeſt, chaſte, temperate, religious, perſonally brave; and we may join the noble hiſtorian in ſaying, "He was the worthieſt gentleman, the beſt maſ-"ter, the beſt friend, the beſt huſband, the beſt father, and "the beſt chriſtian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the ſpirit of the people became too mighty for thoſe reſtraints which the regal power derived from the conſtitution; and when the tide of fanaticiſm began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conſcientiouſly devoted. He ſuffered himſelf to be guided by counſellors, who were not only inferior to himſelf in knowlege and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and, from an exceſs of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakneſs, he paid too much deference to the advice and deſires of his conſort, who was ſuperſtitiouſly attached to the errors of popery,

popery, and importuned him inceſſantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the ſources of all that miſgovernment which was imputed to him during the firſt fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil wars to his fatal cataſtrophe, his conduct ſeems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the courſe of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependents; his converſation was not eaſy, nor his addreſs pleaſing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his perſon, not even excepting thoſe who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deſerved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted ſome of thoſe ſhining qualities which conſtitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1649-9.

Smollet.

On the Great Hiſtorical Ages.

EVERY age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all hiſtories are nearly alike, to thoſe who ſeek only to furniſh their memories with facts; but whoſoever thinks, or, what is ſtill more rare, whoſoever has taſte, will find but four ages in the hiſtory of the world. Theſe four happpy ages are thoſe in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by ſerving as the æra of the greatneſs of the human mind, are examples for poſterity.

The firſt of theſe ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demoſthenes, an Ariſtotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidius, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the reſt of the known world was then in a ſtate of barbariſm.

The ſecond age is that of Cæſar and Auguſtus, diſtinguiſhed

ed likewife by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Conftantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was feen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florance the learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the firft Greeks had diftinguifhed them by the name of Wifdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Taffo, and an Ariofto, flourifhed. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the moft triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarifm, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good tafte.

The arts, always tranfplanted from Greece to Italy, found themfelves in a favourable foil, where they inftantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather thefe fruits; but either they could not live in thofe climates, or elfe they degenerated very faft.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but fuch as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to eftablifh fchools for painting; the Italian mafters whom he invited to France, raifed no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few loofe tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only profe writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in poffeffion of every thing that was beautiful, excepting mufic, which was then but in a rude ftate; and experimental philofophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Laftly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the near-

eſt to perfection of all the four: enriched by the diſcoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than thoſe three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguſtus, and Alexander; but human reaſon in general was more improved. In this age we firſt became acquainted with ſound philoſophy. It may truly be ſaid, that from the laſt years of Cardinal Richelieu's adminiſtration till thoſe which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened ſuch a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will ſerve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itſelf to England, where it has ſtirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation ſtood in need of at that time; it has introduced taſte into Germany, and the ſciences into Ruſſia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languiſhing; and Europe is indebted for its politeneſs and ſpirit of ſociety, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this ſide the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It muſt be owned that the French, in ſome degree, deſerved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeneſs. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongſt them; which is a proof that the uſeful arts were likewiſe neglected; for, when once the things of uſe are carried to perfection, the tranſition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that painting, ſculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philoſophy, ſhould be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though poſſeſſed of harbours on the Weſtern ocean and the Mediterranean ſea, were without ſhips; and who, though fond of luxury to an exceſs, were hardly provided with the moſt common manufactures,

The Jews, the Genoeſe, the Venetians, the Portugueſe, the Flemiſh, the Dutch, and the Engliſh, carried on, in their

turns,

turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently

 undisturbed

undiſturbed to reform the nation ; but he had at leaſt the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the ſpace of 900 years, our genius had been almoſt always reſtrained under a Gothic government, in the midſt of diviſions and civil wars ; deſtitute of any laws or fixed cuſtoms ; changing every ſecond century a language which ſtill continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without diſcipline, and ſtrangers to every thing but war and idleneſs : the clergy lived in diſorder and ignorance ; and the common people without induſtry, and ſtupified in their wretchedneſs.

The French had no ſhare either in the great diſcoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations : they have no title to the diſcoveries of printing, gunpowder, glaſſes, teleſcopes, the ſector, compaſs, the air-pump, or the true ſyſtem of the univerſe : they were making tournaments, while the Portugueſe and Spaniards were diſcovering and conquering new countries from the eaſt to the weſt of the known world. Charles V. had already ſcattered the treaſures of Mexico over Europe, before the ſubjects of Francis I. had diſcovered the uncultivated country of Canada ; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, we may ſee what they are capaple of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

GENERAL HISTORY.

Of the Origin of Nations, Laws, Government, and Commerce.

II. FROM THE INSTITUTION OF THE AMPHICTIONIC COUNCIL TO THE DEFEAT OF XERXES AT THERMOPYLÆ.

CONSIDERING the circumſtances of the age in which it was inſtituted, the Amphictionic council is perhaps the moſt remarkable

markable political eſtabliſhment which ever took place among mankind. The Greek ſtates, who formerly had no connexion with one another, except by mutual inroads and hoſtilities, now began to act with concert, and to undertake diſtant expeditions for the general intereſt of commuity. The firſt of theſe was the obſcure expedition of the Argonauts‖, in which all Greece appears to have been concerned. The object of the Argonauts was to open the commerce of the Euxine ſea, and to eſtabliſh colonies in the adjacent country of Colchis. The ſhip Argo, which was the admiral of the fleet, is the only one particularly taken notice of; though we learn from Homer, and other antient writers, that ſeveral ſail were employed in this expedition. The fleet of the Argonauts was, from the ignorance of thoſe who conducted it, long toſſed about upon different coaſts. The rocks, at ſome diſtance from the mouth of the Euxine ſea, accaſioned great labour: they ſent forward a light veſſel, which paſſed through, but returned with the loſs of her rudder. This is expreſſed in the fabulous language of antiquity, by their ſending out a bird which returned with the loſs of its tail, and may give us an idea of the allegorical obſcurity in which the other events of this expedition are involved. The fleet, however, at length arrrived at Æon, the capital of Colchis, after performing a voyage, which, conſidering the mean condition of the naval art during this age, was not leſs conſiderable than the circum-navigation of the world by our modern diſcoverers. From this expedition to that againſt Troy*, which was undertaken to recover the fair Helen, a queen of Sparta, who had been carried off by Paris, ſon of the Trojan king, the Greeks muſt have made a wonderful progreſs in power and opulence: no leſs than 1,200 veſſels were employed in this voyage, each of which, at a medium, contained upwards of 100 men. Theſe veſſels, however, were but half decked; and it does not appear that iron entered at all into their conſtruction. If we add to theſe circumſtances, that the Greeks had not the uſe of the ſaw, an inſtrument ſo neceſſary to the carpenter,

‖ Ant. C. 1292. * 1318.

carpenter, a modern muſt form but a mean notion of the ſtrength or elegance of this fleet.

Having thus conſidered the ſtate of Greece as a whole, let us examine the circumſtances of the particular countries into which it was divided. This is of great importance to our preſent undertaking, becauſe it is in this country only that we can trace the origin and progreſs of government, arts, and manners, which compoſe ſo great a part of our preſent work. There appears originally‡ to have been a very remarkable reſemblance between the political ſituation of the different kingdoms of Greece. They were governed each by a king, or rather a chieftain, who was their leader in time of war, their judge in time of peace, and who preſided in the adminiſtration of their religious ceremonies. This prince, however, was far from being abſolute. In each ſociety there were a number of other leaders, whoſe influence over their particular clans or tribes was not leſs conſiderable than that of the king over his immediate followers. Theſe captains were often at war with one another, and ſometimes with their ſovereign. Such a ſituation was in all reſpects extremely unfavourable: each particular ſtate was in miniature what the whole country had been before the time of Amphiction. They required the hand of another delicate painter to ſhade the oppoſite colours, and to enable them to produce one powerful effect. The hiſtory of Athens affords us an example of the manner in which theſe ſtates, which, for want of union, were weak and inſignificant, became, by being cemented together, important and powerful. Theſeus §, king of Attica, had acquired a flouriſhing reputation by his exploits and ability. He ſaw the inconveniences to which his country, from being divided into twelve diſtricts, was expoſed, and he conceived that by means of the influence which his perſonal character, united to the royal authority with which he was inveſted, had univerſally procured him, he might be able to remove them. For this purpoſe he endeavoured

‡ Ant. C. 1260. § 1257.

endeavoured to maintain, and even to encreafe his popularity among the peafants and artifans: he detached, as much as poffible, the different tribes from the leaders who commanded them: he abolifhed the courts which had been eftablifhed in different parts of Attica, and appointed one council-hall common to all the Athenians. Thefeus, however, did not truft folely to the force of political regulations. He called to his aid all the power of religious prejudices; by eftablifhing common rites of religion to be performed in Athens, and by inviting thither ftrangers from all quarters, by the profpect of protection and privileges, he raifed this city from an inconfiderable village to a powerful metropolis. The fplendour of Athens and Thefeus now totally eclipfed that of the other villages and their particular leaders. All the power of the ftate was united in one city, and under one fovereign. The petty chieftains, who had formerly occafioned fo much confufion, by being divefted of all influence and confideration, became humble and fubmiffive; and Attica remained under the peaceable government of a monarch.

This is a rude fketch of the origin of the firft monarchy, of which we have a diftinct account, and may, without much variation, be applied to the other ftates of Greece. This country, however, was not deftined to continue long under the government of kings. A new influence arofe, which in a fhort time proved too powerful both for the king and the nobles. Thefeus had divided the Athenians into three diftinct claffes; the nobles, the artifans, and the hufbandmen. In order to abridge the exorbitant power of the nobles, he had beftowed many privileges on the two other ranks of people. This plan of politics was followed by his fucceffors; and the lower ranks of the Athenians, partly from the countenance of their fovereign, and partly from the progrefs of arts and manufactures, which gave them an opportunity of acquiring property, became confiderable and independent. Thefe circumftances were attended with a remarkable effect. Upon the death of Codrus*, a prince of great

* Ant. C. 1095.

great merit, the Athenians became weary of the regal authority, under pretence of finding no one worthy of filling the throne of that monarch, who had devoted himſelf to death for the ſafety of his people, aboliſhed the regal power, and proclaimed that none but Jupiter ſhould be king of Athens. This revolution in favour of liberty was ſo much the more remarkable, as it happened almoſt at the ſame time that the Jews became unwilling to remain under the government of the true God, and deſired a mortal ſovereign, that they might be like unto other nations‡.

The government of Thebes, another of the Grecian ſtates, much about the ſame time aſſumed the republican form. Near a century before the Trojan war, Cadmus, with a colony from Phœnicia, had founded this city, which from that time had been governed by kings. But the laſt ſovereign being overcome in ſingle combat by a neighbouring prince, the Thebans aboliſhed the regal power. Till the days, however, of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, a period of ſeven hundred years, the Thebans performed nothing worthy of the republican ſpirit. Other cities of Greece, after the example of Thebes and Athens, erected themſelves into republics. But the revolutions of Athens and Sparta, two rival ſtates, which, by means of the ſuperiority they acquired, gave the ton to the manners, genius, and politics of the Greeks, deſerve our principal attention. We have ſeen a tender ſhoot of liberty ſpring up in the city of Athens, upon the deceaſe of Codrus, its laſt ſovereign. This ſhoot gradually improved into a vigorous plant; and it cannot but be pleaſant to obſerve its progreſs. The Athenians, by aboliſhing the name of king, did not entirely ſubvert the regal authority: they eſtabliſhed a perpetual magiſtrate §, who, under the name of Archon, was inveſted with almoſt the ſame rights which their kings had enjoyed. The Athenians, however, in time became ſenſible that the Archontic office was too lively an image of royalty for a free ſtate. After it had continued therefore 331 years

‡ Ant. C. 1079. § 1088.

years in the family of Codrus, they endeavoured to leſſen its dignity, not by abridging its power, but by ſhortening its duration. The firſt period aſſigned for the continuance of the archonſhip in the ſame hands, was three years. But the deſire of the Athenians for a more perfect ſyſtem of freedom than had hitherto been eſtabliſhed, increaſed in proportion to the liberty they enjoyed. They again called out for a freſh reduction of the power of their archons; and it was at length determined that nine annual magiſtrates ſhould be appointed for this office. Theſe magiſtrates were not only choſen by the people, but accountable to them for their conduct at the expiration of their office. Theſe alterations were too violent not to be attended with ſome dangerous conſequences. The Athenians, intoxicated with their freedom, broke out into the moſt unruly and licentious behaviour. No written laws had been as yet enacted in Athens, and it was impoſſible that the ancient cuſtoms of the realm, which were naturally ſuppoſed to be in part aboliſhed by the ſucceſſive changes in the government, ſhould ſufficiently reſtrain the tumultuary ſpirits of the Athenians, in the firſt flutter of their independence. This engaged the wiſer part of the ſtate, who began to prefer any ſyſtem of government to their preſent anarchy and confuſion, to caſt their eyes on Draco, a man of an auſtere but virtuous diſpoſition, as the fitteſt perſon for compoſing a ſyſtem of law to bridle the furious and unruly manners of their countrymen. Draco undertook the office, but executed it with ſo much rigour, that, in the words of an ancient hiſtorian, "His laws "were written with blood, and not with ink." Death was the indiſcriminate puniſhment of every offence, and the laws of Draco were found to be a remedy worſe than the diſeaſe. Affairs again returned into confuſion and diſorder, and remained ſo till the time of Solon. The gentle manners, diſintereſted virtue, and wiſdom more than human, by which this ſage was diſtinguiſhed, pointed him out as the only character adap-

ted to the moſt important of all offices, the giving laws to a free people. Solon, though his employment was aſſigned him by the unanimous voice of his country, long deliberated whether he ſhould undertake it. At length, however, the motives of public utility overcame all conſiderations of private eaſe, ſafety, and reputation, and determined him to enter on an ocean pregnant with a thouſand dangers. The firſt ſtep of his legiſlation was to aboliſh all the laws of Draco, except thoſe relating to murder. The puniſhment of this crime could not be too great; but to conſider other offences as equally criminal, was to confound all notions of right and wrong, and to render the law ineffectual, by means of its ſeverity. Solon next proceeded to new-model the political law; and his eſtabliſhments on this head remained among the Athenians while they preſerved their liberties. He ſeems to have ſet out with this principle, that a perfect republic, in which each citizen ſhould have an equal political importance, was a ſyſtem of government, beautiful indeed in theory, but not reducible into practice. He divided the citizens therefore into four claſſes, according to the wealth which they poſſeſſed, and the pooreſt claſs he rendered altogether incapable of any public office. They had a voice however in the general council of the nation, in which all matters of principal concern were determined in the laſt reſort. But leſt this Aſſembly, which was compoſed of all the citizens, ſhould, in the words of Plutarch, like a ſhip with too many ſails, be expoſed to the guſt of folly, tumult, and diſorder, he provided for its ſafety by the two anchors of the Senate and Areopagus. The firſt of theſe courts conſiſted of four hundred perſons, a hundred out of each tribe of the Athenians, who prepared all important bills that came before the aſſembly of the people: the ſecond, though but a court of juſtice, gained a prodigious aſcendant in the republic, by the wiſdom and gravity of its members, who were not choſen, but after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, and moſt ſerious deliberation.

Such

Such was the ſyſtem of government eſtabliſhed by Solon, which, the nearer we examine it, will afford the more matter for our admiration. Upon the ſame plan moſt of the other ancient republics were eſtabliſhed. To inſiſt on all of them, therefore, would neither be entertaining nor inſtructive. But the government of Sparta, or Lacedemon, had ſomething in it ſo peculiar, that the great lines of it at leaſt ought not to be omitted even in a delineation of this ſort. Sparta, like the other ſtates of Greece, was originally divided into a number of petty principalities, of which each was under the juriſdiction of its own immediate chieftain. At length, the two brothers, Euriſthenes and Proiles, getting poſſeſſion of this country, became conjunct in the royalty ‡; and what is extremely ſingular, their poſterity, in the direct line, continued to rule conjunctly for nine hundred years. The Spartan government, however, did not take that ſingular form which renders it ſo remarkable, until the time of Lycurgus, the celebrated legiſlator ||. The plan of policy deviſed by Lycurgus, agreed with that already deſcribed, in comprehending a ſenate and aſſembly of the people, and in general in all thoſe eſtabliſhments which are deemed moſt requiſite for the ſecurity of political independence. It differed from that of Athens, and indeed from all other governments, in having two kings, whoſe office was hereditary, though their power was ſufficiently circumſcribed by proper checks and reſtraints. But the great characteriſtic of the Spartan conſtitution aroſe from this, that, in all his laws, Lycurgus had at leaſt as much reſpect to war as to political liberty. With this view, all ſorts of luxury, all arts of elegance or entertainment, every thing, in ſhort, which had the ſmalleſt tendency to ſoften the minds of the Spartans, was abſolutely proſcribed. They were forbid the uſe of money, they lived at public tables on the coarſeſt fare, the younger were taught to pay the utmoſt reverence to the more advanced in years; and all ranks, capable to bear arms, were daily accuſtomed to the

 moſt

‡ 1072 || 870.

moſt painful exerciſes. To the Spartans alone war was a relaxation, rather than a hardſhip, and they behaved in it with a ſpirit of which none but a Spartan could even form a conception.

But in order to ſee the effect of theſe principles, and to connect under one point of view the hiſtory of the different quarters of the globe, we muſt caſt our eye on Aſia, and obſerve the events which happened in thoſe great empires, of which we have ſo long loſt ſight *. We have already mentioned in what obſcurity the hiſtory of Egypt is involved, until the reign of Bocchoris †. From this period, to the diſſolution of their government, the Egyptians are more celebrated for the wiſdom of their laws and political inſtitutions, than for the power of their arms. Several of theſe ſeem to have been dictated by the true ſpirit of civil wiſdom, and were admirably calculated for preſerving order and good government in an extenſive kingdom. The great empire of Aſſyria likewiſe, which had ſo long diſappeared, becomes again an object of attention, and affords the firſt inſtance we meet with in hiſtory of a kingdom which fell aſunder by its own weight, and the effeminate weakneſs of its ſovereigns ‡. Sardanapalus, the laſt emperor of Aſſyria, neglecting the adminiſtration of affairs, and ſhutting himſelf up in his palace with his women and eunuchs, fell into contempt with his ſubjects. The governors of his provinces, to whom, like a weak and indolent prince, he had entirely committed the command of his armies, did not fail to lay hold of this opportunity of raiſing their own fortune on the ruins of their maſter's power. Arbaces, governor of Media, and Beleſis, governor of Babylon, conſpire againſt their ſovereign, ſet fire to his capital, and divide between them his extenſive dominions. Theſe two kingdoms, ſometimes united under one prince, and ſometimes governed each by a particular ſovereign, maintained the chief ſway in Aſia, till Cyrus the Great reduced this quarter of the world under the Perſian yoke §. The

manners

* 762. † 528. ‡ 767. § 536.

manners of this people, as brave, hardy, and independent, as well as the government of Cyrus, in all its various departments, are elegantly defcribed by Xenophon, a Grecian philofopher and hiftorian. It is not neceffary, however, that we fhould enter on the fame detail upon this fubject, as with regard to the affairs of the Greeks. We have, in modern times, fufficient examples of monarchical government; but how few are our republics? But the æra of Cyrus is in one refpect extremely remarkable, becaufe with it the hiftory of the great nations of antiquity, which has hitherto engaged our attention, may be fuppofed to finifh. Let us confider then the genius of the Affyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians, in arts and fciences, and if poffible difcover what progrefs they had made in thofe acquirements, which are moft fubfervient to the interefts of fociety.

The tafte for the great and magnificent, feems to have been the prevailing character of thefe nations; and they principally difplayed it in their works of architecture. There are no veftiges, however, now remaining, which confirm the teftimony of ancient writers with regard to the great works which adorned Babylon and Nineveh; neither is it clearly determined in what year they were begun or finifhed. There are three pyramids ftill remaining in Egypt, at fome leagues diftance from Cairo, which are fuppofed to have been the burying-places of the ancient Egyptian kings. The largeft is five hundred feet in height, and two thoufand fix hundred and forty broad each way at bottom. It was a fuperftition among this people, derived from the earlieft times, that even after death the foul continued in the body as long as it remained uncorrupted. Hence proceeded the cuftom of embalming, or of throwing into the dead body fuch vegetables as experience had difcovered to be the greateft prefervatives againft putrefaction. The pyramids were erected with the fame view. In them the bodies of the Egyptian kings were concealed. This expedient, together with embalming, as thefe fuperftitious monarchs conceived, would

would inevitably ſecure a ſafe and comfortable retreat for their ſouls after death. From what we read of the walls of Babylon, the temple of Belus, and other works of the Eaſt, and from what travellers have recorded of the pyramids, it appears that indeed they were ſuperb and magnificent ſtructures, but totally devoid of elegance. The orders of architecture were not yet known, nor even the conſtructing of vaults. The arts, in which theſe nations, next to architecture, principally excelled, were ſculpture and embroidery. As to the ſciences, they had all along continued to beſtow their principal attention on aſtronomy. It does not appear, however, that they made great progreſs in explaining the cauſes of the phænomena of the univerſe, or indeed in any ſpecies of rational and ſound philoſophy. To demonſtrate this to an intelligent reader, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that according to the teſtimony of ſacred and profane writers, the abſurd reveries of magic and aſtrology, which always decreaſe in proportion to the advancement of true ſcience, were in high eſteem among them, during the lateſt periods of their government. The countries which they occupied were extremely fruitful, and afforded, without much labour, all the neceſſaries, and even luxuries of life. They had long been accuſtomed to a civilized and poliſhed life in great cities. Theſe circumſtances had tainted their manners with effeminacy and corruption, and rendered them an eaſy prey to the Perſians, a nation juſt emerging from barbarity, and of conſequence brave and warlike. This was ſtill more eaſy in the infancy of the military art: when ſtrength and courage were the only circumſtances which gave the advantage to one nation over another, when, properly ſpeaking, there were no fortified places, which, in modern times, have been diſcovered to be ſo uſeful in ſtopping the progreſs of a victorious enemy, and when the event of a battle commonly decided the fate of an empire. But we muſt now turn our attention to other objects.

The

The hiſtory of Perſia, after the reign of Cyrus, offers little, when conſidered in itſelf, that merits our regard: but when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly intereſting. The monarchs who ſucceeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exerciſe thoſe virtues which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's inſtitutions: Athens had juſt recovered from the tyranny of the Piſiſtratidæ, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and uſurped the ſupreme power. Such was their ſituation, when the luſt of univerſal empire, which never fails to torment the breaſt of tyrants, led Darius to ſend forth his numerous armies into Greece *. But the Perſians were no longer thoſe invincible ſoldiers, who under Cyrus had conquered Aſia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and ſervitude. Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whoſe minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thouſand Athenians, overcame the Perſian army of a hundred thouſand foot, and ten thouſand cavalry. His countrymen, Themiſtocles and Ariſtides, the firſt celebrated for his abilities, the ſecond for his virtue, gained the next honours to the general. It does not, however, fall within our plan to mention the events of this war, which, as the nobleſt monuments of virtue over force, of courage over numbers, of liberty over ſervitude, deſerve to be read at length in ancient writers.

Xerxes, the ſon of Darius, came in perſon into Greece † with two million one hundred thouſand men, and being every where defeated by ſea and land, eſcaped to Aſia in a fiſhing-boat. Such was the ſpirit of the Greeks, ſo well did they know

> " That wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
> " That wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
> " And looks around for happineſs in vain." GUTHRIE.

The

* 520. † 484.

The Choice of HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to confider what courfe of life he ought to purfue, he one day retired into a defert, where the filence and folitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was mufing on his prefent condition, and very much perplexed in himfelf on the ftate of life he fhould choofe, he faw two women, of a larger ftature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eafy, her perfon clean and unfpotted, her eyes caft towards the ground with an agreeable referve, her motion and behaviour full of modefty, and her raiments as white as fnow. The other had a great deal of health and floridnefs in her countenance, which fhe had helped with an artificial white and red; and fhe endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her geftures. She had a wonderful confidence and affurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her drefs, that fhe thought were the moft proper to fhew her complexion to advantage. She caft her eyes upon herfelf, then turned them on thofe that were prefent, to fee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure fhe made in her own fhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, fhe ftepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, compofed carriage, and running up to him, accofted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," fays fhe, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chufe: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the poffeffion of pleafure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noife and difquietude of bufinefs. The affairs of either war or peace fhall have no power to difturb you.

you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crowds of beauties, are all in readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name: to which ſhe anſwered, "My friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give proofs of that deſcent, by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourſelf and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you; and muſt lay this down as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchaſed without pains and labour. The Gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it: in ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs."

The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: "You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy." "Alas!" ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity,

" what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's-ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures; while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe, for old age.

" As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an houſhold guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of ſervants; an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years, and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the juſtice to approve his choice. *Tatler.*

The Story of ALMET the Derviſe.

Whoe'er enjoys the untroubled breaſt,
With Virtue's tranquil wiſdom bleſt;
With Hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper Happineſs with Fear. HOR. by FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Derviſe, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the prophet, as he one day roſe up from the devotions

tions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt, and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

The Derviſe after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

'Almet,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'thou ſeeſt before thee a man, 'whom the hand of proſperity has overwhelmed with wretch- 'edneſs. Whatever I once deſired as the means of happineſs, 'I now poſſeſs; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I de- 'ſpair. I regret the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away, 'without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future 'but the vanity of the paſt, I do not wiſh that the future ſhould 'arrive. Yet I tremble leſt it ſhould be cut off; and my heart 'ſinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity ſhall 'cloſe over the vacuity of my life like the ſea upon the path of 'a ſhip, and leaves no traces of my exiſtence more durable 'than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. 'If in the treaſures of thy wiſdom there is any precept to ob- 'tain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: for this purpoſe am I come; 'a purpoſe which yet I feared to reveal, leſt, like all the form- 'er, it ſhould be diſappointed.' Almet liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned, and, ſtretching out his hand towards heaven—

'STRANGER,' ſaid he, 'the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

'As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſolicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was

fuddenly ftruck with a fenfe of their condition. 'Wretched 'mortals,' faid I, 'to what purpofe are you bufy? If to pro-'duce happinefs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of 'Egypt and the filks of Perfia, beftow felicity on thofe who wear 'them, equal to the wretchednefs of yonder flaves whom I fee 'leading the camels that bring them? Is the finenefs of the 'texture, or the fplendour of the tints, regarded with delight 'by thofe to whom cuftom has rendered them familiar? Or 'can the power of habit render others infenfible of pain, who 'live only to traverfe the defart; a fcene of dreadful uniform-'ity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; 'where no change of profpect, or variety of images, relieves 'the traveller from a fenfe of toil and danger, of whirlwinds 'which in a moment may bury him in the fand, and of thirft 'which the wealthy have given half their poffeffions to allay? 'Do thofe on whom hereditary diamonds fparkle with unre-'garded luftre, gain from the poffeffion what is loft by the 'wretch who feeks them in the mine; who lives excluded 'from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vi-'ciffitude of day and night is not known; who fighs in perpe-'tual darknefs, and whofe life is one mournful alternative of 'infenfibility and labour? If thofe are not happy who poffefs, 'in proportion as thofe are wretched who beftow, how vain a 'dream is the life of man! And if there is, indeed, fuch dif-'ference in the value of exiftence, how fhall we acquit of par-'tiality the hand by which this difference has been made?'

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became fenfible of a fudden influence from above. The ftreets and the crowds of Mecca difappeared; I found myfelf fitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the minifter of reproof. When I faw him I was afraid. I caft mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be filent. 'Almet,' faid he, 'thou haft 'devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counfel might deliver

'ignorance

'ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter preſumption
'from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou haſt
'read without underſtanding; it is again open before thee;
'look up, conſider it, and be wiſe.'

'I looked up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradiſe, but of a ſmall extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild deſart; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty; on one ſide flowed a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.'

'While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace; his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forwards by ſome inviſible power; his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance, and turning haſtily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: 'The book of nature,' ſaid he, 'is before thee; look
'look up, conſider it, and be wiſe.' I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the

the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade: the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed on the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence; ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtopped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my requeſt; 'Almet,' ſaid he, 'remember 'what thou haſt ſeen, and let this memorial be written upon the 'tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in 'which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that 'happineſs depends not upon the path, but the end: the value 'of this period of thy exiſtence is fixed by hope and fear. The 'wretch who wiſhed to linger in the garden, who loked round 'upon its limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe 'he was deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the 'dread of loſing that which yet he did not enjoy: the ſong of the 'birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had 'ſo often recurred, that their beauty was not ſeen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the proſpect, 'leſt he ſhould behold the waſte that circumſcribed it. But he 'that toiled through the valley was happy, becauſe he looked 'forward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it is 'of little moment, whether the path he treads be ſtrewed with

'flowers

'flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himſelf to approach 'thoſe regions, in compariſon of which the thorns and the 'flowers of this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both 'alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

'What then has Eternal Wiſdom unequally diſtributed? 'That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which 'every ſtation muſt be miſerable, is acquired by Virtue, and 'Virtue is poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, the viſion which 'thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the tablet 'of thy heart, that thou mayeſt direct the wanderer to happi-'neſs, and juſtify God to men.'

'While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſit-ting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was gone down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

'Such, my ſon, was the viſion which the Prophet vouch-ſafed me, not for my ſake only, but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in earthly things; and therefore thou art diſap-pointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be Above. Thus ſhalt thou 'rejoice in Hope,' and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.'

Almet, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, return-ed into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

Adventurer.

The Story of DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, ſhewed how far he was from being happy, even whilſt he abounded in riches, and all the pleaſures

pleafures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treafures, and the magnificence of his royal ftate, and affirming that no monarch was ever greater or happier than he. 'Have 'you a mind, Damocles,' faid the king, 'to tafte his happi- 'efs, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of 'which you have fo high an idea?' Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet fhould be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and fideboards loaded with gold and filver plate of immenfe value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greateft readinefs, and the moft profound fubmiffion. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with moft exquifite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himfelf amongft the gods. In the midft of all his happinefs, he fees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himfelf in ftate, a glittering fword hung by a fingle hair. The fight of deftruction thus threatening him from on high, foon put a ftop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendants, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleafure. He dreads to ftretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of rofes. He haftens to remove from his dangerous fituation, and at laft begs the king to reftore him to his former humble condition, having no defire to enjoy any longer fuch a dreadful kind of happinefs. *Cic. Tufc. Queft.*

AFFECTION FILIAL.

IT may be truly faid, that if perfons are undutiful to their parents, they feldom prove good to any other relation.

The honour which children are required to give to their father and mother, includes in it, love, reverence, obedience, and

and relief. It is ufual with Providence to retaliate men's difobedience to their parents in kind: commonly our own children fhall pay us home for it.

Where fhall we find the perfon who hath received from any one benefits fo great, or fo many, as children from their parents? To them it is they owe their very exiftence, and confequently all the pleafures and enjoyments of life.

No one will expect a return of kindnefs, however confiderable, from him who can fhow himfelf unmindful of what he oweth his parents.

To fee a father treating his fons like an elder brother, and to fee fons covet their father's company and converfation, becaufe they think him the wifeft and moft agreeable man of their acquaintance, is the moft amiable picture the eye can behold; it is a tranfplanted felf-love, as facred as friendfhip, as pleafurable as love, and as happy as religion can make it.

If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a fon, and every fon remembered what he expected from his father, when he himfelf was in a ftate of dependency; this one reflection would keep fathers from being rigid, or fons diffolute. *Beauties of Hift.*

Examples of Filial Affection.

CINNA, the Roman Conful, who fcrupled no attempt, how villanous foever, which could ferve his purpofe, undertook to get Pomponius Strabo murdered in his tent; but his fon faved his life, which was the firft remarkable action of Pompey the Great. The treacherous Cinna, by many alluring promifes, had gained over one Terentius, a confident of Pompey's, to his intereft, and prevailed on him to affaffinate the general, and feduce his troops. Young Pompey being informed of this defign a few hours before it was to be put in execution, placed a faithful guard round the prætorium; fo that none of the con-

ſpirators could come near it. He then watched all the motions of the camp, and endeavoured to appeaſe the fury of the ſoldiers, who hated the general his father, by ſuch acts of prudence as were worthy of the oldeſt commanders. However, ſome of the mutineers having forced open one of the gates of the camp, in order to deſert to Cinna, the general's ſon threw himſelf flat on his back in their way, crying out, that they ſhould not break their oath, and deſert their commander, without treading his body to death. By this means he put a ſtop to their deſertion, and afterwards wrought ſo effectually upon them by his affecting ſpeeches and engaging carriage, that he reconciled them to his father. *Plut. in Pomp.*

....

WHILE Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him maſter of the univerſe, he held a council to examine the priſoners which had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the reſt there was brought before him an old man named Metellus, oppreſſed with years and infirmities, disfigured with a long beard and a neglected head of hair, but eſpecially by his clothes, which by his ill fortune were become very ragged. The ſon of this Metellus was one of the judges, and he had great difficulty of knowing his father in the deplorable condition in which he ſaw him. At laſt, however, having recollected his features, inſtead of being aſhamed to own him, he ran to embrace him, crying bitterly. Afterwards, turning towards the tribunal, 'Cæſar,' ſays he, 'my father has been your enemy, and I your officer: He deſerves to be puniſhed, and I to be rewarded. The favour I deſire of you is either to ſave him on my accouut, or to order me to be put to death with him.' All the judges were touched with compaſſion at this affecting ſcene; Octavius himſelf relented, and granted to old Metellus life and liberty. *Appian.*

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER the Great, having defeated the numerous army of Darius, king of Perſia, had taken his mother, wife, and children priſoners. He behaved towards them all with the utmoſt delicacy, politeneſs, and humanity. Having received from Macedonia a great quantity of purple ſtuffs and rich habits, made after the faſhion of that country, he preſented them to Syſigambis (Darius's mother) together with the artificers who had wrought them. He likewiſe commanded the meſſengers to tell her, that in caſe ſhe fancied thoſe ſtuffs, ſhe might make her grandchildren learn the art of weaving them, by way of amuſement; and to give them as preſents to whomſoever they ſhould think proper. At theſe words, the tears which fell from her eyes ſhewed but too evidently how greatly ſhe was diſpleaſed at theſe gifts, the working in wool being conſidered by the Perſian women as the higheſt ignominy. Thoſe who carrried theſe preſents, having told the king that Syſigambis was very much diſſatisfied, he thought himſelf obliged to make an apology for what he had done, and adminiſter ſome conſolation to her. Accordingly he paid her a viſit, when he ſpoke thus: "Mother, the ſtuff in which you ſee me clothed, was not only a gift of my ſiſters, but wrought by their fingers. Hence I beg you to believe that the cuſtom of my country miſled me; and do not conſider that as an inſult which was owing entirely to ignorance. I believe I have not as yet done any thing which I knew interfered with your manners and cuſtoms. I was told that among the Perſians it is a ſort of crime for a ſon to ſeat himſelf in his mother's preſence, without firſt obtaining her leave. You are ſenſible how cautious I have always been in this particular, and that I never ſat down till you had firſt laid your commands upon me to do ſo. As the higheſt teſtimony of the veneration I have for you, I always called you by the tender name of mother, though this belongs properly to Olympias only, to whom I owe my birth."

OLYMPIAS, Alexander's own mother, was of ſuch an unhappy diſpoſition, that he would never let her have any concern in the affairs of government. She uſed frequently to make very ſevere complaints on that account; but he always ſubmitted to her ill-humour with great mildneſs and patience. Antipater, one of his friends, having one day wrote a long letter againſt her, the king, after reading it, replied, ' Antipater ' does not know that one ſingle tear ſhed by a mother will ' obliterate ten thouſand ſuch letters as this.' A behaviour like this, and ſuch an anſwer, ſhew at one and the ſame time, that Alexander was both an affectionate ſon and an able politician. *Q. Curt.*

....

EPAMINONDAS, without all doubt, was one of the greateſt generals, and one of the beſt men which Greece ever produced. Before him the city of Thebes was not diſtinguiſhed by any memorable action, and after him it was not famous for its virtues but its misfortunes, till it ſunk into its original obſcurity; ſo that it ſaw its glory take birth and expire with this great man. The victory he obtained at Leuctra had drawn the eyes and admiration of all the neighbouring people upon Epaminondas, who looked upon him as the ſupport of Thebes, as the triumphant conqueror of all Sparta, as the deliverer of all Greece: in a word, as the greateſt man, and the moſt excellent captain that ever was in the world. In the midſt of this univerſal applauſe, ſo capable of making the general of an army forget the man for the victor, Epaminondas, little ſenſible to ſo affecting and ſo deſerved a glory, ' My joy,' ſaid he, ' ariſes from my ſenſe ' of that which the news of my victory will give my father and ' my mother.' *Plut. in Coriol.*

NOTHING in hiſtory ſeems ſo valuable to me, ſays Rollin, as ſuch ſentiments which do honour to human nature, and proceed from a heart which neither falſe glory, nor falſe greatneſs

have

have corrupted. I confefs it with grief, I fee thefe noble fentiments daily expire amongft us, efpecially in perfons where birth and rank raife them above others, who too frequently are neither good fathers, good fons, good hufbands, nor good friends, and who would think it a difgrace to exprefs for a father and mother the tender regard of which we have here fo fine an example from a pagan.

....

MANLIUS TORQUATUS, the celebrated conful and Roman captain, had great wit, but a difficulty in expreffing himfelf; which induced Manlius Imperiofus, his father, to keep him almoft by force in the country, employ him in fervile work, and treat him as a flave. Pompey, tribune of the people, enraged at this inftance of feverity, formed a defign of accufing Manlius before the judges; but Torquatus being informed of it, went to the tribune, and, with a poinard in his hand, made him fwear that he would not proceed in that accufation againft him to whom he owed his being. The fame Torquatus was afterwards made military tribune, and killed a foldier of the Gauls in fingle combat, from whom he took a gold chain that hung about his neck. From this action he obtained the name of *Torquatus*. He was conful in the war againft the Latins; when he ordered his own fon to be beheaded, for fighting contrary to his orders, though he had gained the victory. He conquered the enemies of the republic, and was feveral times made conful; but at laft refufed this dignity, faying, 'That it 'was no more poffible for him to bear with the vices of the 'people, than it was for the people to bear with his feverity.'

Encyclopæd. Britan.

....

VALERIUS MAXIMUS likewife relates a very fingular inftance of filial affection. A woman of illuftrious birth had been condemned

demned to be ſtrangled. The Roman prætor delivered her up to the triumvir, who cauſed her to be carried to priſon, in order to her being put to death. The goaler, ſtruck with compaſſion, could not reſolve to kill her. He choſe therefore to let her die of hunger. Beſides which, he ſuffered her daughter to ſee her in priſon, taking care, however, that ſhe brought her nothing to eat. As this continued many days, he was ſurpriſed that the priſoner lived ſo long without eating; and ſuſpecting the daughter, upon watching her, he diſcovered that ſhe nouriſhed her mother with her own milk. Amazed at ſo pious and at the ſame time ſo ingenious an invention, he told the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who believed the thing merited relating in the aſſembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a decree was paſſed that the mother and daughter ſhould be maintained for the reſt of their lives at the publice expence, and that a temple ſacred to piety ſhould be erected near the priſon. *Val. Max.*

THE ſame author gives a ſimilar inſtance of filial piety in a young woman named Xantippe to her aged father Cimonus, who was likewiſe confined in priſon, and which is univerſally known by the name of the Roman Charity. Both theſe inſtances appeared ſo very extraordinary and uncommon to that people, that they could only account for them, by ſuppoſing that the love of children to their parents was the firſt law of nature. *Ibid.*

The Character of a Good SON.

THE good and dutiful Son is one who honoureth his parents, by paying them the utmoſt deference and reſpect; by a reverential awe and veneration for them; a filial affection for their perſons, and a tender regard for their ſafety and preſervation; a conſtant and cheerful attention to their advice, and a ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he

becometh

becometh every day more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and solicitous to repay them. He employs his youth to support their age; his abundance to relieve their wants; his knowledge and strength to supply their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world, because theirs depend upon it. Ever anxious for their welfare, and attentive to their happiness, he endeavours, by every method in his power, to prolong *their* days, that his *own* may be long in the land. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with the blessing of heaven, where it shall be *well with him* for ever; where we shall all join; son and father, daughter and mother, wife and husband, servant and master: all the relations and connections of this life, to honour one great parent, protector, lord, and master of us all.

Beauties of Hist.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Mule.

THIS useful and hardy animal is the offspring of the Horse and the Ass, and being barren, furnishes us with an indisputable proof that the two species are perfectly distinct. Nature has providently stopped the further propagation of these heterogeneous productions, to preserve, uncontaminated, the form of each animal; without which regulation the races would, in a short time, be mixed with each other, and every creature, losing its original perfection, would rapidly degenerate.

The common Mule is very healthy, and will live above thirty years: It is found very serviceable in carrying burthens, particularly in mountainous and stony places where Horses are not so sure-footed. The size and strength of our breed has lately been

been much improved by the importation of Spanifh Male-Affes; and it were much to be wifhed that the ufeful qualities of this animal were more attended to: For by proper care in its breaking, its natural obftinacy would be in a great meafure corrected; and it might be formed with fuccefs, for the fad-dle, the draught, or the burthen.

People of the firft quality in Spain are drawn by Mules, where fifty or fixty guineas is no uncommon price for one of them; nor is it furprifing, when we confider how far they ex-cel the Horfe in travelling in a mountainous country, the Mule being able to tread fecurely where the former can hardly ftand. Their manner of going down the precipices of the Alps, the Andes, &c. is very extraordinary; and with it we will conclude their hiftory. In thefe paffages, on one fide, are fteep emi-nences, and on the other, frightful abyffes: and, as they gene-rally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, inftead of lying in a level, forms at every little diftance fteep declivities, of feveral hundred yards downward. Thefe can only be de-fcended by Mules; and the animal itfelf feems fenfible of the danger, and the caution that is to be ufed in fuch defcents. When they come to the edge of one of thefe defcents, they ftop without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempt to fpur them on, they continue immoveable. They feem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing themfelves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble and fnort at the danger. Having prepared for the defcent, they place their fore feet in a pofture, as if they were ftopping themfelves; they then alfo put their hinder feet together, but a little for-ward, as if they were going to lie down. In this attitude, ha-ving taken as it were a furvey of the road, they flide down with the fwiftnefs of a meteor. In the mean time, all the rider has to do is to keep himfelf faft on the faddle without checking the rein, for the leaft motion is fufficient to diforder the equili-brium of the Mule; in which cafe they both unavoidably pe-

 rifh.

rish. But their addreſs in this rapid deſcent is truly wonderful; for in their ſwifteſt motion, when they ſeem to have loſt all government of themſelves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previouſly ſettled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their ſafety. In this journey the natives place themſelves along the ſides of the mountains, and holding by the roots of the trees, animate the beaſts with ſhouts, and encourage them to perſevere. Some Mules, after being long uſed to theſe journies, acquire a kind of reputation for their ſafety and ſkill; and their value riſes in proportion to their fame.

Hiſt. of Quad.

....

THE ASS.

THE Aſs, it is probable, was originally a native of Arabia and other parts of the eaſt: The deſerts of Lybia and Numidia, and many iſlands of the Archipelago, contain vaſt herds of wild Aſſes, which run with ſuch amazing ſwiftneſs, that even the courſers of the country can hardly overtake them. They are chiefly caught by the natives on account of their fleſh, which is eaten by them, and conſidered as a delicious repaſt. The fleſh of the common or tame Aſs is however drier, more tough, and diſagreeable than that of the Horſe; Galen ſays it is even unwholeſome: Its milk, on the contrary, is an approved remedy for certain diſorders. The wild Aſs is not ſtreaked like the Zebra, (with which it has often been confounded) nor is his form ſo beautiful: His figure reſembles that of the common Aſs, his colour is brighter, and he has a white ſtreak extending from his head to his tail.

The Aſs, like the Horſe, was originally imported into America by the Spaniards, where it has run wild, and multiplied in a great degree. Ulloa informs us, that, in the kingdom of Quito, they hunt them in the following manner:—A number of perſons on horſeback, attended by Indians on foot, form a

large circle in order to drive them into a narrow compaſs, where at full ſpeed they throw a nooſe over them, and having ſecured them with fetters, leave them till the chace is over, which frequently laſts for ſeveral days. They have all the ſwiftneſs of Horſes; and neither declivities nor precipices can retard them in their flight. When attacked, they defend themſelves with their heels and mouths with ſuch activity, that, without ſlackening their pace, they often maim their purſuers.

A warm climate is moſt favourable to the growth of this animal: The Aſs produced in this country, is much inferior in ſize and beauty to thoſe of Spain and other warm countries: In Guinea they are larger and more beautiful than even their Horſes: In Perſia they have two kinds, the one ſlow and heavy, which is made uſe of for carrying burthens; the other, nimble, ſmooth, and ſtately, uſed chiefly for the ſaddle. They are managed as Horſes; and, like them, are taught to amble. They generally ſlit their noſtrils to give them more room for breathing. Many of theſe are ſold as high as forty or fifty pounds.

Holingſhed informs us, that in the reign of queen Elizabeth there were no Aſſes in this country: How ſoon after they might be introduced is uncertain. However they are at preſent naturalized in this kingdom, where their utility becomes daily more univerſally experienced.

The qualities of this animal are ſo well known as to need no deſcription: His gentleneſs, patience, and perſeverance, are without example: He is temperate with regard to food; and eats contentedly the coarſeſt and moſt neglected herbage: If he give the preference to any vegetable, it is to the plaintain, for which he will neglect every other herb in the paſture. In his water he is ſingularly nice, drinking only from the cleareſt brooks. He is ſo much afraid of wetting his feet, that, even when loaded, he will turn aſide to avoid the dirty parts of the road.

He is ſtronger, in proportion to his ſize, than the Horſe; but more ſluggiſh, ſtubborn, and untractable. He is healthier than the

the Horſe: and, of all other quadrupeds, is leaſt infeſted with lice or other vermin, which is probably owing to the extreme hardneſs and dryneſs of his ſkin. For the ſame reaſon, perhaps, he is leſs ſenſitive of the goads of the whip, or the ſtinging of flies.

He is three or four years in coming to perfection; and lives to the age of twenty, or ſometimes twenty-five years. He ſleeps much leſs than the Horſe; and never lies down for that purpoſe but when he is much fatigued. The She-Aſs goes eleven months with young; and ſeldom produces more than one at a time.

The ſervices of this uſeful creature are too often repaid by hard fare and cruel uſage; and being generally the property of the poor, it partakes of their wants and their diſtreſſes: Whereas, by due cultivation and care in its education, the Aſs might be uſefully and profitably employed in a variety of domeſtic purpoſes, and in many caſes ſupply the place of the Horſe, to which only it is ſecond, though generally degraded into the moſt uſeleſs and neglected of domeſtic quadrupeds.

Hiſt. of Quad.

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THE ZEBRA,

WHICH many authors have miſtaken for a wild Aſs, is the moſt beautiful, as well as the wildeſt, moſt timid, and untameable animal in nature. Being larger than the Aſs, it rather reſembles the Mule in ſhape: Its head is large; its ears longer than thoſe of the Horſe; its legs beautifully ſmall, and well placed; and its body well formed, round, and fleſhy: But the beauty of its ſhape is greatly heightened by the gloſſy ſmoothneſs of its ſkin, and the amazing regularity and elegance of its colours, which in the male are white and brown, and in the female white and black, ranged in alternative ſtripes over the whole body, in a ſtile ſo beautiful and ornamental, that it would at firſt ſight ſeem rather the effect of art than the ge-

nuine production of nature: The head is ſtriped with fine bands of black and white, which form a center in the forehead: The neck is adorned with ſtripes of the ſame colour running round it: The body is beautifully variegated with bands running acroſs the back, and ending in points at the belly: Its thighs, its legs, its ears, and even its tail, are all beautifully ſtreaked in the ſame manner.

The Zebra inhabits the ſouthern parts of Africa, where whole herds are ſeen feeding in thoſe extenſive plains that lie towards the Cape of Good Hope. However their watchfulneſs is ſuch, that they will ſuffer nothing to come near them; and their ſwiftneſs ſo great, that they eaſily leave their purſuers far behind.

Such is the beauty of this creature, that it ſeems by nature fitted to gratify the pride, and formed for the ſervice of man; and it is moſt probable that time and aſſiduity alone are wanting to bring it under ſubjection. As it reſembles the Horſe in regard to its form as well as manner of living, there can be little doubt but it poſſeſſes a ſimilitude of nature, and only requires the efforts of an induſtrious and ſkilful nation, to be added to the number of our uſeful dependants. Neverthelefs its liberty has hitherto remained uncontrouled, and its natural fierceneſs has as yet reſiſted every attempt to ſubdue it: Thoſe that have been brought to this country, have diſcovered a degree of viciouſneſs that rendered it unſafe to approach them too familiarly; but it is by no means to be concluded from hence, that they are untameable.

They have continued to be wild, becauſe they are natives of a country where the wretched inhabitants have no other idea of advantage from the animal creation than as they are good for food, paying more regard to that which affords the moſt delicious repaſt, than to delicacy of colouring, or beauty of conformation.

Quaggas or wild Aſſes, an animal hitherto but little known, and not much deſcribed, abound in the ſame country, and have been

been miſtaken for Zebras of the female kind; but are now known to be a diſtinct ſpecies. They live in herds, and are ſaid to be extremely ſwift. *Hiſt. of Quad.*

Hiſtory of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON; *or an Incitement to Enterprize and Emulation.*

AMONG the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Chrichton; of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may ſuppreſs as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet we ſhall, upon inconteſtible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' ſays Virgil, 'is better accepted when it comes in 'a pleaſing form.' The perſon of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt; and he uſed the ſword in either hand with ſuch force and dexterity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the collegs of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity to diſpute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten langualege, and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed three thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty maſters appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years paſſed without food or ſleep, would not be ſuffi-

cient

cient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and a purſe of gold, and dimiſſed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had, in the preſence of the pope and cardinals, the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praiſe of the city and the aſſembly then preſent, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

Theſe acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practiſed in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs, and on the day after his diſputation at Paris, exhibited his ſkill on horſemanſhip before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewiſe in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation; and in the interval bewteen his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe that would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then reſided, had killed three that appeared againſt him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The duke, with ſome reluctance, conſented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon ſeems to have been the ſingle rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, and Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant; and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whoſe huſbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiouſly after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga,

ga, a prince of loofe manners and turbulent difpofition. On this occafion it was, that he compofed the comedy in which he exhibited fo many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of fhort continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the ftreets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by fix men mafked. Neither his courage nor fkill in this exigence deferted him; he oppofed them with fuch activity and fpirit, that he foon difperfed them, and difarmed their leader, who throwing off his mafk, difcovered himfelf to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own fword by the point, and prefented it to the prince; who immediately feized it, and inftigated, as fome fay, by jealoufy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal refentment, thruft him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that ftate, in which he could excel the meaneft of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua teftified their efteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profufe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, reprefenting him on horfeback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

Adventurer.

HISTORY OF FINGAL,

KING OF MORVEN, IN ANCIENT CALEDONIA.

THIS celebrated hero flourifhed in the third century, and according to the Irifh hiftorians, died in the 283, although there is fome reafon from Offian's poems for placing his death a few years later. Fingal was defcended in all probability from thofe Celtic tribes who were the firft inhabitants of Britain. Tradition, and the poems of Offian, give him a long line of royal anceftors,

anceſtors, ſuch as Comhal, Trenmor, and Trathal, &c., heroes renowned for their valour and victories, and who had all reigned over the ſame territory. Whether this territory was bounded by the Caledonian foreſt, or extended ſomewhat farther to the ſouth, towards the Roman provinces, is uncertain; but there is no doubt of its having extended over all the north and weſt Highlands, comprehending the Hebrides, whoſe petty chiefs were all ſubject to the king of Morven. His principal place of reſidence was Selma, which was probably in the neighbourhood of Glencoe, ſuppoſed to be the Cona of Oſſian, though ſome imagine it to have been in Strath-Cona in Moray. The truth ſeems to be, that as Fingal and his people lived by hunting, they often ſhifted their habitation. Hence, in all parts of the Highlands, we find, in the names of places, buildings, &c. ſuch monuments as juſtify their ſeveral claims for the honour of Fingal's reſidence. Fingal acquired great fame by his proweſs in arms. He made many ſucceſsful incurſions into the Roman province, from whence he carried away thoſe ſpoils which his ſon ſo often mentions under the names of the *wine of the ſtranger*, and the *wax of the ſtranger*. By ſea we find him frequently making voyages to Scandinavia, the Orkneys, and Ireland; called by Oſſian *Lochlin*, *Iniſtore*, and *Ullin*. Several of theſe expeditions were celebrated by his ſon in Epic poems, of which two only remain, Fingal and Temora. In the former of theſe poems, Fingal having paſſed over into Ireland to aſſiſt the celebrated Cuchullin ‖ in his wars againſt Swaran, king of Scandinavia, defeated that monarch's army, and took himſelf priſoner; but remembering the love he formerly bore to the fair Agandecca, ſiſter to Swaran, he generouſly releaſed his priſoner, who immediately ſet ſail for Scandinavia. The ſubject of the poem of Temora is Fingal's third expedition into Ireland, where we ſee this great hero in the laſt of his battles.

 The

‖ Cuchullin was a celebrated Caledonian hero. He was king or lord of the iſle of Sky, and the remains of his palace of Dunſcaich are ſtill ſhewn in that iſland. He was called over to Ireland upon the death of its king Artho, to be guardian to young Cormac, who was lineally deſcended from Conar the ſon of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal.

The occaſion of this war was as follows: After the death of Cuchullin, guardian to Cormac, the young king of Ireland, Cairbar, chief of the Firbolg, having routed the forces of Cormac, murdered that prince in his own palace of Temora, and uſurped the ſovereignty of Ireland. On Fingal's arrival, he gave battle to the ſavage Cairbar, who was ſlain by Oſcar, the ſon Oſſian, and grandſon of Fingal. The brave Oſcar fell in this combat, treacherouſly wounded by his enem y. Cathmor, brother to Cairbar) a prince celebrated for his valour and generoſity, took upon himſelf the command of the army of the Firbolg,' ſlew Fillan, the youngeſt ſon of Fingal, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a remarkable manner by his heroic bravery; and forced the victorious army of the Caledonians to retire. Fingal who, agreeeble to the cuſtom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a neighbouring mountain, from whence he beheld the contending armies, and from time to time ſent his bards to encourage his people, now rouſed by the death of his beloved Fillan, put himſelf at the head of his army, routed the forces of Cathmor, ſlew that brave general, and reſtored the family of the Caledonian princes to the throne of Ireland: after which, the great Fingal reſigned the ſpear of the mighty Trenmor to Oſſian his ſon, and no more liſtened the call of arms. How long he lived afterwards is uncertain. He is ſaid to have died a natural death; and therefore none of his ſon's poems relate to this event, though it is occaſionally mentioned in many of them. "Did thy beauty laſt, O Ryno? Stood the ſtrength of car-borne Oſcar? Fingal himſelf paſſed away; and the halls of his fathers have forgot his ſteps. The blaſt of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee ſitting on miſt, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud, when we ſee the ſtars behind it, with their weeping eyes. Thy ſhield is like the aged moon; thy ſword a vapour half kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief who travelled in brightneſs before. But thy ſteps are on the winds of the deſert, and the ſtorms of

darken in thy hand. Thou takeſt the ſun in thy wrath, and hideſt him in thy clouds. The ſons of little men are afraid, and a thouſand ſhowers deſcend."—*Berrathon.*

" The character of Fingal (Dr Blair obſerves) is perhaps the moſt perfect that was ever drawn by a poet, for we may boldly defy all the writers of antiquity to ſhow us any hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Oſſian's works, he is repreſented to us in all that variety of lights which give the full diſplay of a character. In him concur almoſt all the qualities that can ennoble human nature; that can either make us admire the hero, or love the man. He is not only unconquerable in war, but he makes his people happy by his wiſdom in the days of peace. He is truly the father of his people. He is known by the epithet of 'Fingal of the mildeſt look,' and diſtinguiſhed on every occaſion by humanity and generoſity. He is merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends, and never mentions Agandecca, his firſt love, without the utmoſt tenderneſs. He is the univerſal protector of the diſtreſſed; none ever went ſad from Fingal.—' O Oſcar! bend the ſtrong in arms, but ſpare the feeble hand. Be thou a ſtream of many tides againſt the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the graſs to thoſe who aſk thine aid: ſo Trenmor lived; ſuch Trathal was; and ſuch has Fingal been. My arm was the ſupport of the injured; the weak reſted behind the lightning of my ſteel.' Theſe were the maxims of true heroiſm, to which he formed his grandſon. His fame is repreſented as every where ſpread; the greateſt heroes acknowledge his ſuperiority; his enemies tremble at his name; and the higheſt encomiums that can be beſtowed on one whom the poet would moſt exalt, is to ſay, That his ſoul was like the ſoul of Fingal. Wherever he appears, we behold the hero. The objects he purſues are always great; to bend the proud, to protect the injured, to defend his friends, to overcome his enemies by generoſity more than by force. Some ſtrokes of human imperfection and frailty, are what u-

fually give us the moft clear view and the moft fenfible impreffion of a character, becaufe they prefent to us a man fuch as we have feen; they recal known features of human nature. When poets go beyond this range, and attempt to defcribe a faultlefs hero, they, for the moft part, fet before us a fort of vague undiftinguifhable character, fuch as the imagination cannot lay hold of, or realife to itfelf as the object of affection. But Fingal, though exhibited without any of the common human failings, is neverthelefs a real man; a character which touches and interefts every reader."

We may obferve, that Fingal appears to have been no lefs a poet than a warrior; at leaft, in all thofe paffages afcribed to him in the poems of his fon, there is a grandeur and loftinefs that elevates them above the common ftyle even of Offian. The following paffage from the poem of *Carthon* may be taken as a fpecimen of Fingal's poetry: "—'Raife, ye bards,' faid the mighty Fingal, 'the praife of unhappy Moina. Call her ghoft, with your fongs, to our hills; that fhe may reft with the fair of Morven, the funbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old.—I have feen the walls of Balclutha, but they were defolate. The fire had refounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The ftream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thiftle fhook, there, its lonely head: the mofs whiftled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grafs of the wall waved round his head. Defolate is the dwelling of Moina: filence is in the houfe of her fathers. Raife the fong of mourning, O bards, over the land of ftrangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day we muft fall.—Why doft thou build the hall, fon of the winged days? Thou lookeft from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blaft of the defart comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whiftles round thy half-worn fhield—And let the blaft of the defart come! We fhall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm fhall be in the battle, and my name in the fong of bards. Raife the

fong;

song; send round the shell: and let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail? if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams.'—Such was the joy of Fingal in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! Why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? But thou standest alone, my father; and who can equal the king of Morven?" *Encyc. Britan. and Ossian's Poems.*

The Aerial Dwelling of FINGAL.

SOON hast thou set, Malvina*, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling ‡ of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

His

* Malvina was beloved of Oscar, the gallant son of Ossian, on which account Ossian addresses several of his poems to her.—He here beautifully describes her soul rising up amongst the forms of her fathers, (sitting in their aerial palace); a blush diffusing her cheeks when she beholds their unknown faces.

‡ The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyss. l. 11.

His friends ſit around the king, on miſt; and hear the ſongs of Ullin: he ſtrikes the half viewleſs harp; and raiſes the feeble voice. The leſſer heroes, with a thouſand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina riſes, in the midſt; a bluſh is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aſide her humid eyes. "Art thou come ſo ſoon," ſaid Fingal, "daughter of generous Toſcar? Sadneſs dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged ſon is ſad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy ruſtling wing, O breeze! and ſigh on Malvina's tomb. It riſes yonder beneath the rock, at the blue ſtream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze, mourneſt there."

Oſſian's Poems.

On Homer.

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to ſay, that no man underſtood perſons and things better than he; or had a deeper inſight into the humours and paſſions of human nature. He repreſents great things with ſuch ſublimity, and little ones with ſuch propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleaſant.

He is a perfect maſter of all the lofty graces of the figurative ſtyle, and all the purity and eaſineſs of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and hiſtorian, aſſures us, that Homer has deſcribed the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not ſeen them; and no man but muſt admire and be aſtoniſhed who has. His poems may juſtly be compared with that ſhield of divine workmanſhip ſo inimitably repreſented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all

all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praises of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares, that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of writing. Though he forbid his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he staid; and dismiss him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and supplicants of their gods used to be;) by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration. *Blackwall.*

On

On the Beauties of VIRGIL.

VIRGIL poſſeſſes beauties which have juſtly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and diſtinguiſhing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he poſſeſſes beyond all poets, is tenderneſs. Nature had endowed him with exquiſite ſenſibility; he felt every affecting circumſtance in the ſcenes he deſcribes; and, by a ſingle ſtroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to ſublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his compoſition extremely intereſting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the Æneid, there are many ſuch. The ſecond book is one of the greateſt maſter-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil ſeems to have put forth there the whole ſtrength of his genius, as the ſubject afforded a variety of ſcenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, preſented by a city burned and ſacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully deſcribed than the death of old Priam; and the family pieces of Æneas, Anchiſes, and Creuſa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many paſſages of the Æneid, the ſame pathetic ſpirit ſhines; and they have been always the favourite paſſages in that work. The fourth book, for inſtance, relating the unhappy paſſion and death of Dido, has been always moſt juſtly admired, and abounds with beauties of the higheſt kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the epiſodes of Pallas and Evander, of Niſus and Euryalus, of Lauſus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all ſtriking inſtances of the poet's power of raiſing the tender emotions. For we muſt obſerve, that though the Æneid be an unequal

unequal poem, and, in ſome places, languid, yet there are beauties ſcattered through it all; and not a few, even in the laſt ſix books. The beſt and moſt finiſhed books, upon the whole, are the firſt, the ſecond, the fourth, the ſixth, the ſeventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

Blair.

....

On ſeveral Advantages which the CLASSICS *enjoyed.*

IT was among the advantages which the chief claſſics enjoyed, that moſt of them were placed in proſperous and plentiful circumſtances of life, raiſed above anxious cares, want, and abject dependence. They were perſons of quality and fortune, courtiers and ſtateſmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, poſſeſſed of the higheſt dignities and poſts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furniſhed them with leiſure and means of ſtudy; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How livelily muſt they deſcribe thoſe countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of thoſe councils, in which they preſided; of thoſe actions in which they were preſent and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of hiſtory, beſides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was ſo conſiderable in power and intereſt, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had uſurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of diſtinguiſhed eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had ſtrong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by ſevere ſtudy in their advanced years: in ſhort, they had all the advantages and accompliſhments both of the retired and active life.

 Sophocles

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in ſtrength of parts, and nobleneſs of thought and expreſſion, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wiſdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was ſaid to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic ſtyle, and his power in moving the paſſions, eſpecially the ſofter ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generouſly entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The ſmoothneſs of his compoſition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the ſoundneſs of his morals, conveyed in the ſweeteſt numbers, were ſo univerſally admired, and his glory ſo far ſpread, that the Athenians, who were taken priſoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preſerved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the aſtoniſhing reſpect that the Sicilians, enemies and ſtrangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illuſtrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verſes, were rewarded with their liberty, and generouſly ſent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's ſide, ſprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no leſs celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greateſt men of the age wherein he lived; and will be ſtudied and admired by men of taſte and judgment in all ſucceeding ages. In his works, are ineſtimable treaſures of the beſt learning. In ſhort, as a learned gentleman ſays, he writ with all the ſtrength of human reaſon, and all the charms of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos; and his ſprightly muſe, naturally flowing with innumerable pleaſures and graces, muſt improve in delicacy and ſweetneſs by the gaiety and refined converſation of that flouriſhing court.

The

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his converſation with the heroes qualified him to ſing their praiſes with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games ſcarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celeſtial ſong. The noble Hiero of Syracuſe was his generous friend and patron; and the moſt powerful and polite ſtate of all Greece eſteemed a line of his in praiſe of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a ſtatue. Moſt of the genuine and valuable Latin Claſſics had the ſame advantages of fortune, and improving converſation, the ſame encouragemeuts with theſe and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained ſuch a wonderful inſight into the characters and manners of mankind, ſuch an elegant choice of words, and fluency of ſtyle, ſuch judgment in the conduct of his plot, and ſuch delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the converſation of Scipio and Lælius, the greateſt men, and moſt refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean ſcholar, improve by his diligent application to ſtudy, and their genteel and learned converſation; that it was charged upon him by thoſe who envied his ſuperior excellencies, that he pnbliſhed their compoſitions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world ſhould believe thoſe noblemen wrote his plays, but ſcarce believed it themſelves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly ſlighted their malice, and made his great patrons the fineſt compliment in the world, by eſteeming the accuſation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence againſt it.

Salluſt, ſo famous for his neat expreſſive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearneſs of ſtyle, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the myſteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning ſo uſeful to the world, and ſo ho-

nourable to himſelf, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and ſharing in the important councils and debates of the ſenate.

Cæſar had a prodigious wit, and univerſal learning; was noble by birth, a conſummate ſtateſman, a brave and wiſe general, and a moſt heroic prince. His prudence and modeſty in ſpeaking of himſelf, the truth and clearneſs of his deſcriptions, the inimitable purity and perſpicuity of his ſtyle, diſtinguiſh him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer reſemblance to him in more inſtances than the admirable Xenophon. What uſeful and entertaining accounts might reaſonably be expected from ſuch a writer, who gives you the geography and hiſtory of thoſe countries and nations, which he himſelf conquered, and the deſcription of thoſe military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himſelf contrived and marked out!

The beſt authors in the reign of Auguſtus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumſtances. That was the golden age of learning. They flouriſhed under the favours and bounty of the richeſt and moſt generous court in the world; and the beams of majeſty ſhone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from ſuch poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by ſuch patrons as Mæcenas and Auguſtus?

A chief reaſon why Tacitus writes with ſuch ſkill and authority, that he makes ſuch deep ſearches into the nature of things, and deſigns of men, that he ſo exquiſitely underſtands the ſecrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himſelf was admitted into the higheſt places of truſt, and employed in the moſt public and important affairs. The ſtateſman brightens the ſcholar, and the conſul improves and elevates the hiſtorian.

Blackwall.

On the Study of the New Testament.

THE claffic fcholar muft by no means be fo much wanting to his own duty, pleafure, and improvement, as to neglect the ftudy of the New Teftament, but muft be perpetually converfant in thofe ineftimable writings, which have all the treafures of divine wifdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The beft way will be to make them the firft and laft of all your ftudies, to open and clofe the day with that facred book, wherein you have a faithful and moft entertaining hiftory of that bleffed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and fure directions how to qualify and intitle yourfelf for the great falvation purchafed by Jefus.

This exercife will compofe your thoughts into the fweeteft ferenity and chearfulnefs; and happily confecrate all your time and ftudies to God. After you have read the Greek Teftament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perufal, thefe following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.——St. Mark 1. 13. ——St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16. 23. 24.——St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17. 19. 20.——Acts 26. 27.——Romans 2. 8. 12.—— 1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.——2 Cor. 4. 6. 11.——Ephef. 4. 5. 6. ——Philipp. 1. 2. 3.——Coloff. 1. 3.——1 Theff. 2. 5.—— 1 Tim. 1. 6.——2 Tim. 2. 3.——Philemon.——Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.——1 St. Peter all.——2 St. Peter all.——St. Jude. ——1 St. John 1. 3.——Revel. 1. 18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelifts, and apoftles, comprifed in a moft admirable and comprehenfive epitome. A true critic will difcover numerous inftances of every ftyle in perfection; every grace and ornament of fpeech more chafte and beautiful, than the moft admired and fhining paffages of the fecular writers.

In particular, the defcription of God, and the future ftate of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St.

John, as far tranſcend the deſcriptions of the Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flaſhes of a Salmoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is ſuperior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Teſtament, eſpecially theſe ſelect paſſages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, myſteries of wiſdom, and rules of happineſs, which fools and madmen ſtupidly neglect, or impiouſly ſcorn; while all the beſt and brighteſt beings in the univerſe regard them with ſacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and tranſporting delight. Theſe ſtudies, with a ſuitable Chriſtian practice (which they ſo loudly call for, and ſo pathetically preſs) will raiſe you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world. *Blackwall.*

A Diverſity of Style and Manner in the different Compoſers of the Sacred Books. On JOB, DAVID, *and* ISAIAH.

AMONG the different compoſers of the ſacred books, there is an evident diverſity of ſtyle and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The moſt eminent of the ſacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Iſaiah. As the compoſitions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of ſtyle and manner in his works, than in thoſe of the other two. The manner in which, conſidered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleaſing, the ſoft, and the tender. In his Pſalms, there are many lofty and ſublime paſſages; but, in ſtrength of deſcription, he yields to Job; in ſublimity, he yields to Iſaiah. It is a ſort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly diſtinguiſhed; and to this he always ſoon returns, when, upon ſome occaſions, he riſes above it. The pſalms in which he touches us moſt, are thoſe in which he deſcribes the happineſs of

of the righteous, or the goodneſs of God; expreſſes the tender breathings of a devout mind, or ſends up moving and affectionate ſupplications to heaven. Iſaiah is, without exception, the moſt ſublime of all poets. This is abundantly viſible in our tranſlation; and, what is a material circumſtance, none of the books of ſcripture appear to have been more happily tranſlated than the writings of this prophet. Majeſty is his reigning character; a majeſty more commanding, and more uniformly ſupported, than is to be found among the reſt of the Old Teſtament poets. He poſſeſſes, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expreſſions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himſelf. There is more clearneſs and order too, and a more viſible diſtribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings. *Blair.*

On the Book of JOB.

IT only now remains to ſpeak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the moſt ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The ſcene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before ſhowed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no alluſions to the great events of ſacred hiſtory, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or of any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judea. We find few compariſons founded on rivers or torrents; theſe were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longeſt compariſon that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the ſeaſon of heat, and diſappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the ſacred writings, but is ſuperior to them

them all, except thofe of Ifaiah alone. As Ifaiah is the moft fublime, David the moft pleafing and tender, fo Job is the moft defcriptive, of all the infpired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and ftrength of defcription, characterife the author. No writer whatever abounds fo much in metaphors. He may be faid, not to defcribe, but to render vifible, whatever he treats of. A variety of inftances might be given. Let us remark only thofe ftrong and lively colours, with which, in the following paffages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked: obferve how rapidly his figures rife before us; and what a deep impreffion, at the fame time, they leave on the imagination. ' Knoweft thou ' not this of old, fince man was placed upon the earth, that ' the triumphing of the wicked is fhort, and the joy of the hy-' pocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount ' up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he fhall ' perifh for ever. He fhall fly away as a dream, and fhall not ' be found; yea, he fhall be chafed away, as a vifion of the ' night. The eye alfo which faw him, fhall fee him no more; ' they which have feen him, fhall fay, where is he?—He fhall ' fuck the poifon of afps, the viper's tongue fhall flay him. In ' the fullnefs of his fufficiency, he fhall be in ftraits; every ' hand fhall come upon him. He fhall flee from the iron wea-' pon, and the bow of fteel fhall ftrike him through. All ' darknefs fhall be hid in his fecret places. A fire not blown ' fhall confume him. The heaven fhall reveal his iniquity, ' and the earth fhall rife up againft him. The increafe of his ' houfe fhall depart. His goods fhall flow away in the day of ' wrath. The light of the wicked fhall be put out; the light ' fhall be dark in his tabernacle. The fteps of his ftrength ' fhall be ftraitened, and his own counfel fhall caft him down. ' For he is caft into a net, by his own feet. He walketh up-' on a fnare. Terrors fhall make him afraid on every fide; ' and the robber fhall prevail againft him. Brimftone fhall be ' fcattered upon his habitation. His remembrance fhall perifh

'from the earth, and he ſhall have no name in the ſtreet. He 'ſhall be driven from light into darkneſs. They that come 'after him ſhall be aſtoniſhed at his day. He ſhall drink of 'the wrath of the Almighty.' *Blair.*

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On the Iliad of HOMER.

THE ſubject of the Iliad muſt unqueſtionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily choſen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more ſplendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian ſtates, under one leader, and the ten years ſiege which they carried on againſt Troy, muſt have ſpread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and intereſted all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had moſt eminently ſignalized themſelves. Upon theſe traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition muſt, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obſcurity moſt proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleaſed, with the remains of true hiſtory. He has not choſen, for his ſubject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has ſelected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave riſe; which, though they take up forty-ſeven days only, yet include the moſt intereſting, and moſt critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwiſe been an unconnected hiſtory of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has ſhewn the pernicious effect of diſcord among confederated princes. At the ſame time, I admit that Homer is leſs fortunate in his ſubject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid in-

cludes a greater compaſs and a more agreeable diverſity of events; whereas the Iliad is almoſt entirely filled with battles.

The praiſe of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greateſt reaſon. The prodigious number of incidents, of ſpeeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the ſurpriſing variety with which he has diverſified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little hiſtory-pieces of almoſt all the perſons ſlain, diſcover an invention next to boundleſs. But the praiſe of judgment is, in my opinion, no leſs due to Homer, than that of invention. His ſtory is all along conducted with great art. He riſes upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The diſtreſs thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is ſo contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he ſhould be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteriſtical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and ſpirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great meaſure, owing to his being ſo dramatic a writer, abounding every were with dialogue and converſation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet. *Blair.*

On the Odyſſey of Homer.

My obſervations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is neceſſary to take ſome notice of the Odyſſey alſo. Longinus's criticiſm upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the ſetting ſun, whoſe grandeur ſtill remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and ſublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the ſame time poſſeſſes ſo many beauties, as to be juſtly entitled to high praiſe. It is a very amuſing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many intereſting ſtories;

ries, and beautiful defcriptions. We fee every where the fame defcriptive and dramatic genius, and the fame fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It defcends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike atchievements; but in recompence, we have more pleafing pictures of ancient manners. Inftead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyffey prefents us with the moft amiable images of hofpitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landfcape of nature; and inftructs us by a conftant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

Blair.

ON STYLE.

It is not eafy to give a precife idea of what is meant by Style. The beft definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expreffes his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultlefs; and his Style may, neverthelefs, have great faults; it may be dry, or ftiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always fome reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rife in his mind, and of the manner in which they rife there; and hence, when we are examining an author's compofition, it is, in many cafes, extremely difficult to feparate the Style from the fentiment. No wonder thefe two fhould be fo intimately connected, as Style is nothing elfe, than that fort of expreffion which our thoughts moft readily affume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, fuited to their different temper and genius. The eaftern nations animated their Style with the moft ftrong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polifhed and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Afiatics, gay and

loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse. *Blair.*

On Purity and Propriety of STYLE.

PURITY and Propriety of Languuge, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage,

uſage, in oppoſition to vulgariſms, or low expreſſions; and to words and phraſes, which would be leſs ſignificant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be ſtrictly Engliſh, without Scotticiſms or Galliciſms, or ungramatical, irregular expreſſions of any kind, and may, nevertheleſs, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-choſen; not adapted to the ſubject, nor fully expreſſive of the author's ſenſe. He has taken all his words and phraſes from the general maſs of Engliſh Language; but he has made his ſelection among theſe words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being alſo pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, beſides making Style perſpicuous, they alſo render it graceful. There is no ſtandard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the beſt writers and ſpeakers in the country.

When I mentioned obſolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be eaſily underſtood, that ſome exceptions are to be made. On certain occaſions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than proſe, with reſpect to coining, or, at leaſt, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty ſhould be uſed with a ſparing hand. In proſe, ſuch innovations are more hazardous, and have a worſe effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and ſhould never be ventured upon except by ſuch, whoſe eſtabliſhed reputation gives them ſome degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unleſs where neceſſity requires them, ſhould always be avoided. Barren Languages may need ſuch aſſiſtances; but ours is not one of theſe. Dean Swift, one of our moſt correct writers, valued himſelf much on uſing no words but ſuch as were of native growth: and his Language may, indeed, be conſidered as a ſtandard of the ſtricteſt Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At preſent, we ſeem to be departing from this ſtandard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured

in upon us. On ſome occaſions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, alſo, they render it ſtiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, ſo, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally ſtrong and expreſſive with this Latinized Engliſh. *Blair.*

....

Directions for forming a STYLE.

It will be more to the purpoſe, that I conclude theſe diſſertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the ſubject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The firſt direction which I give for this purpoſe, is, to ſtudy clear ideas on the ſubject concerning which we are to write or ſpeak. This is a direction which may at firſt appear to have ſmall relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely cloſe. The foundation of all good Style, is good ſenſe, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are ſo intimately connected, that, as I have ſeveral times hinted, it is frequently hard to diſtinguiſh them. Whereever the impreſſions of things upon our minds are faint and indiſtinct, or perplexed and confuſed, our Style in treating of ſuch things will infallibly be ſo too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel ſtrongly, we will naturally expreſs with clearneſs and with ſtrength. This, then, we may be aſſured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think cloſely of the ſubject, till we have attained a full and diſtinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and intereſted in it; then, and not till then, ſhall we find expreſſion begin to flow. Generally ſpeaking, the beſt and moſt proper expreſſions, are thoſe which a clear view of the ſubject ſuggeſts, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinctilian's

lian's obſervation, Lib. viii. c. 1. ' Plerumque optima verba
' rebus cohærent, et cernuntur ſuo lumine. At nos quærimus
' illa, tanquam lateant ſeque ſubducant. Ita nunquam puta-
' mus verba eſſe circa id de quo dicendum eſt; ſed ex aliis lo-
' cis petimus, et inventis vim afferimus *.' *Blair.*

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Too anxious a Care about WORDS *to be avoided.*

WE muſt obſerve, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We muſt not retard the courſe of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pauſing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occaſions, a glow of compoſition which ſhould be kept up, if we hope to expreſs ourſelves happily, though at the expence of allowing ſome inadvertencies to paſs. A more ſevere examination of theſe muſt be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of compoſition be uſeful, the laborious work of correcting is no leſs ſo; it is indeed abſolutely neceſſary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of compoſition. What we have written ſhould be laid by for ſome little time, till the ardour of compoſition be paſt, till the fondneſs for the expreſſions we have uſed be worn off, and the expreſſions themſelves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we ſhall diſcern many imperfections which at firſt eſcaped us. Then is the ſeaſon for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of ſentences; for attendiug to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct,

' * The moſt proper words for the moſt part adhere to the thoughts which
' are to be expreſſed by them, and may be diſcovered as by their own light.
' But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, and only to be found in a
' corner. Hence, inſtead of conceiving the words to lye near the ſubject, we
' go in queſt of them to ſome other quarter, and endeavour to give force to
' the expreſſions we have found out.'

rect, and supported form. This '*Limæ Labor*' must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Blair.*

....

An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a S*TYLE*.

IN the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Blair.*

A servile Imitation to be avoided.

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quinctilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that will deserve attention.

Blair.

....

Style must be adapted to the Subject.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as,

what is much worſe, in point of common ſenſe. When we begin to write or ſpeak, we ought previouſly to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this ſteadily in our view, and to ſuit our Style to it. If we do not ſacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of ſenſe will laugh at us and our Style.

Blair.

On Demosthenes.

I shall not ſpend any time upon the circumſtances of Demoſthenes's life; they are well known. The ſtrong ambition which he diſcovered to excel in the art of ſpeaking; the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt attempts; his unwearied perſeverance in ſurmounting all the diſadvantages that aroſe from his perſon and addreſs; his ſhutting himſelf up in a cave, that he might ſtudy with leſs diſtraction; his declaiming by the ſea-ſhore, that he might accuſtom himſelf to the noiſe of a tumultuous aſſembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his ſpeech; his practiſing at home with a naked ſword hanging over his ſhoulder that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was ſubject; all thoſe circumſtances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to ſuch as ſtudy Eloquence, as they ſhew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature ſeemed unwilling to grant us.

Ibid.

Demosthenes imitated the Manly Eloquence of Pericles.

Despising the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demoſthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and ſtrength and vehemence

mence form the principal characteriſtics of his Style. Never had orator a finer field than Demoſthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations: and, no doubt, to the nobleneſs of the ſubject, and to that integrity and public ſpirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The ſubject is, to rouze the indignation of his countrymen againſt Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them againſt the inſidious meaſures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them aſleep to danger. In the proſecution of this end, we ſee him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for juſtice, humanity and valour, but in many inſtances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cauſe; while, at the ſame time, with all the art of an orator, he recals the glory of their anceſtors to their thoughts, ſhews them that they are ſtill a flouriſhing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themſelves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's intereſt, and who perſuaded the people to peace, he keeps no meaſures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactneſs, the meaſures of execution. This is the ſtrain of theſe orations. They are ſtrongly animated; and full of the impetuoſity and fire of public ſpirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, conſequences, and demonſtrations, founded on ſound reaſon. The figures which he uſes, are never ſought after; but always riſe from the ſubject. He employs them ſparingly indeed; for ſplendour and ornament are not the diſtinctions of this orator's compoſition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himſelf, which forms his character, and ſets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to

 words.

words. We forget the orator, and think of the bufinefs. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and oftentation; no methods of infinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his fubject, who, after preparing his audience, by a fentence or two, for hearing plain truths, enters directly on bufinefs. *Blair.*

DEMOSTHENES contrafted with ÆSCHINES.

DEMOSTHENES appears to great advantage, when contrafted with Æfchines, in the celebrated oration 'pro Corona.' Æfchines was his rival in bufinefs, and perfonal enemy; and one of the moft diftinguifhed orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æfchines is feeble in comparifon of Demofthenes, and makes much lefs impreffion on the mind. His reafonings concerning the law that was in queftion, are indeed very fubtile; but his invective againft Demofthenes is general, and ill-fupported. Whereas Demofthenes is a torrent, that nothing can refift. He bears down his antagonift with violence; he draws his character in the ftrongeft colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the defcriptions in it are highly picturefque. There runs through it a ftrain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator fpeaks with that ftrength and confcious dignity which great actions and public fpirit alone infpire. Both orators ufe great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unreftrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abufive names and downright fcurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What thofe ancient orators gained by fuch a manner in point of freedom and boldnefs, is more than compenfated by want of dignity; which feems to give an advantage, in this refpect, to the greater decency of modern fpeaking. *Ibid.*

On

On the Style of DEMOSTHENES.

THE Style of Demoſthenes is ſtrong and conciſe, though ſometimes, it muſt not be diſſembled, harſh and abrupt. His words are very expreſſive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, though far from being unmuſical, yet it ſeems difficult to find in him that ſtudied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which ſome of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of thoſe leſſer graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that ſublime which lies in ſentiment. His action and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his compoſition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the auſtere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occaſion, grave, ſerious, paſſionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himſelf down, nor attempts any thing like pleaſantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he ſometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want ſmoothneſs and grace; which Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus attributes to his imitating too cloſely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whoſe hiſtory he is ſaid to have written eight times over with his own hand. But theſe defects are far more than compenſated, by that admirable and maſterly force of maſculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demoſthenes, Greece loſt her liberty; eloquence of courſe languiſhed, and relapſed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophiſts. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demoſthenes, attained indeed ſome character, but he is repreſented to us as a flowery, rather than a perſuaſive ſpeaker, who aimed at grace rather than ſubſtance. 'Delectabat Athenienſes,' ſays Cicero, 'magis

'magis quam inflammabat.' 'He amufed the Athenians, rather than warmed them.' And after his time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Blair.*

On Cicero.

The object in this period moft worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himfelf; whofe name alone fuggefts every thing that is fplendid in oratory. With the hiftory of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at prefent any direct concern. We confider him only as an eloquent fpeaker; and, in this view, it is our bufinefs to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controverfy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and infinuation prepoffeffes the hearers, and ftudies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demofthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, efpecially the fofter paffions, he is very fuccefsful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greateft beauty and pomp; and, in the ftructure of his fentences, is curious and exact to the higheft degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every fubject; magnificent, and in his fentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffufe, yet it is often happily varied, and fuited to the fubject. In his four orations, for inftance, againft Cataline, the tone and ftyle of each of them, particularly the firft and laft, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occafion, and the fituation in which they were fpoken. When a great

great public object roufed his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs confiderably from that loofe and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the cafe in his orations againft Anthony, and in thofe too againft Verres and Cataline.

Blair.

HAMLET to the Players.

SPEAK the fpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had fpoke my lines. And do not faw the air too much with your hand; but ufe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeft, and, as I may fay, whirlwind of your paffion, you muft acquire and beget a temperance that may give it fmoothnefs. Oh! it offends me to the foul, to hear a robuftous periwig-pated fellow tear a paffion to tatters, to very rags, to fplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moft part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb fhews and noife. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own difcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this fpecial obfervance, that you o'erftep not the modefty of nature; for any thing fo overdone, is from the purpofe of playing; whofe end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to fhew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preffure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unfkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenfure of one of which muft, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have feen play, and heard others praife, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Chriftian, nor the gait of Chriftian, Pagan, nor man, have fo ftrutted and bellowed, that I have thought

thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered:—that's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. *Shakeſpeare.*

THE MONK.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket—buttoned it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy——but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty——truth might lie between——He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it

it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been ſtruck with it——

—A better reaſon was, I had pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and Heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words 'great claims,' he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over

 again

again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times——but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along. *Sterne.*

The

The Death of YORICK.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in, with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he,——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them;—who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough of thee left to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.——I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain 'down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would

'fit it.'——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand,——and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,——he then cloſed them ——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him; ——a foot-way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by, without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it, ——and ſighing as he walks on,—

Alas, poor YORICK! *Sterne.*

....

SIR BERTRAND.—A Fragment.

——————SIR Bertrand turned his ſteed towards the woulds, hoping to croſs theſe dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the

the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendour from her veil, and then inſtantly retired behind it; having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage a while urged him to puſh forwards, but at length the increaſing darkneſs and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up, and turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch, ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpſe of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vaniſhed; at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed, and approaching the houſe, traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow footſteps—All was ſtill as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object

 through

through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch, and ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke—the noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again—he repeated the ſtrokes more boldly and louder—another interval of ſilence enſued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was ſtill. He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front—It again appeared *in* the ſame place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the ſame inſtant a deep ſullen toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop—he was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attemps, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs, and after a moment's deliberation aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart.

heart. He was now in total darknefs, and, with his arms extended, began to afcend the fecond ftair-cafe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grafped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to difengage himfelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his fword, and inftantly a loud fhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerlefs with his—He dropt it, and rufhed forwards with a defperate valour. The ftairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loofe fragments of ftone. The ftair-cafe grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pufhed it open—it led to an intricate winding paffage, juft large enough to admit a perfon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light ferved to fhew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan refounded from a diftance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the firft turning, he difcerned the fame blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, fuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midft of which a figure appeared, compleatly armed, thrufting forwards the bloody ftump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gefture, and brandifhing a fword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly fprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inftantly vanifhed, letting fall a maffy iron key. The flame now refted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—inftantly the doors flew open, and difcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin refted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each fide of it. Along the room, on both fides, were gigantic ftatues of black marble, attired in the Moorifh habit, and holding enormous fabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the fame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ftill glided forwards, and Sir

Bertrand

Bertrand refolutely followed, till he arrived within fix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a fhroud and black veil rofe up in it, and ftretched out her arms towards him—at the fame time the ftatues clafhed their fabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clafped her in his arms—fhe threw up her veil, and kiffed his lips; and inftantly the whole building fhook as with an earthquake, and fell afunder with a horrible crafh. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a fudden trance, and on recovering found himfelf feated on a velvet fofa, in the moft magnificent room he had ever feen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luftres of pure chryftal. A fumptuous banquet was fet in the middle. The doors opening to foft mufic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing fplendour, entered, furrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and fat befide him. The nymphs placed themfelves at the table, and a numerous train of fervants entering, ferved up the feaft: delicious mufic playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not fpeak for aftonifhment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and geftures. After the banquet was finifhed, all retired but the lady, who, leading back the knight to the fofa, addreffed him in thefe words: —

—— —— —— —— —— *Aikin's Mifcel.*

The Character of POMPEY.

POMPEY had early acquired the furname of the Great, by that fort of merit which, from the conftitution of the republic, neceffarily made him great; a fame and fuccefs in war, fuperior to what Rome had ever known in the moft celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three feveral times, over the three

three different parts of the known world, Europe, Aſia, Africa; and by his victories had almoſt doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the Leſſer Aſia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about ſix years older than Cæſar; and whlie Cæſar, immerſed in pleaſures, oppreſſed with debts, and ſuſpected by all honeſt men, was hardly able to ſhew his head, Pompey was flouriſhing in the height of power and glory; and, by the conſent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poſt that his ambition ſeemed to aim at, to be the firſt man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himſelf the maſter of it without any riſk, if his virtue, or his phlegm, at leaſt, had not reſtrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people what he did not care to ſeize by force; and, by fomenting the diſorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the neceſſity of creating him dictator. It is an obſervation of all the hiſtorians, that while Cæſar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or uſurped, whether over thoſe who loved, or thoſe who feared him; Pompey ſeemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any deſire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leiſure he found from his wars, he employed in the ſtudy of polite letters, and eſpecially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded ſeveral cauſes with applauſe, in the defence of his friends and clients; and ſome of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his ſentiments juſt; his voice ſweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he obſerved the ſame diſcipline, a perpetual modeſty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps, the example was more

rare and ſtriking. His perſon was extremely graceful, and imprinting reſpect; yet with an air of reſerved haughtineſs, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plaſiuble, rather than great; ſpecious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief inſtrument of governing was diſſimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real ſentiments. As he was a better ſoldier than a ſtateſman, ſo what he gained in the camp, he uſually loſt in the city; and, though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent oppoſition of the ſenate drove him to that alliance with Craſſus and Cæſar, which proved fatal both to himſelf and the republic. He took in theſe two, not as the partners, but the miniſters rather of his power; that by giving them ſome ſhare with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reaſon to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; ſince neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raiſe them above the laws: a ſuperior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own: till, by cheriſhing Cæſar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms and military command, he made him at laſt too ſtrong for himſelf, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly diſſuaded both his union and his breach with Cæſar; and after the rupture, as warmly ſtill, the thought of giving him battle: if any of theſe counſels had been followed, Pompey had preſerved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural ſuperſtition, and attention to thoſe vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruſpices: He had ſeen the ſame temper in Marius and Sylla, and obſerved the happy effects of it: but they aſſumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they uſed it to animate their ſoldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, againſt all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He ſaw

ſaw his miſtakes at laſt, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharſalia, was forced to confeſs, that he had truſted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and ſeen farther into things than he. The reſolution of ſeeking refuge in Egypt, finiſhed the ſad cataſtrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and reſtoration to his kingdom; and the ſon had ſent a conſiderable fleet to his aſſiſtance in the preſent war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whoſe politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the eſtabliſhment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipſed by the admiſſion of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that ſickneſs, when all Italy was putting up prayers and vows for his ſafety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharſalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died ſtill glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reſerved for an example of the inſtability of human greatneſs, he, who a few days before commanded kings and conſuls, and all the nobleſt of Rome, was ſentenced to die by a council of ſlaves; murdered by a baſe deſerter; caſt out naked and headleſs on the Egyptian ſtrand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius ſays, had ſcarce been ſufficient for his victories, could not find a ſpot upon it at laſt for a grave. His body was burnt on the ſhore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fiſhing-boat; and his aſhes, being conveyed to Rome, were depoſited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians, however, raiſed a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of braſs, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almoſt in ſand and rubbiſh, was ſought out, and reſtored by the emperor Hadrian. *Middleton.*

The Character of CATO.

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives in acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion; in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy; when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised rather than imitated.

Middleton.

A Comparison of Cæsar with Cato.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity; the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity; he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so; so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr Rose.

The private Life of Æmilius Scipio.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But,

But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumph it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and houshold. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance; could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Emilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian*: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor "to use the intervals of rest from public business with more "elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, be"tween the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful oc"cupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the "dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the "sciences."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, that he was never less idle than when at leisure, nor less alone than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself.

* Valerius Paterculus.

felf. A very extraordinary difpofition in perfons accuftomed to motion and agitation, whom leifure and folitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge iuto a difguft for every thing, and fill with melancholy; fo that they are difpleafed in every thing with themfelves, and fink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This faying of the firft Scipio feems to me to fuit the fecond ftill better, who having the advantage of the other, by being educated in a tafte for polite learning and the fciences, found in that a great refource againft the inconvenience of which we have been fpeaking. Befides which, having ufually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is eafy to judge that his houfe was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows that the comedies of Terence, the moft accomplifhed work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are afcribed to him and Lælius, of whom we fhall foon fpeak. It was publicly enough reported, that they affifted that poet in the compofition of his pieces; and Terence himfelf makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I fhall undoubtedly not advife any body, and leaft of all perfons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occafion, let us only confider tafte in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleafure, and one more worthy of a wife and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more neceffary to a military perfon, than that which refults from reading works of wit, and from the converfation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the obfervation of a Pagan, that he fhould be above thofe trivial pleafures, to which perfons without letters, knowledge, curiofity, and tafte for reading, are obliged to give themfelves up.

Another kind of pleafure, ftill more fenfible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, conftituted the greateft felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendfhip; a pleafure feldom known by great perfons or princes, becaufe generally loving only themfelves, they do not de-

ferve to have friends. However, this is the moft grateful tie of human fociety; fo that the poet Ennius fays with great reafon, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and thofe very illuftrious: but I fhall fpeak here only of Lelius, whofe probity and prudence acquired him the furname of the Wife.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better fuited to each other than thofe great men. They were almoft of the fame age, and had the fame inclination, benevolence of mind, tafte for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he fignalized himfelf very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the fuperiority, in refpect of eloquence, feems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and fays, that Lælius's ftyle favoured more of the ancient manner, and had fomething lefs agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himfelf (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the ftrict union which fubfifted between Scipio and him. "As for me," fays Lælius, "of all the gifts "of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to "the happinefs of having Scipio for my friend. I found in "our friendfhip a perfect conformity of fentiments in refpect "to public affairs; an inexhauftible fund of counfels and fup-"ports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be "expreffed. I never gave Scipio the leaft offence, to my "knowledge, nor ever heard a word efcape him that did not "pleafe me. We had but one houfe, and one table at our "common expence, the frugality of which was equally the "tafte of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were "always together. I do not mention our ftudies, and the at-"tention of us both always to learn fomething; this was the "employment of all our leifure hours, removed from the fight "and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendſhip like that which Lælius has juſt deſcribed? What a conſolation is it to have a ſecond ſelf, to whom we have nothing ſecret, and in whoſe heart we may pour out our own with perfect effuſion! Could we taſte proſperity ſo ſenſibly, if we had no one to ſhare in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adverſity, and the accidents of life to have a friend ſtill more affected with them than ourſelves! What highly exalts the value of the friendſhip we ſpeak of, was its not being founded at all upon intereſt, but ſolely upon eſteem for each other's virtues. "What occaſion," ſays Lælius, could Scipio have "of me? Undoubtedly none: nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high eſteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me aroſe from the favourable idea of my character and manners. This friendſhip increaſed afterwards upon both ſides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but thoſe were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embaſſy of Scipio Africanus into the Eaſt and Egypt, better than here; we ſhall ſee the ſame taſte of ſimplicity and modeſty, as we have juſt been repreſenting in his private life, ſhine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to ſend embaſſadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illuſtrious perſons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were ſent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Phyſcon then reigned, the moſt cruel tyrant mentioned in hiſtory. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongſt the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to viſit Aſia Minor, and Greece; to inſpect into the affairs of thoſe countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were obſerved; and to remedy, as far as poſſible, all the diſorders that ſhould come to their knowledge. They acquitted themſelves with ſo much equity, wiſdom, and ability, and did

ſuch great ſervices to thoſe to whom they were ſent, in re-eſtabliſhing order amongſt them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambaſſadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the ſenate for having ſent perſons of ſuch great merit to them, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs they could not ſufficiently commend.

The firſt place to which they went, according to their inſtructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it ſo little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richeſt and moſt powerful perſon of Rome, had only one friend, the philoſopher Panætius, with him, and five domeſtics. His victories, ſays an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were conſidered; and his perſonal virtues and qualities were eſteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and ſilver.

Though, during their whole ſtay in Egypt, the king cauſed their table to be covered with the moſt exquiſite proviſions of every kind, they never touched any but the moſt ſimple and common, deſpiſing all the reſt, which only ſerve to ſoften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on ſuch occaſions, ought not the ambaſſadors of ſo powerful a ſtate as Rome to have ſuſtained its reputation of majeſty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taſte of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the moſt juſtly of true greatneſs and ſolid glory.

Rollin.

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On Human Grandeur.

An alehouſe-keeper near Iſlington, who had long lived at the ſign of the French King, upon the commencement of the laſt war pulled down his old ſign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden ſceptre,

ſceptre, he continued to ſell ale, till ſhe was no longer the favourite of his cuſtomers; he changed her, therefore, ſome time ago, for the King of Pruſſia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that ſhall be ſet up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have ſufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who ſeldom holds his ſtation long; for the mob are ever pelaſed with variety.

I muſt own I have ſuch an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to ſuſpect that merit which raiſes their ſhout; at leaſt I am certain to find thoſe great, and ſometimes good men, who find ſatisfaction in ſuch acclamations, made worſe by it; and hiſtory has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world would have condemned the adulation of thoſe bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve diſcrimen, patibulum inter "et ſtatuam." "You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference be- "tween a gibbet and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands; for, as popular applauſe is excited by what ſeems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers muſt toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at laſt, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, reſembles a woman of ſenſe; her admirers muſt play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are ſure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift uſed to appear in public, he generally had the mob ſhouting at his train. "Pox take theſe fools," he would ſay, "how much joy "might all this bawling give my lord-mayor?"

We have ſeen thoſe virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be ſet up, even above that of his more talked of predeceſſor; ſince an aſſemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far ſuperior to thoſe vulgarly called the great ones. I moſt be pardoned for this ſhort tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much deteſt to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I ſhould to offer it.

I know not how to turn ſo trite a ſubject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illuſtrating it, rather by the aſſiſtance of my memory than judgment; and, inſtead of making reflections, by telling a ſtory.

A Chineſe, who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and, as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, then, has he faſted to

"death,

" death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond " the precincts of China!"

There is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered quality in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole; whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts; all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher, and poet, are ſhouted in their train. " Where was there ever " ſo much merit ſeen? no times ſo important as our own! " ages, yet unborn, ſhall gaze with wonder and applauſe!" To ſuch muſic the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by newspapers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few yerrs longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations an herring-fiſhery.

Goldſmith.

The

The Resignation of the Emperor CHARLES V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administraion. He observed, that, from the seventeenth

ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea; that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you by my "death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made ſuch large "additions, ſome regard would have been juſtly due to my

memory

" memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily re-
" ſign to you what I might ſtill have retained, I may well ex-
" pect the warmeſt expreſſions of thanks on your part. With
" theſe, however, I diſpenſe; and ſhall conſider your concern
" for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your love of them, as
" the beſt and moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude to
" me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and virtuous adminiſtra-
" tion, to juſtify the extraordinary proof which I this day give
" of my paternal affection; and to demonſtrate, that you are
" worthy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. Preſerve
" an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith
" in its purity; let the laws of your country be ſacred in your
" eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your peo-
" ple: and, if the time ſhall ever come, when you ſhall wiſh
" to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a ſon
" endowed with ſuch qualities, that you can reſign your ſcep-
" tre to him with as much ſatisfaction as I give up mine to
" you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an annual penſion of an hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

Robertson.

GENERAL HISTORY.

Of the Origin of Nations, Laws, Government, and Commerce.

III. FROM THE DEFEAT OF XERXES TO THE TAKING OF CARTHAGE.

THOUGH the Persian* war concluded gloriously for the Greeks, it is, in a great measure, to this war, that the subsequent misfortunes of that nation are to be attributed. It was not the battles in which they suffered the loss of so many brave men, but those in which they acquired an immensity of Persian gold; it was not their enduring so many hardships in the course of the war, but their connexion with the Persians, after the conclusion of it, which subverted the Grecian establishments, and ruined the most virtuous confederacy that ever existed upon earth. The Greeks became haughty after their victories: delivered from the common enemy, they began to quarrel with one another: their quarrels were fomented by Persian gold, of which they had acquired enough to make them desirous of more. Hence proceeded the famous Peloponnesian war, † in which the Athenians and Lacedemonians acted as principals, and drew after them the other states of Greece. They continued to weaken themselves, by these intestine divisions, till Philip, king of Macedon, (a country till his time little known, but which, by the active and crafty genius of this prince, became important and powerful) rendered himself the absolute master of Greece, by the battle of ‡ Cheronæa. But this conquest is one of the first

* 463. † 431. ‡ 338.

first we meet with in history, which did not depend on the event of a battle. Philip had laid his schemes so deep, and by bribery, promises, and intrigues, gained over such a number of considerable persons in the several states of Greece to his interest, that another day would have put in his possession what Cheronæa had denied him. The Greeks had lost that virtue, which was the basis of their confederacy. Their popular governments served only to give a sanction to their licentiousness and corruption The principal orators, in most of their states, were bribed into the service of Philip; and all the eloquence of a Demosthenes, assisted by truth and virtue, was unequal to the mean, but more seductive arts of his opponents, who, by flattering the people, used the surest method of winning their affections.

Philip had proposed to extend the boundaries of his empire beyond the narrow limits of Greece. But he did not long survive the battle of Cheronæa. Upon his decease his son Alexander was chosen general against the Persians, by all the Grecian states, except the Athenians and Thebans. These made a feeble effort for expiring liberty. But they were obliged to yield to superior force. Secure on the side of Greece, * Alexander set out on his Persian expedition, at the head of thirty thousand foot, and five thousand horse. The success of this army in conquering the whole force of Darius, in three pitched battles, in over-running and subduing not only the countries then known to the Greeks, but many parts of India, the very names of which had never reached an European ear, has been described by many authors, both ancient and modern, and constitutes a singular part of the history of the world. Soon after this rapid † career of victory and success, Alexander died at Babylon. His captains, after sacrificing all his family to their ambition, divided among them his dominions. This gives rise to a number of wars and events, too complicated for our present purpose, and even too uninteresting. After considering therefore

* 330 † 323

fore the ftate of arts and fciences in Greece, we fhall pafs over to the Roman affairs, where the hiftorical deduction is more fimple, and alfo more important.

The bare names of illuftrious men, who flourifhed in Greece from the time of Cyrus to that of Alexander, would fill a large volume. During this period, all the arts were carried to the higheft pitch of perfection ; and the improvements we have hitherto mentioned were but the dawnings of this glorious day. Though the eaftern nations had raifed magnificent and ftupendous ftructures, the Greeks were the firft people in the world, who, in their works of architecture, added beauty to magnificence, and elegance to grandeur.. The temples of Jupiter Olympus, and the Ephefian Diana, are the firft monuments of good tafte. They were erected by the Grecian colonies, who fettled in Afia Minor before the reign of Cyrus. Phidias, the Athenian, who died in the year B. C. 432, is the firft fculptor whofe works have been immortal. Zeuxis, Parrhafius, and Timantheus, during the fame age, firft difcovered the power of the pencil, and all the magic of painting. Compofition in all its various branches, reached a degree of perfection in the Greek language, of which a modern reader can hardly form an idea. After Hefiod and Homer, who flourifhed 1000 years before the Chriftian æra, the tragic poets Æfchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were the firft confiderable improvers of poetry. Herodotus gave fimplicity and elegance to profaic writings. Ifocrates gave it cadence and harmony, but it was left to Thucydides and Demofthenes to difcover the full force of the Greek tongue. It was not, however, in the finer arts alone that the Greeks excelled. Every fpecies of philofophy was cultivated among them with the utmoft fuccefs. Not to mention the divine Socrates, the virtues of whofe life, and the excellence of whofe philofophy, juftly entitled him to a very high degree of veneration, his three difciples, Plato, Ariftotle, and Xenophon, may, for ftrength of reafoning, juftnefs of fentiment, and propriety of expreffion, be put on a footing with the

the writers of any age or century. Experience, indeed, in a long courſe of years, has taught us many ſecrets in nature, with which theſe philoſophers were unacquainted, and which no ſtrength of genius could divine. But whatever ſome vain empirics in learning may pretend, the moſt learned and ingenious men, both in France and England, have acknowledged the ſuperiority of the Greek philoſophers, and have reckoned themſelves happy in catching their turn of thinking, and manner of expreſſion. But the Greeks were not leſs diſtinguiſhed for their active than for their ſpeculative talents. It would be endleſs to recount the names of their famous ſtateſmen and warriors, and it is impoſſible to mention a few without doing injuſtice to a greater number. War was firſt reduced into a ſcience by the Greeks. Their ſoldiers fought from an affection to their country, and an ardour for glory, and not from a dread of their ſuperiors. We have ſeen the effects of this military virtue in their wars againſt the Perſians: the cauſe of it was the wiſe laws which Amphictyon, Solon, and Lycurgus had eſtabliſhed in Greece. But we muſt now leave this nation, whoſe hiſtory, both civil and philoſophical, is as important as their territory was inconſiderable, and turn our attention to the Roman affairs, which are ſtill more intereſting, both on their own account, and from the relation in which they ſtand to thoſe of modern Europe.

The character of Romulus, the founder of the Roman ſtate, when we view him as the leader of a few lawleſs and wandering banditti *, is an object of extreme inſignificance. But when we conſider him as the founder of an empire as extenſive as the world, and whoſe progreſs and decline have occaſioned the two greateſt revolutions that ever happened in Europe, we cannot help being intereſted in his conduct. His diſpoſition was extremely martial; and the political ſtate of Italy, divided into a number of ſmall but independent diſtricts, afforded a noble field for the diſplay of military talents. Romulus

* 753.

mulus was continually embroiled with one or other of his neighbours; and war was the only employment by which he and his companions expected not only to aggrandize themselves, but even to subsist. In the conduct of his wars with the neighbouring people, we may observe the same maxims by which the Romans afterwards became masters of the world. Instead of destroying the nations he had subjected, he united them to the Roman state, whereby Rome acquired a new accession of strength from every war she undertook, and became powerful and populous from that very circumstance which ruins and depopulates other kingdoms. If the enemies, with which he contended, had, by means of the art or arms they employed, any considerable advantage, Romulus immediately adopted that practice, or the use of that weapon, and improved the military system of the Romans by the united experience of all their enemies. We have an example of both these maxims, by means of which the Roman state arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, in the war with the Sabines. Romulus having conquered that nation, not only united them to the Romans, but finding their buckler preferable to the Roman, instantly threw aside the latter, and made use of the Sabine buckler in fighting against other states. Romulus, though principally attached to war, did not altogether neglect the civil policy of his infant kingdom. He instituted what was called the Senate, a court originally composed of a hundred persons, distinguished for their wisdom and experience. He enacted laws for the administration of justice, and for bridling the fierce and unruly passions of his followers; and, after a long reign, spent in promoting the civil or military interests of his country, was, according to the most probable conjecture, privately assassinated by some of the members of that senate *, which he himself had instituted.

The successors of Romulus were all very extraordinary personages. Numa, who came next to him, established the religious

gious ceremonies of the Romans, and inſpired them with that veneration for an oath which was ever after the ſoul of their military diſcipline. Tullus Hoſtilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priſcus, and Servius Tullius, laboured each during his* reign for the grandeur of Rome. But Tarquinius Superbus, the ſeventh and laſt king, having obtained the crown by the execrable murder of his father-in-law Servius, continued to ſupport it by the moſt cruel and infamous tyranny. This, together with the inſolence of his ſon Sextus Tarquinius, who, by diſhonouring Lucretia, a Roman lady, affronted the whole nation, occaſioned the expulſion of the Tarquin family †, and with it the diſſolution of the regal government. As the Romans, however, were continually engaged in war, they found it neceſſary to have ſome officer inveſted with ſupreme authority, who might conduct them to the field, and regulate their military enterpriſes. In the room of the kings, therefore, they appointed two annual magiſtrates called conſuls, who, without creating the ſame jealouſy, ſucceeded to all the powers of their ſovereigns. This revolution was extremely favourable to the Roman grandeur. The conſuls, who enjoyed but a temporary power, were deſirous of ſignalizing their reign by ſome great action: each vied with thoſe who had gone before him, and the Romans were daily led out againſt ſome new enemy. When we add to this, that the people, naturally warlike, were inſpired to deeds of valour by every conſideration which could excite them; that the citizens of Rome were all ſoldiers, and fought for their lands, their children, and their liberties, we need not be ſurpriſed that they ſhould, in the courſe of ſome centuries, extend their power over all Italy.

The Romans, now ſecure at home, and finding no enemy to contend with, turn their eyes abroad, and meet with a powerful rival in the Carthaginians. This ſtate had been founded or enlarged on the coaſt of the Mediterranean in Africa, ſome time before Rome, by a colony of Phœnicians, anno B. C. 869,

* 510. † 264.

869, and, according to the practice of their mother-country, they had cultivated commerce and naval greatness.

Carthage, in this design, had proved wonderfully successful. She now commanded both sides of the Mediterranean. Besides that of Africa, which she almost entirely possessed, she had extended herself on the Spanish side, through the Streights. Thus mistress of the sea, and of commerce, she had seized on the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. Sicily had difficulty to defend itself; and the Romans were too nearly threatened not to take up arms*. Hence a succession of hostilities between these rival states, known in history by the name of Punic wars, in which the Carthaginians, with all their wealth and power, were an unequal match for the Romans. Carthage was a powerful republic, when Rome was a truckling state; but she was now become corrupt and effeminate, while Rome was in the vigour of her political constitution. Carthage employed mercenaries to carry on her wars; Rome, as we have already mentioned, was composed of soldiers. The first war with Carthage taught the Romans the art of fighting on the sea, with which they had hitherto been unacquainted. A Carthaginian vessel was wrecked on their coasts; they used it for a model,† in three months fitted out a fleet, and the Consul Duillius, who fought their first naval battle, was victorious. It is not to our purpose to mention all the transactions of these wars. The behaviour of Regulus, the Roman general, may give us an idea of the spirit which then animated this people. Being taken prisoner in Africa, he is sent back on his parole to negociate a change of prisoners. He maintains in the senate, the propriety of that law, which cut off from those who suffered themselves to be taken, ‡ all hopes of being saved, and returns to a certain death.

Neither was Carthage, though corrupted, deficient in great men. Of all the enemies, the Romans ever had to contend with, Hannibal, the Carthaginian, was the most inflexible and dangerous.

* 264 † 260 ‡ 255

dangerous. His father, Hamilcar, had imbibed an extreme hatred againſt the Romans; and having ſettled the inteſtine troubles of his country, he took an early opportunity to inſpire his ſon, though but nine years old, with his own ſentiments. For this purpoſe, he ordered a ſolemn ſacrifice to be offered to Jupiter; and leading his ſon to the altar, aſked him whether he was willing to attend him in his expedition againſt the Romans. The courageous boy not only conſented to go, but conjured his father by the gods preſent, to form him to victory, and teach him the art of conquering. That I will joyfully do, replied Hamilcar; and with all the care of a father who loves you, if you will ſwear upon the altar to be an eternal enemy to the Romans. Hannibal readily complied; and the ſolemnity of the ceremony, and the ſacredneſs of the oath, made ſuch an impreſſion upon his mind, as nothing could ever afterwards efface. Being appointed general at twenty-five years of age, he croſſes the Ebro*, the Pyrenees, and the Alps, and in a moment falls down upon Italy. The loſs of four battles threatens the fall of Rome. Sicily ſides with the conqueror†. Hieronymus, King of Syracuſe, declares againſt the Romans; and almoſt all Italy abandons them. In this extremity, Rome owed its preſervation to three great men. Fabius Maximus, deſpiſing popular clamour, and the military ardour of his countrymen, declines coming to an engagement. The ſtrength of Rome has time to recover. Marcellus raiſes the ſiege of Nola, takes Syracuſe, and revives the drooping ſpirits of his troops. The Romans admired the character of theſe great men, but ſaw ſomething more divine in the young Scipio.— The ſucceſs of this young hero confirmed the popular opinion, that he was of divine extraction, and held converſe with the gods. At the age of four-and-twenty, he flies into Spain‡, where both his father and uncle loſt their lives, attacks New Carthage, and carries it at the firſt aſſault. Upon his arrival in Africa, kings ſubmit to him, Carthage trembles in her turn, and

* 220 † 212 ‡ 210

and fees her armies defeated. Hannibal, fixteen years victorious, is in vain called home to defend his country. Carthage is rendered tributary‖, gives hoftages, and engages never to enter upon a war, but with the confent of the Roman people.

Guthrie.

The Advantages of a Good Education.

I CONSIDER an human foul, without education, like marble in the quarry, which fhews none of its inherent beauties, until the fkill of the polifher fetches out the colours, makes the furface fhine, and difcovers every ornamental cloud, fpot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the fame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without fuch helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allufion fo foon upon him, I fhall make ufe of the fame inftance to illuftrate the force of education, which Ariftotle has brought to explain his doctrine of fubftantial forms, when he tells us, that a ftatue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the ftatuary only clears away the fuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbifh. The figure is in the ftone, and the fculptor only finds it. What fculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human foul. The philofopher, the faint, or the hero, the wife, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have difinterred, and have brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of favage nations, and with contemplating thofe virtues which are wild and

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and uncultivated; to fee courage exerting itfelf in fiercenefs, refolution in obftinacy, wifdom in cunning, patience in fullennefs and defpair.

Men's paffions operate varioufly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or lefs rectified and fwayed by reafon. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their mafters, or upon changing their fervice, hang themfelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreffes itfelf in fo dreadful a manner? What might not that favage greatnefs of foul, which appears in thefe poor wretches on many occafions, be raifed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excufe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our fpecies; that we fhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we fhould only fet an infignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we fhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the profpects of happinefs in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is, therefore, an unfpeakable bleffing to be born in thofe parts of the world where wifdom and knowledge flourifh;—though, it muft be confeffed, there are, even in thefe parts, feveral poor uninftructed perfons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thofe nations of which I have been here fpeaking; as thofe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rife above one another by feveral different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our ftatue in the block of marble, we fee it fometimes only begun to be chipped, fometimes rough-hewn, and but juft fketched into an human figure; fometimes we fee the man appearing diftinctly in all his limbs and features; fometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but feldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give feveral nice touches and finifhings. *Spectator.*

The Diſadvantages of a Bad Education.

SIR, I was condemned by ſome diſaſtrous influence to be an only ſon, born to the apparent proſpect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when ſatiety of common diverſions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenſeneſs. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feaſts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were ſent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents diſcovered, in my firſt cries, ſuch tokens of future virtue and underſtanding, that they declared themſelves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happineſs and the encreaſe of their eſtate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houſes, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as the auxiliaries againſt the intruſion of thought.

When there is ſuch a parity between two perſons aſſociated for life, the dejection which the huſband, if he be not completely ſtupid, muſt always ſuffer for want of ſuperiority, ſinks him to ſubmiſſiveneſs. My mamma, therefore, governed the family without controul; and except that my father ſtill retained ſome authority in the ſtables, and now and then, after a ſupernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glaſs or china-diſh to prove his ſovereignty, the whole courſe of the year was regulated by her direction, the ſervants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or diſmiſſed at her diſcretion.

She, therefore, thought herſelf entitled to the ſuperintendance of her ſon's education; and when my father, at the inſtigation

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ſtigation of the parſon, faintly propoſed that I ſhould be ſent to ſchool, very poſitively told him, that ſhe would not ſuffer a fine child to be ruined; that ſhe never knew any boys at a grammar-ſchool, that could come into a room without bluſhing, or ſit at the table without ſome aukward uneaſineſs; that they were always putting themſelves into danger by boiſterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, ſhe would rather follow me to the grave, than ſee me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and ſneak about with dirty ſhoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his propoſal than to appear wiſe and manly, ſoon acquieſced, ſince I was not to live by my learning; for, indeed, he had known very few ſtudents that had not ſome ſtiffneſs in their manner. They, therefore, agreed, that a domeſtic tutor ſhould be procured; and hired an honeſt gentleman, of mean converſation and narrow ſentiments, but whom, having paſſed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a ſcholar. He thought himſelf ſufficiently exalted by being placed at the ſame table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmoſt flexibility of ſubmiſſion to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, leſt I ſhould mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally bruſhed my coat before he diſmiſſed me into the parlour.

He had no occaſion to complain of too burdenſome an employment; for my mother very judiciouſly conſidered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and ſuffered me not to paſs any more time in his apartment than my leſſon required. When I was ſummoned to my taſk, ſhe enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was ſeldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admoniſhed not to lean on my chair, croſs my legs, or

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ſwing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very ſeriouſly deliberated upon his total diſmiſſion, becauſe I began, ſhe ſaid, to learn his manner of ſticking on my hat, and had his bend in my ſhoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I eſcaped all theſe depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myſelf of every appearance of childiſh diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickneſs of my replies; and many a ſcholar, five years older than myſelf, have I daſhed into confuſion by the ſteadineſs of my countenance, ſilenced by my readineſs of repartee, and tortured with envy by the addreſs with which I picked up a fan, preſented a ſnuff box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen, I was completely ſkilled in all the niceties of dreſs; and I could not only enumerate all the variety of ſilks, and diſtinguiſh the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and obſerve every deviation from the reigning mode. I was univerſally ſkilful in all the changes of expenſive finery; but as every one, they ſay, has ſomething to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Bruſſels lace.

The next year ſaw me advanced to the truſt and power of adjuſting the ceremonial of an aſſembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every ſtranger applied for introduction. My heart now diſdained the inſtructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a ſmall annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myſelf.

In a ſhort time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher claſſes of life, ſoon obtained admiſſion to the moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, and moſt crowded card tables. Here I found myſelf univerſally careſſed and applauded; the ladies praiſed the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the ſoftneſs of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themſelves to my notice; and invited, by a thouſand oblique ſolicitations, my attendance to the play-houſe,

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and my ſalutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmoſt extent of my conception; I paſſed every morning in dreſs, every afternoon in viſits, and every night in ſome ſelect aſſemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were ſuffered to moleſt us.

After a few years, however, theſe delights became familiar, and I had leiſure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the langour of ſatiety, or recreate wearineſs, by varied amuſement; and, therefore, endeavoured to enlarge the ſphere of my pleaſures, and to try what ſatisfaction might be found in the ſociety of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whoſe name I had heard mentioned with reſpect, received me with a kind of tenderneſs nearly bordering on compaſſion; and that thoſe whoſe reputation was not well eſtabliſhed, thought it neceſſary to juſtify their underſtandings, by treating me with contempt. One of theſe witlings elevated his creſt, by aſking me in a full coffeehouſe the price of patches; and another whiſpered, that he wondered Miſs Friſk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her ſquirrel.

When I found myſelf thus hunted from all maſculine converſation, by thoſe who were themſelves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and reſolved to dedicate my life to their ſervice and their pleaſure. But I find that I have now loſt my charms. Of thoſe with whom I entered the gay world, ſome are married, ſome have retired, and ſome have ſo much changed their opinion, that they ſcarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addreſſes, ſuffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myſelf welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either uſe or dignity to life, are content to paſs their hours between their bed and their cards, without eſteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

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I cannot but think, Mr Rambler, that I have reafon to complain; for furely the females ought to pay fome regard to the age of him whofe youth was paffed in endeavours to pleafe them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punifh it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavifh their firft fondnefs upon pertnefs and gaiety, they foon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their laft years in ftupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. FLORENTULUS. *Rambler.*

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The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of fpending it.

WE all of us complain of the fhortnefs of time, faith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, fays he, are fpent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpofe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philofopher has defcribed our inconfiftency with ourfelves in this particular by all thofe various turns of expreffion and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often confider mankind as wholly inconfiftent with itfelf, in a point that bears fome affinity to the former. Though we feem grieved at the fhortnefs of life, in general, we are wifhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of bufinefs, then to make up an eftate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be fhort, the feveral divifions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our fpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compofed. The ufurer would be very well fatisfied to

to have all the time annihilated that lies between the prefent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lofe three years in his life, could he place things in the pofture which he fancies they will ftand in after fuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ftrike out of his exiftence all the moments that are to pafs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faft as our time runs, we fhould be very glad, in moft parts of our lives, that it ran much fafter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wifh away whole years; and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waftes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thofe feveral little fettlements or imaginary points of reft which are difperfed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moft men into twenty parts, we fhall find that at leaft nineteen of them are mere gaps and chafms, which are neither filled with pleafure nor bufinefs. I do not, however, include in this calculation the life of thofe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thofe only who are not always engaged in fcenes of action; and I hope I fhall not do an unacceptible piece of fervice to thefe perfons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty fpaces of life. The methods I fhall propofe to them are as follow:—

The firft is, the exercife of virtue, in the moft general acceptation of the word. That particular fcheme which comprehends the focial virtues, may give employment to the moft induftrious temper, and find a man bufinefs more than the moft active ftation of life. To advife the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoft every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fiercenefs of a party; of doing juftice to the character of a deferving man; of foftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments fuitable to a reafonable nature, and bring

great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean, that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the Divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

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The next method, therefore, that I would propofe to fill up our time, fhould be ufeful and innocent diverfions. I muft confefs, I think it is below reafonable creatures to be altogether converfant in fuch diverfions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elfe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to fay for itfelf, I fhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to fee perfons of the beft fenfe paffing away a dozen hours together in fhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converfation but what is made up of a few game phrafes, and no other ideas but thofe of black or red fpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this fpecies complaining that life is fhort?

The ftage might be made a perpetual fource of the moft noble and ufeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itfelf fo agreeably as in the converfation of a well-chofen friend. There is, indeed, no bleffing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a difcreet and virtuous friend. It eafes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underftanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good refolution, foothes and allays the paffions, and finds employment for moft of the vacant hours of life.

Next to fuch an intimacy with a particular perfon; one would endeavour after a more general converfation with fuch as are capable of edifying and entertaining thofe with whom they converfe, which are qualities that feldom go afunder.

There are many other ufeful amufements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occafions, have recourfe to fomething rather than fuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paffion that chances to rife in it.

A man that has a tafte in mufic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another fenfe, when compared with fuch as have no relifh of thofe arts. The florift, the planter, the

 gardener,

gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

Spectator.

Story of ANNINGAIT *and* AJUT *a Greenland tale.*

Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph, who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

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No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of England, pinched with the froſts of December, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Aſia, and ſport among woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon recover his tranquillity, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenneſs of the earth and the ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries, are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diverſify characters; the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the ſummer.

Yet learned curioſity is known to have found it's way into theſe abodes of poverty and glooms: Lapland and Iceland have their hiſtorians, their critics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the ſame power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eaſtern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to

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their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and moon.

Anningait for ſome time heard the praiſes of Ajut with little emotion, but at laſt, by frequent interviews, became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear, but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer; ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

The elegance of her dreſs, and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroic and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that, "She "was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme "upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the "teeth of the morſe, and her ſmile grateful as the diſſolution "of the ice; that he would purſue her, though ſhe ſhould "paſs the ſnows of the midland cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter in the "caves of the eaſtern cannibals; that he would tear her from "the embraces of the genius of the rocks, ſnatch her from the "paws of Amaroc, and reſcue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wiſh, that "whoever ſhall attempt to "hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his "bow, and that in the land of ſouls his ſkull might ſerve for "no other uſe than to catch the droppings of the ſtarry "lamps."

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered,

conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes, and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before Anningait had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated Ajut, that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcention, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the ſun "ſhining on the water, conſider," ſaid Anningait, "what "thou haſt required. How eaſily may my return be preclud-"ed by a ſudden froſt or unexpected fogs; then muſt the "night be paſt without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in "thoſe fabled countries, which lying ſtrangers ſo wantonly "deſcribe; where the whole year is divided into ſhort days "and nights; where the ſame habitation ſerves for ſummer "and winter; where they raiſe houſes in rows above the "ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame "animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any "time from one place to another, through ways incloſed with "trees, or over walls raiſed upon the inland waters; and di-"rect their courſe through wide countries by the ſight of green

"hills

" hills or ſcattered buildings. Even in ſummer, we have no " means of croſſing the mountains, whoſe ſnows are never diſ- " ſolved; nor can remove to any diſtant reſidence, but in our " boats coaſting the bays. Conſider, Ajut; a few ſummer " days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an " end. Night is the time of eaſe and feſtivity, of revels and " gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious ſeal, " or the ſoft oil, without the ſmile of Ajut."

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of Ajut, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect; and therefore preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five fawns and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea-unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much over-powered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, and then returning to her hut, ſilent and dejected, laid aſide, from that hour, her white deer ſkin, ſuffered her hair to ſpread unbraided on her ſhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moſs for the winter lamps, and dried graſs to line the boots of Anningait. Of the ſkins which he had beſtowed upon her, ſhe made a fiſhing-coat, a ſmall boat, and tent, all of exquiſite manufacture; and while ſhe was thus buſied ſolaced her labours with a ſong, in which ſhe prayed, " that her lover might have hands ſtrong-

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"er than the paws of the bear, and feet ſwifter than the feet "of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his "boat might never leak; that he might never ſtumble on the "ice, nor faint in the water; that the ſeal might ruſh on his "harpoon, and the wounded whale might daſh the waves in "vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders tranſport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debaſe himſelf by work which requires neither ſkill nor courage. Anningait was therefore expoſed by idleneſs to the ravages of paſſion. He went thrice to the ſtern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and ſwim back to his miſtreſs; but recollecting the miſery which they muſt endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or ſkins for the bed, he reſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. "O life," ſays he, "frail and un-"certain! where ſhall wretched man find thy reſemblance but "in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it ſparkles "from afar; while the ſtorms drive and the waters beat it, "the ſun melts it above, and the rocks ſhatter it below. What "art thou, deceitful pleaſure! but a ſudden blaze ſtreaming "from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks "the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vaniſhes for "ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we ap-"proach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by im-"perceptible degrees, till we have loſt all power of reſiſtance "and eſcape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, "while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careleſs "as the ſleeping morſe, I was merry as the ſingers in the ſtars. "Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did "I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, re-"member Anningait, and meet my return with the ſmile of "virginity. I will chaſe the deer, I will ſubdue the whale,

" reſiſtleſs as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as the ſummer
" ſun. In a few weeks, I ſhall return proſperous and wealthy;
" then ſhall the roeſiſh and the porpoiſe feaſt thy kindred; the
" fox and hare ſhall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the
" ſeal ſhall ſhelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale
" illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with theſe ſentiments conſoled his grief, and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened, as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of Norngſuk, on his return from hunting. Norngſuk was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of Greenland, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Aningait.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that Ajut would conſult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle obtained a promiſe, that when Ajut ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of

ſouls.

fouls. Ajut, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much greater reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and Norngſuk depending upon his artifices, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the preſents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngſuk. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore.

Ajut, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at laſt they retired to reſt, Ajut went down to the beach; where, finding a fiſhing-boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe

who wondered at her rafhnefs, that fhe was going in fearch of Anningait, rowed away with great fwiftnefs, and was feen no more.

The fate of thefe lovers gave occafion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into ftars; others imagine, that Anningait was feized in his paffage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and ftill continues to feek her lover in the deferts of the fea. But the general perfuafion is, that they are both in that part of the land of fouls where the fun never fets, where oil is always frefh, and provifions always warm. The virgins fometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the haplefs maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praife any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut. *Rambler.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Common BULL *and* COW.

OF all animals, except man, the Cow feems moft extenfively propagated: It is equally capable of enduring the rigours of heat and cold; and is an inhabitant of the frozen as well as the moft fcorching climates. Other animals preferve their nature or their form with inflexible perfeverance; but thefe in every refpect fuit themfelves to the wants and conveniences of mankind. In no animal is there to be met with a greater variety of kinds: and in none a more humble and pliant difpofition.

The climate and paftures of Great Britain are well adapted to the moderate nature of this animal; and we are indebted to the variety and abundance of our wholefome vegetables for the number and excellence of our cattle, which range over our hills,

hills, and enliven our plains; a ſource of inexhauſtible wealth —the pride and boaſt of this happy country.

Being deſtitute of the upper fore-teeth, the Cow prefers the high and rich graſs in paſtures to the ſhort and more delicate herbage the Horſe generally ſelects. For this reaſon, in our Engliſh paſtures, where the graſs is rather high and flouriſhing than ſuculent and nutritious, the Cow thrives admirably: and there is no part of Europe in which this animal grows larger*, yields more milk, nor fattens ſooner.

It has often been remarked, that the Horſe and Sheep impoveriſh the ſoil on which they graze; whilſt the paſture where the Cow is fed, acquires a finer ſurface, and every year becomes more level and beautiful; For the Horſe ſelects the graſs that is moſt delicate and tender, and being furniſhed with fore-teeth on each jaw, nips it cloſe, and frequently pulls it up by the roots, thereby preventing its future growth and propagation: The Sheep alſo, though formed like the Cow with reſpect to its teeth, only bites the moſt ſucculent parts of the herbage. Theſe animals therefore cut the fine graſs too cloſely, and ſuffer the high weeds and ranker graſs to vegetate undiſturbed, and overrun the paſtures.

The age of the Cow is known by its horns: At the age of four years a ring is formed at their roots, and every ſucceeding year another ring is added. Thus by allowing three years before their appearance, and then reckoning the number of rings, the creature's age may be exactly known.

The quantity of milk given by the Cow is very different: Some will yield only about ſix quarts in one day, while others give from ten to fifteen, and ſometimes even to twenty. The richneſs of the paſture contributes not a little to its encreaſe. There have been inſtances of Cows giving upwards of thirty quarts

* Two Oxen, bred and fed at Hawick, in the county of Northumberland, were killed in March, 1787, at the age of ſeven years: They meaſured from the head to the rump nine feet eight inches, the height at the ſhoulder was five feet ten inches, and weighed one hundred and ſeventy-eight ſtone five pounds each.

quarts of milk in one day. In ſuch caſes there is a neceſſity for milking them thrice. From the milk of ſome Cows twelve or fourteen pounds of butter are made in a week.

It has been advanced by ſome naturaliſts as a general principle, that neither animals, nor parts of animals, appear to be primarily intended for the uſe of man; but are only capable of a ſecondary application to his purpoſes: Yet it muſt be allowed, that, in many inſtances, what they term the ſecondary uſe is ſo manifeſt and important, that it cannot, with propriety, be ſuppoſed to be excluded from the original deſigns of the all-wiſe Creator: And it muſt be allowed, that the Cow, in its faculty of giving in ſuch abundance, and with ſo much eaſe, its milk, which forms ſo rich and nutritive an aliment for the human ſpecies, is a ſtriking example of this ſubordination to the intereſts of mankind: For this animal differs, in ſome part of its organization, from moſt others, having a larger and more capacious udder, and longer and thicker teats, than the largeſt animal we know. It has likewiſe four teats, while all other animals of the ſame nature have but two. It alſo yields the milk freely to the hand, while moſt animals, at leaſt thoſe that do not ruminate in the ſame manner, refuſe it, except their own young, or ſome adopted animal, be allowed to partake.

The Cow, having four teats, is a ſtriking peculiarity: The number in all other animals bearing ſome proportion to the number of young ones they bring forth at a time; as in the Bitch, the Cat, the Sow, &c.

The Cow will yield her milk as freely, and will continue to give it as long, without the aid of the calf, as if it were permitted to ſuck her conſtantly. This is not the caſe with the Aſs; which, it is well known, will ſoon grow dry, if her foal be not permitted to ſuck part of her milk every day.

Upon the whole, it appears, that the property of yielding milk, without the young one, is confined to thoſe kinds of ruminating horned animals which have cloven hoofs, four ſtomachs, long inteſtines,

inteſtines, are furniſhed with ſuet, and have no fore-teeth in the upper jaw; that Cows, Sheep, Goats, and Deer, are of this kind, and no other; and that the Cow has this property in a more eminent degree than others, owing to the capaciouſneſs of her udder, and the ſize and form of her teats.

By great induſtry and attention to their breed, and by judicious mixtures with thoſe of other countries, our horned cattle are univerſally allowed to be the fineſt in Europe; although ſuch as are purely Britiſh are inferior in ſize to thoſe on many parts of the continent. The large ſpecies now propagated in moſt parts of England, are either entirely foreign, or our own greatly improved by a croſs or mixture with the foreign kind. The Holſtein or Dutch breed has been introduced with great ſucceſs; and from theſe the Lincolnſhire kind derive their ſize. *Hiſt. of Quad.*

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The URUS, *or* WILD BULL,

Is a variety of the Ox kind, and is chiefly to be met with in the extenſive foreſts of Lithuania: It grows to a ſize almoſt equal to the elephant, and is quite black; the eyes are red and fiery, the horns thick and ſhort, and the forehead covered with a quantity of curled hair; the neck is ſhort and ſtrong, and the ſkin has an odour of muſk. The female, though not ſo big as the male, exceeds the largeſt of our Bulls in ſize: Nevertheleſs her udder is extremely ſmall. Upon the whole, however, this animal, which greatly reſembles thoſe of the tame kind, probably owes its variety to its natural wildneſs, and the richneſs of the paſture where it is produced.

Hiſt. of Quad.

Affection Fraternal.

Though all mankind ſpring from the ſame head, and are bound to cultivate a mutual good-will to each other; yet this duty is not ſo obvious and ſtriking as that which is incumbent on thoſe who belong to the ſame family.

Nothing can approach nearer to ſelf-love than fraternal affection: and there is but a ſhort remove from our own concerns and happineſs to theirs who come from the ſame ſtock, and are partakers of the ſame blood. Nothing, therefore, can be more horrible than diſcord and animoſity among members ſo allied; and nothing ſo beautiful as harmony and love.

This relation is formed by nature not by choice; and though it has many things in common with, yet it is prior to the obligations of friendſhip; conſequently nature and reaſon dictate that rhere ſhould be a peculiar affection between brethren. We are not obliged, however, to make a brother or ſiſter an intimate or boſom friend in preference to one who is not a kin. Diverſity of temper, and want of ſuitable qualifications may render it unſafe and improper. But where friendſhip and fraternity meet in the ſame perſons, ſuch a conjunction adds a luſtre to the relation.

Among brethren an hearty love of benevolence, an ardent concern for each other's welfare, a readineſs to ſerve and promote it, are the peculiar offices of this relation; and though friends are to have their ſhare, yet the claim of kindred is firſt and ordinarily ſtrongeſt*.

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EXAMPLES OF FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

The Chineſe have been remarkable for the purity of their morals, the ſimplicity of their manners, and the cultivation of the

* Neceſſaria præſidia vitæ debentur iis maxime, quos ante dixi (i. e. propinquis) vita autem, victuſque communis, conſilia, ſermones, &c. in amicitiis vigent maxime. Cic. de Offic.

the ſocial virtues. The examples of their rulers and great men have very much contributed to confirm the people in the practice of moral duties; for, perhaps, few princes ever exhibited greater inſtances of an amiable and virtuous conduct. Cemcu, who was a diſciple of, and commentator upon their celebrated philoſopher Confucius, gives us the following inſtances of brotherly affection:

The king of Cucho had three ſons, and like many other parents, having moſt affection for the youngeſt, ſome days before his death declared him his ſucceſſor, to the excluſion of his brethren. This proceeding was the more extraordinary, as it was contrary to the laws of the kingdom. The people, therefore, thought that after the death of the king, they might without any crime raiſe the eldeſt ſon to the throne. This deſign was univerſally approved of: but the new king calling to mind his father's laſt words, rejected the offer, and taking the crown, placed it on the head of his youngeſt brother, publicly declaring that he renounced it, and thought himſelf unworthy of it, as he was excluded by his father's will; and his father could not now retract what he had done. His brother, being affected with ſuch a generous action, inſtantly intreated him not to oppoſe the inclination of the people, who deſired him for their ruler. He urged, that he alone was the lawful ſucceſſor to the crown which he refuſed, and that their father could not infringe the laws of the kingdom; that he had been betrayed by an extravagant fondneſs; and that, in a word, the people had the power of redreſſing any breach in the eſtabliſhed law. Nothing, however, was capable of perſuading his brother to accept of the crown. There was a glorious conteſt between the two princes; and as they perceived that the diſpute would be endleſs, they retired from court: thus each having both conquered and been vanquiſhed, they went to end their days together in peaceful ſolitude, and left the kingdom to their other brother.

Beaut. of Hiſt.

Vespasian, the Roman emperor, being informed that Domitian had abandoned himfelf to all manner of debauchery, and affumed more authority than was fuitable to a fon only, was highly incenfed againft him: upon this, Titus, his eldeft fon, pleaded with great affection and earneftnefs in favour of his brother, intreating the emperor to beware of being rafhly incenfed by intelligence from fuch as brought criminal accufations. "To your own fon," faid he, "it is but juft you fhould bear a fpirit of gentlenefs, free from all prejudice. Not from fleets, not from legions, are fuch powerful bulwarks formed for the fupport of the imperial dignity, as from a numerous iffue in the imperial houfe. The number of our friends is diminifhed with time: they often defert us to follow fortune; or becaufe we cannot gratify their defires. But from our own blood we may always promife ourfelves ready affiftance, and unfhaken fidelity. In our good fortune many will partake with us; but our neareft in kindred alone will bear us company in our adverfities. Even between brothers," added he, "concord and unanimity will not prove lafting, if their common parent fets them not an example." Vefpafian, though not entirely reconciled to Domitian, by this reafoning, was neverthelefs charmed with the tender affection of Titus. Upon the death of the emperor the government fell to Titus; but Domitian pretended to an equal fhare in it, and raifed great difturbances in the city, by giving out, and arrogantly maintaining, that his father had left him partner in the empire, but that the will had been falfified: yet Titus could not prevail upon himfelf either to punifh or banifh him; but, on the contrary, treated him as his colleague in the empire, conjuring him often in private not to hate a brother who bore him a fincere and tender affection, and was willing to allow him a due fhare in the adminiftration.

Suet. in Dom. c. 2. & 9. *Beaut. of Hift.*

Darius,

Darius, king of Perſia, had three ſons by his firſt wife, the daughter of Gabrias, all three born before their father came to the crown; and four more by Atoſſa, the daughter of Cyrus, who were all born after the father's acceſſion to the throne. Artabazanes, called by Juſtin Artimenes, was the eldeſt of the former, and Xerxes of the latter. Artabazanes alledged, in his own behalf, that the right of ſucceſſion, according to the cuſtom and practice of all nations, belonged to him preferably to all the reſt. Xerxes's argument for ſucceeding his father was, that as he was the ſon of Atoſſa, the daughter of Cyrus, who founded the Perſian empire, it was more juſt that the crown of Cyrus ſhould devolve upon one of his deſcendants, than upon one that was not. Demaratus, a Spartan king, at that time at the court of Perſia, ſecretly ſuggeſted to Xerxes another argument to ſupport his pretenſions; that Artabazanes was indeed the eldeſt ſon of Darius; but he, Xerxes, was the eldeſt ſon of the king; and therefore Artabazanes being born when his father was but a private perſon, all he could pretend to, on account of his ſeniority, was only to inherit his private eſtate; but that he, Xerxes, being the firſt-born ſon of the king, had the beſt right to ſucceed to the crown. He farther ſupported this argument by the example of the Lacedemonians, who admitted none to inherit the kingdom, but thoſe children that were born after their father's acceſſion. The right of ſucceſſion was accordingly determined in favour of Xerxes. Both Juſtin and Plutarch take notice of the prudent conduct of theſe two brothers on ſo nice an occaſion. According to their manner of relating this fact, Artabazanes was abſent when the king died; and Xerxes immediately aſſumed all the marks, and exerciſed all the functions of the ſovereignty. But upon his brother's returning home, he quitted the diadem, and the tiara, which he wore in ſuch a manner as only ſuited the king, went out to meet him, and ſhowed him all imaginable reſpect. They agreed to make their uncle Artabanes the arbitrator of their

difference; and, without any further appeal, to acquiefce in his decifion.

All the while this difpute lafted, the two brothers fhowed one another all the demonftrations of a truly fraternal affection, by keeping up a continual intercourfe of prefents and entertainments: whence their mutual efteem and confidence for each other banifhed all fears and fufpicions on both fides, and introduced on unconftrained cheerfulnefs, and a perfect fecurity.

This is a fpectacle, fays Juftin, highly worthy of our admiration: to fee, whilft moft brothers are at daggers drawing with one another about a fmall patrimony, with what moderation and temper both waited for a decifion, which was to difpofe of the greateft empire then in the univerfe. When Artabanes gave judment in favour of Xerxes, Artabazanes the fame inftant proftrated himfelf before him, acknowledging him for his mafter, and placed him upon the throne with his own hand; by which proceeding he fhowed a greatnefs of foul truly royal, and infinitely fuperior to all human dignities. This ready acquiefcence in a fentence fo contrary to his intereft, was not the effect of an artful policy, that knows how to diffemble upon occafion, and to receive honour to itfelf from what it could not prevent: no; it proceeded from a real refpect for the laws, a fincere affection for his brother, and an indifference for that which fo warmly inflames the ambition of mankind, and fo frequently arms the neareft relations againft each other. For his part, during his whole life, he continued firmly attached to the intereft of Xerxes, and profecuted them with fo much ardor and zeal, that he loft his life in his fervice at the battle of Salamin. PLUT. DE FRAT. AMORE, p. 448. JUST. l. c. 10.

Beaut. of Hift.

BROTHERS.

BROTHERS.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breaſt of one mother hath given you ſuck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happineſs may dwell in thy father's houſe.

And when ye ſeparate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a ſtranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adverſity, aſſiſt him: if thy ſiſter is in trouble, forſake her not.

So ſhall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the ſupport of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other. *Econ. of Hum. Life.*

Directions in reading the CLASSICS.

IN the mean time, I ſhall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to ſome people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very neceſſary to be obſerved.

The firſt is, that you would never be perſuaded into what they call Common-places; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under proper heads, that you may readily find what he has ſaid upon any point, by conſulting an alphabet. This practice is of no uſe but in circumſtantials of time and place, cuſtom and antiquity, and in ſuch inſtances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exerciſed. In theſe caſes it is of great uſe: it helps the memory, and ſerves to keep thoſe things in a ſort of order and ſucceſſion. But, common-placing the ſenſe of an author is ſuch a ſtupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in ſaying it,

they

they want common ſenſe that practiſe it. What heaps of this rubbiſh have I ſeen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have ſaid, that is taken by thoſe who have nothing to ſay themſelves! You may depend upon it, the writings of theſe men are never worth the reading: the fancy is cramped, the invention ſpoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happineſs of theſe collectors of ſenſe, that they can write without thinking.

I do moſt readily agree, that all the bright ſparkling thoughts of the ancients, their fineſt expreſſions, and nobleſt ſentiments, are to be met with in theſe tranſcribers: but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miſerably put together! Indeed, I can compare ſuch productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, ſewed together with packthread.

When I ſee a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themſelves, it puts me in mind of theſe common place men. The materials are certainly very good, but they underſtand not the rules of architecture ſo well, as to form them into juſt and maſterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they ſtand in another model upon another plan!

For, we muſt confeſs the truth: We can ſay nothing new, at leaſt we can ſay nothing better than has been ſaid before; but we may nevertheleſs make what we ſay our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourſelves to remember in what page or what book we have read ſuch a paſſage; but it falls in naturally with the courſe of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much eaſe, and looks with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thouſand years ago.

This is the beſt way of remembering the ancient authors, when you reliſh their way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their ſenſe. There is no need of tying ourſelves up to an imitation of any of them: much leſs to copy or tranſcribe them. For there is room for vaſt variety of thought and ſtyle;

ſtyle: as nature is various in her works, and is nature ſtill. Good authors, like the celebrated maſters in the ſeveral ſchools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the ſame uſe of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourſelves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be eſteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with thoſe ancient ſtreams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by ſuch a ſtrong infuſion, yet the ſpirit, the thought, the fancy, the expreſſion, which ſhall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own. *Felton.*

On forming a STYLE.

GIVE me leave to touch this ſubject, and draw out, for your uſe, ſome of the chief ſtrokes, ſome of the principal lineaments, and faireſt features, of a juſt and beautiful ſtyle. There is no neceſſity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a day ſyſtem upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleaſure, and, I hope, with equal profit, ſome deſultory thoughts in their native order, as they riſe in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marſhalled according to art.

To aſſiſt you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I ſhall proceed to ſay ſomething of what is required in a finiſhed piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and maſterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable ſchemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we muſt make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and ſince none is without his faults, the moſt that can be ſaid is, That he is the beſt writer, againſt whom the feweſt can be alledged.

"A

" A compoſition is then perfect, when the matter riſes out
" of the ſubject; when the thoughts are agreeable to the mat-
" ter, and the expreſſions ſuitable to the thoughts; where
" there is no inconſiſtency from the beginning to the end;
" when the whole is perſpicuous in the beautiful order of its
" parts, and formed in due ſymmetry and proportion."

Felton.

Expreſſion ſuited to the THOUGHT.

IN every ſprightly genius, the expreſſion will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful ſhould run out into unneceſſary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the ſuperfluous ſhoots of fancy, thereby giving both ſtrength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of diſcipline is to young writers the greateſt ſelf-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to ſtifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the moſt delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praiſe, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to laviſh: the chippings and filings of theſe jewels, could they be preſerved, are of more value than the whole maſs of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to ſpare.

It is by no means neceſſary for me to run out into the ſeveral ſorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the ſtyle of an orator be different from that of an hiſtorian, and a poet's from both.

Ibid.

Simplicity

On an elegant STYLE.

An elegant ſtyle is a character expreſſing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term uſually applied to ſtyle, when poſſeſſing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its exceſſes or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will eaſily be underſtood, that complete elegance implies great perſpicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination ſpread over ſtyle, as far as the ſubject admits of it; and all the illuſtration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleaſes the fancy and the ear, while he informs the underſtanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expreſſion, but not overcharged with any of its miſplaced beauties. In this claſs, therefore, we place only the firſt rate writers in the language; ſuch as Addiſon, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now claſs together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the ſcale of Ornament, poſſeſſing nearly the ſame place. *Blair.*

On the different kinds of SIMPLICITY.

The firſt is, Simplicity of Compoſition, as oppoſed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

> Denique ſit quod vis ſimplex duntaxat et unum.
>
> "Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
> "And keep one equal tenour through the whole." FRANCIS.

This is the ſimplicity of plan in a tragedy, as diſtinguiſhed

from double plots, and crowded incidents: the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in oppofition to the digreffions of Lucan, and the fcattered tales of Ariofto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in oppofition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this fenfe, Simplicity is the fame with Unity.

The fecond fenfe is, Simplicity of Thought, as oppofed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arife naturally; what the occafion or the fubject fuggeft unfought; and what, when once fuggefted, are eafily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expreffes a lefs natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to purfue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherchè*, or far fought. Thus, we would naturally fay, that Mr Parnell is a poet of far greater fimplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral fubjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In thefe two fenfes of Simplicity, when it is oppofed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third fenfe of Simplicity, in which it has refpect to Style; and ftands oppofed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we fay, Mr. Locke is a fimple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer; and it is in this fenfe, that the "*fimplex*," "the *tenue*," "or *fubtile genus dicendi*," is underftood by Cicero and Quinctilian. The fimple ftyle, in this fenfe, coincides with the plain or the neat ftyle, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illuftration.

But there is a fourth fenfe of Simplicity, alfo refpecting Style; but not refpecting the degree of ornament employed, fo much as the eafy and natural manner in which our language expreffes our thoughts. This is quite different from the former fenfe of the word juft now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainnefs: whereas, in this fenfe, it is compatible with the higheft ornament. Homer, for inftance, poffeffes

poſſeſſes this Simplicity in the greateſt perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to conſider, ſtands oppoſed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a diſtinguiſhing excellency in writing. *Blair.*

....

Simplicity the Characteriſtic of TILLOTSON'S *Style.*

SIMPLICITY is the great beauty of Archbiſhop Tillotſon's manner. Tillotſon has been long admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it ſuch, has been often miſunderſtood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and ſtrength, pictureſque deſcription, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of ſentences, in all theſe parts of oratory the Archbiſhop is exceedingly deficient. His ſtyle is always pure, indeed, and perſpicuous, but careleſs and remiſs, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the conſtruction of his ſentences, which are frequently ſuffered to drag unharmoniouſly; ſeldom any attempt towards ſtrength or ſublimity. But notwithſtanding theſe defects, ſuch a conſtant vein of good ſenſe and piety runs through his works, ſuch an earneſt and ſerious manner, and ſo much uſeful inſtruction, conveyed in a ſtyle ſo pure, natural and unaffected, as will juſtly recommend him to high regard as long as the Engliſh language remains; not indeed as a model of the higheſt eloquence, but as a ſimple and amiable writer, whoſe manner is ſtrongly expreſſive of great goodneſs and worth. I obſerved before, that Simplicity of manner may be conſiſtent with ſome degree of negligence in ſtyle; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of ſuch writers ſeem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbiſhop, negligence may ſometimes be carried ſo far, as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Ibid.*

Simplicity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'*s Style.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctneſs, he riſes a degree above Tillotſon: though, for correctneſs, he is not in the higheſt rank. All is eaſy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; ſmoothneſs, and what may be called amænity, are the diſtinguiſhing characters of his manner; relaxing, ſometimes, as ſuch a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiſs Style. No writer whatever has ſtamped upon his ſtyle a more lively impreſſion of his own character. In reading his works, we ſeem engaged in converſation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendſhip for him. He may be claſſed as ſtanding in the middle, between a negligent ſimplicity and the higheſt degree of Ornament which this character of ſtyle admits. *Blair.*

Simplicity of Mr ADDISON'*s Style.*

OF the latter of theſe, the higheſt, moſt correct, and ornamented degree of the ſimple manner, Mr Addiſon is beyond doubt in the Engliſh language, the moſt perfect example: and therefore, though not without ſome faults, he is, on the whole, the ſafeſt model for imitation, and the freeſt from conſiderable defects, which the language affords. Perſpicuous and pure he is in the higheſt degree; his preciſion, indeed, is not very great; yet nearly as great as the ſubjects which he treats of require: the conſtruction of his ſentences eaſy, agreeable, and commonly very muſical; carrying a character of ſmoothneſs more than of ſtrength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in ſimilies and metaphors; which are ſo employed, as to render his Style ſplendid without being gaudy. There is not

not the leaſt affectation in his manner; we ſee no marks of labour; nothing forced or conſtrained; but great elegance joined with great eaſe and ſimplicity. He is, in particular, diſtinguiſhed by a character of modeſty and of politeneſs, which appeared in all his writings. No author has a more popular and inſinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where ſhews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of ſtrength and preciſion, which renders his manner, though perfectly ſuited to ſuch eſſays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of compoſition. Though the public have ever done much juſtice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been ſeen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the proſe writers than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in proſe, his humour is of a much higher and more original kind than his philoſophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverly diſcovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Blair.*

The Character of MARIUS.

THE birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of that age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardneſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger,

ger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners: nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome*. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared emnity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasion

* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship: an honour that no Roman before him ever attained. *Middleto*

....

The Character of SYLLA.

SYLLA died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any

any part of military duty or labour, making himſelf equal and familiar even to the loweſt of the ſoldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money; ſo that he ſoon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and ſkilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himſelf, baniſhed and proſcribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at firſt as his quæſtor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his paſſions and purpoſes; and was ſo different from himſelf in different circumſtances, that he ſeemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practiſed the ſame art that he had ſeen ſo ſucceſsful to Marius, of raiſing a kind of enthuſiaſm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auſpices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little ſtatute of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had reſolved to give battle, uſed to embrace it in ſight of the ſoldiers, and beg the ſpeedy confirmation of its promiſes to him. From an uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſs and proſperity, he aſumed a ſurname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, ſays Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppreſſion of his country; for which poſterity would think him more unfortunate, even than thoſe whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himſelf, of being the only man in hiſtory, in whom the odium of the moſt barbarous cruelties was extinguiſhed by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cauſe, yet deteſted the inhumanity of his victory, and never ſpeaks of him with reſpect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a maſter of three moſt peſtilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the firſt of his family whoſe dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken

taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehenſive of the ſame inſult upon his own, if left to the uſual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the ſum of which was, "that no man had ever "gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to "his enemies." *Middleton.*

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The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearleſs in action; and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond meaſure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, ſcarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian ſays, that he ſpoke with the ſame force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the great-

eſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes: and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth; ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary, to acquire and to ſupport power, ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince, nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the firſt citizens of Rome; but, diſdaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it: and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end. *Middleton.*

....

The Character of CATILINE.

LUCIUS CATILINE was deſcended of an illuſtrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a diſpoſition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he

he took pleaſure in civil wars, maſſacres, depredations, and inteſtine broils; and in theſe he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of reſt, to a degree indeed incredible: his ſpirit was daring, ſubtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of ſimulation and diſſimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, laviſh of his own; violent in his paſſions; he had eloquence enough, but a ſmall ſhare of wiſdom. His boundleſs ſoul was conſtantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's uſurpation, he was fired with a violent deſire of ſeizing the government: and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all ſolicitous by what means. His ſpirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his deſign, by his poverty, and the conſciouſneſs of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedneſs of the ſtate, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Salluſt by Mr. Roſe.*

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The Rape of LUCRETIA, *and the Eſtabliſhment of the Conſular Power in* ROME.

THE ſiege of Ardea being carried on very ſlowly, the general officers had a good deal of leiſure for their diverſions, and they mutually made entertainments for one another in their quarters. One day, when Sextus Tarquinius was entertaining his brothers, their kinſman Collatinus being of the company, the converſation happened to turn upon the merit of wives. Every one extolled the good qualities of his own; but Collatinus affirmed, that his Lucretia excelled all others. It was a kind of quarrel, and in order to end it, they took the method which

 mirth

mirth and wine inſpired; which was, to mount their horſes, and to ſurprize their wives; and it was agreed, that ſhe whom they found employed in the manner moſt becoming her ſex, ſhould have preference. Away, therefore, they galloped, firſt to Rome, where they ſurpriſed the king's daughters in law all together in the midſt of feaſting and diverſions; and the ladies ſeemed much diſconcerted by the unexpected return of their huſbands. From Rome they haſtened away to Collatia, the place where Collatinus reſided in the time of peace. Though the night was far advanced when the princes arrived there, they found Lucretia up, with her maids about her, ſpining and working in wool. The company her huſband brought her of a ſudden did not diſcompoſe her; and they were all pleaſed with the reception ſhe gave them. Sextus was ſo captivated with her beauty, and ſo inflamed with paſſion, which her inſuperable modeſty made the more violent, that he became exceedingly unwilling to leave the place; but there was an abſolute neceſſity for his appearing in the camp before Ardea. However he found a pretence of returning very ſoon to Collatia; and went to lodge at his kinſman's houſe. Lucretia, in her huſband's abſence, entertained him with great civility and reſpect, and after ſupper he was conducted to his apartment. When all were aſleep he ſtole into Lucretia's chamber, and coming with his drawn ſword to her bed ſide, laid his left hand upon her breaſt and wakened her: ‘ Lucretia, ſaid he, I am Sextus ‘ Tarquinius, if you ſpeak a word you die.’ Then he declared his paſſion, and by entreaties, mixed with menaces, endeavoured to make her yield to his deſires. And when he found that all was vain, and that even the fear of death could not prevail upon her to conſent, he threatened her alſo with infamy. He told her that he would kill one of her ſlaves, lay him naked by her when ſhe was dead, and then declare to all the world that he had only revenged the injured honour of Collatinus. The dread of ignominy was too powerful for Lucretia's conſtancy; Sextus obtained his wiſhes, and early the next morning appeared

ed again in the camp. Lucretia, though ſhe had eſcaped what ſhe dreaded as the greateſt of evils, yet could not endure the thoughts of life after the violence ſhe had ſuffered. She dreſſed herſelf in mourning, took a poignard under her robe, wrote to her huſband at the camp to meet her at her father Lucretius' houſe, and then mounting her chariot came to Rome. People were ſurpriſed to ſee her wearing all the marks of the deepeſt ſorrow, and often aſked her as ſhe paſſed along, what was the cauſe of her grief. She anſwered them only by weeping; and, when the ſame queſtion was put to her at her father's houſe, ſhe ſtill refuſed to diſcover the matter, till there ſhould be a full aſſembly of her friends and relations, whom ſhe deſired might be called together. Upon the firſt ſummons great numbers of the nobility crowded to the houſe, and among the reſt P. Valerius (afterwards Poplicola) and Lucius Junius, who ſeems to have waited for this moment to throw off that maſk of ſtupidity, which had got him the ſurname of Brutus. When the aſſembly was pretty numerous, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to her huſband Collatinus, diſcloſed in few words the whole ſecret, her own ſhame and his diſhonour, and the treacherous author of both: ſhe proteſted the unſpotted innocence of her heart, but at the ſame time declared her firm reſolution not to live, and conjured them not to let the crime of Sextus Tarquinius go unpuniſhed. All who were preſent gave her, one by one, their ſolemn promiſe, to revenge the inſult ſhe had ſuffered; they alſo endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her, that the body could not ſin, and that there could be no guilt where the mind was unconſenting; but nothing could divert her from the deſperate reſolution ſhe had taken; "No, ſaid ſhe, no wo-"man ſhall hereafter ſurvive her honour, and ſay, Lucretia "was her example;" and then having embraced her father and her huſband, as one that bids a laſt farewell, ſhe immediately plunged the concealed dagger into her breaſt. Her father and huſband, ſtarting, cried out as ſhe fell at their feet;

a mixture of compaſſion and fury ſeized the whole aſſembly; and the blood which Lucretia ſhed to atteſt her innocence, or repair her glory, ſerved likewiſe to cement the union of thoſe illuſtrious patriots who gave liberty to Rome. For Brutus going near the dying lady, drew the poignard out of her boſom, and, ſhewing it all bloody to the aſſembly, "Yes, ſaid he, I "ſwear by this blood which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his wicked wife and their "children, with fire and ſword, nor will ever ſuffer any of "that family, or any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome: "Ye Gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!" This ſaid, he preſented the dagger to Collatinus, Lucretius, Valerius, and the reſt of the company, and engaged them to take the ſame oath. Theſe noble Romans, ſtruck with amazement at the prodigious appearance of wiſdom in an idiot, looked on him as inſpired, and ſubmitted entirely to his conduct. He then let them know his folly was only feigned, he exhorted them to defer lamenting the death of Lucretia to another time, to behave themſelves now like men and Romans, and think only of revenging it; and he adviſed them to begin by ſhutting the gates of Rome, and placing a truſty guard to ſecure them, that no body might go out of the city to give notice at the camp of what was doing. This counſel was approved, and, as Lucretius had been left governor of the city by Tarquin, was put in execution without difficulty.

Then Brutus cauſing the yet bleeding Lucretia to be carried to the place where the Comitia was uſually held, and placing the corps where it might be ſeen by every body, ordered the people to be called together. By a ſurpriſing inſtance of good fortune, he happened to be legally inveſted with the power of aſſembling the Comitia; this right was annexed to the office of tribune, or chief commander of the king's horſe-guards, which Tarquin had given him, becauſe he thought him incapable of uſing it to his diſadvantage. When the multitude were

were aſſembled, the imagined idiot, to their great ſurpriſe, addreſſing himſelf to them, began with an apology for his preſuming to ſpeak in public on ſo important an occaſion; he in a few words explained to them all the myſtery of his paſt conduct, and the neceſſity he had been under, for more than twenty years together, of counterfeiting folly, as the only means to preſerve his life, after the murder of his father and elder brother. He then proceeded to tell them the reſolution the patricians were come to of depoſing the tyrant, and preſſed them in the ſtrongeſt terms to concur in that deſign. He enumerated the crimes by which Tarquin, in concert with the wicked Tullia, had made his way to the throne. He put them in mind of Aruns Tarquinius, (the tyrant's brother) and the elder Tullia, both perſons of amiable diſpoſitions, and both treacherouſly poiſoned, he by his wife the preſent queen, ſhe by her huſband the preſent king; the criminal nuptials that followed theſe ſecret murders, and the horrid tragedy that followed theſe nuptials; Servius Tullius, the juſteſt, the mildeſt, the moſt beneficent of kings, openly aſſaſſinated, and the cruel Tullia riding in triumph over the body of her expiring father. "O execrable fact! Ye gods! the avengers of injured parents, "ye beheld it! But why ſhould I dwell on theſe crimes com- "mitted by the tyrant againſt his own family and blood? The "wrongs he has done his country, his cruelties to every one "of you in particular, are inſufferable and without end. With "what an utter contempt of all our laws did he uſurp an e- "lective kingdom? And how has he maintained himſelf in "his illegal power? By murders, by baniſhments, by the op- "preſſion of all his ſubjects. As for the Patricians,—you ſee "the condition to which we are reduced; I ſhall ſay nothing "of it—our greateſt enemies could not behold it without com- "paſſion. And as for you, Plebeians, what is become of your "rights and privileges? Are you ever called together to aſ- "ſiſt at the ſacrifices? To elect your magiſtrates? Or to give "your ſuffrages in public affairs? Have you not been treated

" as the vileſt of ſlaves? The victorious Romans, victorious
" over all nations around them, are condemned at home to
" undergo the moſt painful drudgeries, to be hewers of ſtone,
" to ſweat under heavy burdens, to work in mines, and breathe
" the unwholſome air of ſinks and common ſewers. And are
" theſe miſeries, theſe indignities, never to have an end? Or,
" if you ever propoſe to aſſert your freedom, how long will
" you delay it? You wait, perhaps, for Tarquin's death. But
" what benefit would accrue to you from that? He has three
" ſons, more wicked, if poſſible, than himſelf. By what the
" eldeſt of them has now done, you may judge what is to be
" expected from ſuch a race. There! Romans, turn your
" eyes to that ſad ſpectacle—the daughter of Lucretius—Col-
" latinus's wife—She died by her own hand. See there a no-
" ble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſ-
" ſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innoeence.
" Sextus, hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her
" huſband's;—Sextus, perfidious gueſt! became her brutal
" raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſur-
" vive the inſult. Glorious woman! once only treated as a
" ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia,
" a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will;
" and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our
" eyes, and after five and twenty years of ignominious ſervi-
" tude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle
" inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the
" time; the favourable moment, we have ſo long waited for,
" is come. Tarquin is abſent from Rome: the Patricians are
" at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly pro-
" vided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is no-
" thing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does
" not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors who have ever been ſo
" brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when con-
" queſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of a
" tyrant, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver them-
ſelves

"selves from slavery? Some of you perhaps are intimidated by "the army which Tarquin now commands. The soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish so "groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. "Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome, and will "as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But "should we grant, there may be some among them, who, "through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant, the number of these can be but "small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce "them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to "them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, "their mothers, are here in the city. Courage! Romans, the "Gods are for us, those Gods whose temples and altars the "impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations "made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with "numberless inexpiated crimes committed against his subjects. "O ye Gods, who protected our forefathers, and ye Genii, "who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you "inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, "and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all "profanation."

Brutus's harangue was often interrupted by the acclamations of the people. Some wept at the remembrance of past sufferings; others out of joy, at the hopes of a more happy government; and every one called out for arms. But Brutus did not judge it proper to arm the people, till they had first confirmed, by their suffrages, a decree of the senate, which was to this effect: It deprived Tarquin of all the prerogatives belonging to the regal authority, condemned him and all his posterity to perpetual banishment, and devoted to the Gods of hell every Roman who should hereafter by word or deed endeavour his restoration. The Curiæ being assembled and the matter propos-

ed, they were all unanimous in confirming the ſenate's decree.

And now the government being reduced to an interregnum, and the people having declared Spurius Lucretius (the father of Lucretia) inter-rex, the great and important queſtion, the future form of government, was debated by the leaders in the revolution. And here again Brutus diſcovered himſelf to be a conſummate politician: " Experience ſaid he, has ſhewn us, " in the examples of Romulus and Numa, and other good " kings, that it is by no means proper that Rome ſhould be " without ſupreme magiſtrates, to keep an even balance of the " powers of the ſenate and people; but it is neceſſary that the " ſovereign authority ſhould neither center in one man, nor " be perpetual; let it be divided between two, who may jointly make the intereſt of the public their chief concern; they " will be a check upon each other, and have a mutual emulation in the diſcharge of their duty. However, let us take " particular care, not to continue their power too long, leſt " they abuſe it, and become unwilling to part with it. Let " us change the very names of king and kingdom, and give " the two heads that are to govern us, the name of Conſuls, " and the Roman ſtate that of Republic. Let us aboliſh the " pompous enſigns of regal power, ſceptres, crowns, and royal robes; Let our conſuls only ſit on an ivory chair, wear a " white robe, and be attended by twelve lictors. But what " am I ſaying? I am not for utterly aboliſhing the venerable " name of king, which was conſecrated by the ſame auſpices " as Rome herſelf at her foundation. Let us give it to that " magiſtrate to whom we commit the ſuperintendency of religion: let his office be for life, and let him be called King " of ſacred things." The whole council approved of this ſcheme; and the people, being again aſſembled by Curiæ, eſtabliſhed the new form of adminiſtration by a law. *Hooke.*

History of the Limits and Extent of the MIDDLE AGE.

WHEN the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Conſtantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, diſtinguiſhed by the different names of the Weſtern, and the Eaſtern.

The Weſtern empire ſoon ſunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the miſtreſs of nations, beheld herſelf at the feet of a Gothic ſovereign. The Eaſtern empire laſted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet ſtill it retained traces of its ancient ſplendor, reſembling, in the language of Virgil, ſome fair but faded flower:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum ſua forma receſſit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various eſcapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of theſe two empires (the Weſtern or Latin in the fifth century, the Eaſtern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a ſpace of near a thouſand years, conſtitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion paſſed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military ſkill; and who, having little or no taſte either for ſciences or arts, naturally deſpiſed thoſe things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monkery and Legends; of Leonine verſes, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhime;) of projects to decide truth by ploughſhares and battoons; of cruſades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes depoſed, not as Crœſus was by Cyrus, but one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a ſword.

Different portions of this age have been diſtinguiſhed by different deſcriptions: ſuch as Sæculum Monotheleticum, Sæculum Eiconoclaſticum, Sæculum Obſcurum, Sæculum Ferreum, Sæculum Hildibrandinum, &c.; ſtrange names it muſt be confeſt, ſome more obvious, others leſs ſo, yet none tending to furniſh us with any high or promiſing ideas.

And yet we muſt acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forſakes it, that ſome ſparks of intellect were at all times viſible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we muſt look for the taſte and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and ſciences were thus obſcured, may be ſaid to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may uſe the expreſſion) like the twilight of a ſummer's night; that auſpicious gleam between the ſetting and the riſing ſun, which, though it cannot retain the luſtre of the day, helps at leaſt to ſave us from the totality of darkneſs. *Harris.*

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An Account of the Deſtruction of the ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

'WHEN Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, 'their commander, found there Philoponus, whoſe converſation 'highly pleaſed him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Phi-'loponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus ſaid to 'him: 'You have viſited all the repoſitories or public ware-'houſes in Alexandria, and you have ſealed up things of every 'ſort that are found there. As to thoſe things that may be 'uſeful to you, I preſume to ſay nothing; but as to things of 'no ſervice to you, ſome of them perhaps may be more ſuit-'able to me.' Amrus ſaid to him: 'And what is it you 'want?' 'The philoſophical books (replied he) preſerved in 'the royal libraries.' 'This (ſaid Amrus) is a requeſt upon

'which

'which I cannot decide. You desire a thing where I can issue 'no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the 'faithful.'—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, in- 'forming him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer 'was returned by Omar, to the following purport: 'As to 'the books of which you have made mention, if there be con- 'tained in them what accords with the book of God (mean- 'ing the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, 'all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them re- 'pugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order 'them therefore to be all destroyed.' Amrus, upon this, or- 'dered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexan- 'dria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. Af- 'ter this manner, in the space of six months, they were all 'consumed.'

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, 'Hear what was done and wonder!'

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Harris.*

GENERAL HISTORY.

OF THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS, LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

IV. FROM THE TAKING OF CARTHAGE TO THE FOUNDATION OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE BY CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

AFTER the conquest of Carthage, Rome had inconsiderable wars but great victories; before this time its wars were great, and

and its victories inconſiderable. At this time the world was divided, as it were, into two parts; in the one fought the Romans and Carthaginians; the other was agitated by thoſe quarrels which had laſted ſince the death of Alexander the Great. Their ſcene of action was Greece, Egypt, and the Eaſt. The ſtates of Greece had once more diſengaged themſelves from a foreign yoke. They were divided into three confederacies, the Etolian, Acheans, and Beotians; each of theſe was an aſſociation of free cities, which had aſſemblies and magiſtrates in common. Of them all the Etolians were the moſt conſiderable. The kings of Macedon maintained that ſuperiority, which, in ancient times, when the balance of power was little attended to, a great prince naturally poſſeſſed over his leſs powerful neighbours. Philip, the preſent monarch, had rendered himſelf odious to the Greeks, by ſome unpopular and tyrannical ſteps; the Etolians were moſt irritated; and hearing the fame of the Roman arms, called them into Greece, and overcame Philip by their aſſiſtance. The victory, however, chiefly redounded to the advantage of the Romans. The Macedonian garriſons were obliged to evacuate Greece; the cities were all declared free; but Philip became a tributary to the Romans, and the ſtates of Greece became their dependants. The Etolians, diſcovering their firſt error, endeavoured to remedy it by another ſtill more dangerous to themſelves, and more advantageous to the Romans. As they had called the Romans into Greece to defend them againſt Philip, they now called in Antiochus, king of Syria, to defend them againſt the Romans. The famous Hannibal too had recourſe to the ſame prince, who was at this time the moſt powerful in the Eaſt, and the ſucceſſor to the dominions of Alexander in Aſia. But Antiochus did not follow his advice ſo much, as that of the Etolians; for inſtead of renewing the war in Italy, where Hannibal, from experience, judged the Romans to be moſt vulnerable, he landed in Greece with a ſmall body of troops, and being overcome without difficulty, fled over into Aſia,

Aſia. In this war the Romans made uſe of Philip for conquering Antiochus, as they had before done of the Etolians for conquering Philip. They now purſue Antiochus,* the laſt object of their reſentment, into Aſia, and having vanquiſhed him by ſea and land, compel him to ſubmit to an infamous treaty. In theſe conqueſts the Romans ſtill allowed the ancient inhabitants to poſſeſs their territory; they did not even change the form of government: the conquered nations became the allies of the Roman people, which however, under a ſpecious name, concealed the moſt ſervile of all conditions, and inferred, that they ſhould ſubmit to whatever was required of them. When we reflect on theſe eaſy conqueſts, we have reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the reſiſtance which the Romans met with from a barbarous prince, Mithridates, king of Pontus. This monarch, however, had great reſources. His kingdom, bordering on the inacceſſible mountains of Caucaſus, abounded in a race of men, whoſe minds were not enervated by pleaſure, and whoſe bodies were firm and vigorous.

The different ſtates of Greece and Aſia, who now began to feel the weight of their yoke, but had not ſpirit to ſhake it off, were tranſported at finding a prince, who dared to ſhew himſelf an enemy to the Romans, and chearfully ſubmitted to his protection. Mithridates, however, was compelled to yield to the ſuperior ſtar of the Romans. Vanquiſhed ſucceſſively by Sylla and Lucullus, he was at length ſubdued by Pompey, and ſtripped of his dominions and of his life.† In Africa the Roman arms met with equal ſucceſs. Marius, in conquering Jugurtha, made all ſecure in that quarter. Even the barbarous nations beyond the Alps, began to feel the weight of the Roman arms. Gallia Narbonenſis had been reduced into a province.‡ The Cimbri, Teutones, and other northern nations of Europe, broke into this part of the empire.|| The ſame Marius, whoſe name was

* 183. † 65. ‡ 105. || 121.

was ſo terrible in Africa, made the north of Europe to tremble. The barbarians retired to their wilds and deſerts,* leſs formidable than the Roman legions. But while Rome conquered the world, there ſubſiſted an eternal war within her walls. This war had ſubſiſted from the firſt periods of the government. Rome, after the expulſion of her kings, enjoyed but a nominal liberty. The deſcendants of the ſenators, who were diſtinguiſhed by the name of Patricians, were inveſted with ſo many odious privileges, that the people felt their dependence, and became determined to ſhake it off. A thouſand diſputes on this ſubject aroſe betwixt them and the Patricians, which always terminated in favour of liberty.

Theſe diſputes, however, while the Romans preſerved their virtue, were not attended with any dangerous conſequences. The Patricians, who loved their country, chearfully parted with ſome of their privileges to ſatisfy the people: and the people, on the other hand, though they obtained laws by which they might be admitted to enjoy the firſt offices of the ſtate, and though they had the power of nominating, always named Patricians. But when the Romans, by the conqueſt of foreign nations, became acquainted with all their luxuries and refinements; when they became tainted with the effeminacy and corruption of the eaſtern courts, and ſported with every thing juſt and honourable, in order to obtain them, the ſtate, torn by the factions between its members, and without virtue on either ſide, to keep it together, became a prey to its own children. Hence the bloody ſeditions of the Gracchi, which paved the way for an inextinguiſhable hatred between the nobles and commons, and made it eaſy for any turbulent demagogue to put them in action againſt each other. The love of their country was no more than a ſpecious name; the better ſort were too wealthy and effeminate to ſubmit to the rigours of military diſcipline, and the ſoldiers, compoſed of the dregs of the republic,

were

* 102.

were no longer citizens. They knew none but their command-er; under this banner they fought and conquered and plun-dered, and for him they were ready to die. He might com-mand them to imbrue their hands in the blood of their coun-try. They knew no country but the camp, and no authority but that of their general, were ever ready to obey him. The multiplicity of the Roman conqueſts, however, which required their keeping on foot ſeveral armies at the ſame time, retarded the ſubverſion of the republic. Theſe armies were ſo many checks upon each other. Had it not been for the ſoldiers of Sylla, Rome would have ſurrendered its liberty to the army of Marius.

Julius Cæſar at length appears. By ſubduing the Gauls, he gained his country the moſt uſeful conqueſt it ever made.* Pompey, his only rival, is overcome in the plains of Pharſalia. Cæſar victorious appears in a moment all over the world,‡ in Egypt, in Aſia, in Mauritania, in Spain, in Gaul, and in Bri-tain: conqueror on all ſides, he is acknowledged maſter at Rome, and in the whole empire. Brutus and Caſſius think to give Rome her liberty, by ſtabbing him in the ſenate-houſe.§ But they only ſubject her to tyrants, who, without his clemen-cy or abilities, were not inferior in ambition. The republic falls into the hands of Mark Anthony;¶ young Cæſar Octa-vianus, nephew to Julius Cæſar, wreſts it from him by the ſea-fight at Actium: there is no Brutus nor Caſſius to put an end to his life. The friends of liberty have killed themſelves in deſpair; and Octavius, under the name of Auguſtus, and title of Emperor, remains the undiſturbed maſter of the empire. During theſe civil commotions, the Romans ſtill preſerved the glory of their arms among diſtant nations, and while it was unknown who ſhould be maſter at Rome, the Romans were without diſpute the maſters of the world; their military diſci-

* 58. ‡ 48. § 45. ¶ 31.

pline and valour aboliſhed all the remains of the Carthaginian, the Perſian, the Greek, the Aſſyrian, and the Macedonian glory, and they were now only a name. No ſooner therefore was Octavius eſtabliſhed on the throne, than ambaſſadors from all quarters of the known world, crowd to make their ſubmiſſions Æthiopia ſues for peace; the Parthians, who had been a moſt formidable enemy, court his friendſhip; the Indies ſeek his alliance, Pannonia acknowledges him, Germany dreads him, and the Weſer receives his laws.* Victorious by ſea and land, he ſhuts the temple of Janus‡. The whole earth lives in peace under his power, and Jeſus Chriſt comes into the world.†

Having thus traced the progreſs of the Roman government, while it remained a republic, our plan obliges us to ſay a few words with regard to the arts, ſciences, and manners of that people. During the firſt ages of the republic, the Romans lived in a total neglect, or rather contempt of all the elegant improvements of life. War, politics, and agriculture were the only arts they ſtudied, becauſe they were the only arts they eſteemed. But upon the downfal of Carthage, the Romans, having no enemy to dread from abroad, began to taſte the ſweets of ſecurity, and to cultivate the arts. Their progreſs, however was not gradual, as in the other countries we have deſcribed. The conqueſt of Greece at once put them in poſſeſſion of every thing moſt rare, curious, or elegant. Aſia, which was the next victim, offered all its ſtores; and the Romans, from the moſt ſimple people, ſpeedily became acquainted with the arts, the luxuries, and refinements of the whole earth. Eloquence they had always cultivated as the high road to eminence and preferment. The orations of Cicero are only inferior to thoſe of Demoſthenes, which, according to all our ideas, are perfect productions. In poetry, Virgil yields only to Homer, whoſe verſe, like the proſe of Demoſthenes, is perfect and inimitable. Horace, however, in his ſatires and epiſtles, had no model among the Greeks, and ſtands to this day unrivalled in that ſpecies of writing. In hiſtory the Romans can boaſt a Livy, who poſſeſſes all the natural eaſe of Herodotus, and is more

*24. ‡ 15. † 7.

more descriptive, more eloquent and sentimental. Tacitus indeed did not flourish in the Augustine age, but his works do himself the greatest honour, while they disgrace his country and human nature, whose corruptions and vices he paints in the most striking colours. In philosophy, if we except the works of Cicero, and the system of the Greek philosopher Epirus, described in the nervous poetry of Lucretius, the Romans, during the time of the republic, made not the least attempt. In tragedy, they never produced any thing excellent; and Terencc, though remarkable for purity of style, wants that comica vis, or lively vein of humour, which distinguished the Greek comedians, and which distinguishes our Shakespeare.

We now return to our history, and are arrived at an æra, which presents us with a set of monsters, under the name of emperors, whose histories, a few excepted, disgrace human nature. They did not indeed abolish the forms of the Roman republic, though they extinguished its liberties, and while they were practising the most unwarrantable cruelties upon their subjects, they themselves were the slaves of their soldiers. They made the world tremble, while they in their turn trembled at the army. Rome, from the time of Augustus, became the most despotic empire that ever subsisted in Europe. To form an idea of their government, we need only recal to our mind the situation of Turkey at present. It is of no importance therefore to consider the character of the emperors, since they had no power but what arose from a mercenary standing army, nor to enter into a detail with regard to the transactions of the court, which were directed by that caprice, and cruelty, and corruption, which universally prevail under a despotic government. When it is said that the Roman republic conquered the world, it is only meant the civilized part of it, chiefly Greece, Carthage, and Asia. A more difficult task still remained for the emperors, to subdue the barbarous nations of Europe; the Germans, the Gauls, the Britons, and even the remote cor-

 ner

ner of Scotland; for though these countries had been discovered, they were not effectually subdued by the Roman generals. These nations, though rude and ignorant, were brave and independent. It was rather from the superiority of their discipline than of their courage, that the Romans gained any advantage over them. The Roman wars with the Germans, are described by Tacitus, and from his accounts, though a Roman, it is easy to discover with what bravery they fought, and with what reluctance they submitted to a foreign yoke. From the obstinate resistance of the Germans, we may judge of the difficulties the Romans met with in subduing the other nations of Europe. The contests were on both sides bloody; the countries of Europe were successively laid waste, the inhabitants perished in the field, many were carried into slavery, and but a feeble remnant submitted to the Roman power. This situation of affairs was extremely unfavourable to the happiness of mankind. The barbarous nations, indeed, from their intercourse with the Romans, acquired some taste for the arts, sciences, language, and manners of their new masters. These however were but miserable consolations for the loss of liberty, for being deprived of the use of their arms, for being over-awed by mercenary soldiers, kept in pay to restrain them, and for being delivered over to rapacious governors, who plundered them without mercy. The only circumstance which could support them under these complicated calamities, was the hope of seeing better days.

The Roman empire, now stretched out to such an extent, had lost its spring and force. It contained within itself the seeds of dissolution; and the violent irruption of the Goths and Vandals, and other barbarians, hastened its destruction. These fierce tribes, who came to take vengeance on the empire, either inhabited the various provinces of Germany, which had never been subdued by the Romans, or were scattered over the vast countries of the north of Europe, and north-west of Asia, which are now inhabited by the Danes, the Swedes, the Poles, the

the ſubjects of the Ruſſian empire, and the Tartars. They were drawn from their native country by that reſtleſſneſs which actuates the minds of Barbarians, and makes them rove from home in queſt of plunder, or new ſettlements. The firſt invaders met with a powerful reſiſtance from the ſuperior diſcipline of the Roman legions; but this, inſtead of daunting men of a ſtrong and impetuous temper, only rouſed them to vengeance. They return to their companions, acquaint them with the unknown conveniencies and luxuries that abounded in countries better cultivated, or bleſſed with a milder climate than their own; they acquaint them with the battles they had fought, of the friends they had loſt, and warm them with reſentment againſt their opponents. Great bodies, of armed men, (ſays an elegant hiſtorian, in deſcribing this ſcene of deſolation) with their wives and children, and ſlaves, and flocks, iſſued forth, like regular colonies in queſt of new ſettlements. New adventurers followed them. The lands which they deſerted were occupied by more remote tribes of barbarians. Theſe, in their turn, puſhed forward into more fertile countries, and like a torrent continually encreaſing, rolled on, and ſwept every thing thing before them. Wherever the barbarians marched, their route was marked with blood. They ravaged or deſtroyed all around them. They made no diſtinction between what was ſacred, and what was profane. They reſpected no age, or ſex, or rank. If a man was called upon to fix upon the period, in the hiſtory of the world, during which, the condition of the human race was moſt calamitous and afflicted, he would, without heſitation, name that which elapſed from the death of Theodoſius the Great, A. D. 395, to the eſtabliſhment of the Lombards in Italy, A. D. 571. The cotemporary authors, who beheld that ſcene of deſolation, labour, and are at a loſs for expreſſions to deſcribe the horrors of it. *The ſcourge of God, the deſtroyer of nations*, are the dreadful epithets, by which they diſtinguiſh the moſt noted of the barbarous leaders.

Conſtantine,

Conſtantine, who was emperor about the beginning of the fourth century, and who had embraced Chriſtianity, changed the ſeat of empire from Rome to Conſtantinople. This occaſioned a prodigious alteration. The weſtern and eaſtern provinces were ſeparated from each other, and governed by different ſovereigns. The withdrawing the Roman legions from the Rhine and the Danube to the eaſt, threw down the weſtern barriers of the empire, and laid it open to the invaders. *Guthrie*

Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity, together with the Immenſity of his Works.

I was yeſterday, about ſun-ſet, walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought aroſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflection, " When I conſider the heavens " the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which " thou haſt ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of " him,

"him, and the fon of man that thou regardeft him!" In the fame manner, when I confidered that infinite hoft of ftars, or, to fpeak more philofophically, of funs, which were then fhining upon me with thofe innumerable fets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their refpective funs; when I ftill enlarged the idea, and fuppofed another heaven of funs and worlds rifing ftill above this which we difcovered, and thefe ftill enlightened by a fuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at fo great a diftance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ftars do to us; in fhort, while I purfued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little infignificant figure which I myfelf bore amidft the immenfity of God's works.

Were the fun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoft of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguifhed and annihilated, they would not be miffed, more than a grain of fand upon the fea-fhore. The fpace they poffefs is fo exceedingly little in comparifon of the whole, it would fcarce make a blank in the creation. The chafm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compafs of nature, and pafs from one end of the creation to the other: as it is poffible there may be fuch a fenfe in ourfelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at prefent more exalted than ourfelves. We fee many ftars by the help of glaffes, which we do not difcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telefcopes are, the more ftill are our difcoveries, Huygenius carries this thought fo far, that he does not think it impoffible there may be ftars whofe light is not yet travelled down to us fince their firft creation. There is no queftion but the univerfe has certain bounds fet to it; but when we confider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodnefs, with an infinite fpace to exert itfelf in, how can our imagination fet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firft thought, I could not but look upon myfelf with fecret horror, as a being that was not

worth

worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomnd to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite: but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent, and in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance or thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. 'Oh "that I knew where I might find him! (ſays Job.) Behold I "go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, "but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right "hand that I cannot ſee him." In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation, aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion; for, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures; ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

Spectator.

Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the DEITY.

In one of your late papers, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing,

and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence: or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are co-exiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light in which I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus preſent with his maker, but at the ſame time receives no benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving kindneſs.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of thoſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but

though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when, for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! "Why haſt thou ſet me as "a

"mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness.

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks up-

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on as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that being who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Senecca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles: *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy ſpirit reſiding "in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, "and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat him." But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation; "If a man love me, he will keep "my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come "unto him, and make our abode with him." *Spectator.*

Story of FADLALLAH.

FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, ſucceeded his father Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mouſel. He reigned over his faithful ſubjects for ſome time, and lived in great happineſs with

with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young Dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and as he was every day more and satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the Dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies—'It was in this place,' says he, 'that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man.' T e king immediately reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold. 'No, Sir,' says the Dervis, 'it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it.'

With

While he was yet ſpeaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, ſhot her through the heart; telling the Dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to ſhew his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathleſs on the ground, while at the ſame inſtant that of the doe was re-animated: ſhe came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played ſeveral wanton tricks, fell again upon the graſs; at the ſame inſtant the body of the Dervis recovered it's life. The king was infinitely pleaſed at ſo uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was ſacred to communicate it to him. The Dervis at firſt made ſome ſcruple of violating his promiſe to the dying Brachman; but told him at laſt that he found he could conceal nothing from ſo excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to ſecrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabaliſtic words, in pronouncing of which the whole ſecret conſiſted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an inſtant found himſelf in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himſelf in this new being; for the treacherous Dervis ſhooting his own ſoul into the royal corpſe, and bending the prince's own bow againſt him, had laid him dead on the ſpot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled ſwiftly to the woods.

The Dervis, now triumphing in his villainy, returned to Mouſel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The firſt thing he took care of, in order to ſecure himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his new-acquired kingdom, was to iſſue out a proclamation, ordering his ſubjects to deſtroy all the deer in the realm. The king had periſhed among the reſt, had he not avoided his purſuers by re-animating the body of a nightingale which he ſaw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new ſhape he winged his way in ſafety to the palace, where perching on a tree which ſtood near his queen's apartment, he filled the whole

whole place with ſo many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to ſee that, inſtead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princeſs, and of a young female ſlave who was with her. He continued, however, to ſerenade her every morning, until at laſt the queen, charmed with his harmony, ſent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmoſt ſkill to put that little creature in her peſſeſſion. The king, pleaſed with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved conſort, eaſily ſuffered himſelf to be taken; and when he was preſented to her, though he ſhewed a fearfulneſs to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himſelf in the queen's boſom. Zemroude was highly pleaſed at the unexpected fondneſs of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thouſand little actions, which his ſhape allowed him. The queen paſſed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himſelf happy in this ſtate of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpreſſible torment of ſeeing the Derviſe enter the apartment, and careſs his queen even in his preſence.

The uſurper, amidſt his toying with his princeſs, would often endeavour to ingratiate himſelf with her nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and ſhewed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diverſion.

Zemroude was likewiſe fond of a little lap-dog, which ſhe kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die. The king immediately found himſelf inclined to quit the ſhape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did ſo, and the next morning Zemroude ſaw her favourite bird ly dead in the cage. It is impoſſible to expreſs her grief on this occaſion; and when ſhe called to mind all its little actions,

which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for the loss.

Her women immediately sent for the Dervise to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints—' Well, Madam,' says he, ' I will ' exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale ' shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before.' The queen beheld him with a look which easily shewed she did not believe him, when laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap dog, in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the king intreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

The body of the Dervise which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the Oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the Dervise, that no arguments even from Fadlallah himself could compose her mind She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement. *Spectator.*

No

No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy: he spent his leisure in solitude: in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground; he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom "he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of "Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a "country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus: and a city glo-"rious above all others, except that only which reflects the splen-"dour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce suf-"ficient to prepare for death; all other business is vain and "trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, un-"der whose feet they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is "unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that "appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to "prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul "to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the "mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the

"world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil "of eternity ſhall fall, and I ſhall be found at the bar of the "Almighty." Mirza then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at theſe words he trembled upon the throne, at the footſtool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarm-"ed as a man who ſuddenly perceives that he is near the brink "of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irreſiſtible force; "but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a "dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is "a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, "are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I alſo ſhould "prepare; but by whom then muſt the faithful be governed? "by thoſe only, who have no fear of judgment? by thoſe on-"ly, whoſe life is brutal, becauſe like brutes they do not con-"ſider that they ſhall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? "Are the buſy multitudes that crowd the city, in a ſtate of "perdition? and is the cell of the Derviſe alone the gate of "Paradiſe? To all, the life of a Derviſe is not poſſible; to all, "therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the houſe which "has in this city been prepared for thy reſidence; I will me-"ditate the reaſon of thy requeſt; and may He who illumi-"nates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with "wiſdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it, he preſented it with his right-hand. "My Lord!" ſaid he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from

"Coſrou

"Cofrou the Iman, who ftands now before thee, in what manner life may be beft improved. I am enabled to look back with pleafure, and forward with hope; and I fhall now rejoice ftill to be the fhadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep thefe honours which I fo lately wifhed to refign." The king, who liftened to Mirza with a mixture of furprize and curiofity, immediately gave the letter to Cofrou, and commanded that it fhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary fage, whofe countenance was fuffufed with an honeft blufh; and it was not without fome hefitation that he read thefe words:

"To Mirza, whom the wifdom of Abbas our mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlafting health! When I heard thy purpofe to withdraw the bleffings of thy government from the thoufands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with forrow. But who fhall fpeak before the king when he is troubled; and who fhall boaft of knowledge, when he is diftreffed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou haft renewed before me; and thofe truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

"Under the inftruction of the phyfician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To thofe who were fmitten with difeafe, I could adminifter plants, which the fun has impregnated with the fpirit of health. But the fcenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rifing before me, made me often tremble for myfelf. I faw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to defpife every acquifition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and filent meditation, thofe who defired money, were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty money was defpifed. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing fociety, I wan-

"dered

" dered into a wild and fequeftrated part of the country: my " dwelling was a cave by the fide of a hill: I drank the running water from the fpring, and ate fuch fruits and herbs " as I could find. To increafe the aufterity of my life, I frequently watched all night, fitting at the entrance of the " cave with my face to the eaft, refigning myfelf to the fecret " influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from " above. One morning after my nocturnal virgil, juft as I " perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the fun, the " power of fleep became irrefiftible, and I funk under it. I " imagined myfelf ftill fitting at the entrance of my cell; " that the dawn increafed; and that as I looked earneftly for " the firft beam of day, a dark fpot appeared to intercept it. " I perceived that it was in motion; it increafed in fize as " it drew near, and at length I difcovered it to be an eagle. " I ftill kept my eye fixed ftedfaftly upon it, and faw it alight " at a fmall diftance, where I now defcried a fox whofe two " fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle " laid part of a kid, which fhe had brought in her talons, and " then difappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead " upon the ground, and bleffed the Prophet for the inftruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and faid thus " to myfelf: Cofrou, thou haft done well to renounce the " tumult, the bufinefs, and vanities of life; but thou haft as " yet only done it in part; thou art ftill every day bufied in " the fearch of food, thy mind is not wholly at reft, neither " is thy truft in Providence complete. What art thou taught " by this vifion? If thou haft feen an eagle commiffioned by " Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, fhall not the hand of " Heaven alfo fupply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyfelf, is not neceffity but " devotion? I was now fo confident of a miraculous fupply, " that I neglected to walk out for my repaft, which, after the " firft day, I expected with an impatience that left me little " power of attending to any other object: this impatience,

" however,

"however, I laboured to ſuppreſs, and perſiſted in my reſo-
"lution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my
"knees ſmote each other; I threw myſelf backward, and
"hoped my weakneſs would ſoon increaſe to inſenſibility.
"But I was ſuddenly rouſed by the voice of an inviſible being,
"who pronounced theſe words: 'Coſrou, I am the angel, who by the command of the Almighty, have regiſtered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commiſſioned to reprove. While thou waſt attempting to become wiſe above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the inſtruction which was vouchſafed thee. Art thou diſabled as the Fox? haſt thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Ariſe, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and ſickneſs, be thou again the meſſenger of eaſe and health. Virtue is not reſt, but action. If thou doſt good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs which is the pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed than if a moun-
"tain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myſelf
"in the duſt; I returned to the city; I dug up my treaſure;
"I was liberal, yet I became rich. My ſkill in reſtoring health
"to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the
"diſeaſes of the ſoul. I put on the ſacred veſtements; I
"grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleaſure
"of the king that I ſhould ſtand before him. Now, there-
"fore, be not offended; I boaſt of no knowledge that I have
"not received: As the ſands of the deſart drink up the drops
"of rain, or the dew of the morning, ſo do I alſo, who am
"but duſt, imbibe the inſtructions of the Prophet. Believe
"then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane,
"which terminates in thyſelf; and by a life waſted in ſpecu-
"lation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates
"of Paradiſe are thrown open before thee, thy mind ſhall be
"irradiated in a moment; here thou canſt little more than

"pile

"pile error upon error; there thou ſhalt build truth upon "truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious viſion; and in the "mean time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy power; "and therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the "ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou "may'ſt ſtimulate thoſe to beneficence, who act from no high- "er motive than immediate intereſt: thou canſt not produce "the principle, but may'ſt enforce the practice. The relief "of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from oſtenta- "tion, or charity; and the effect of example is the ſame, "whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. "Let thy virtue be thus diffuſed; and if thou believeſt with "reverence, thou ſhalt be accepted above. Farewell. May "the ſmile of Him who reſides in the Heaven of Heavens be "upon thee! and againſt thy name, in the volume of His "will may Happineſs be written!"

The King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know "that no life is pleaſing to God, but that which "is uſeful to Mankind." *Adventurer.*

AFFECTION PARENTAL.

SENTIMENTS.

As the vexations which parents receive from their children haſten the approach of age, and double the force of years, ſo the comforts which they reap from them, are balm to all other ſorrows, and diſappoint the injuries of time. Parents repeat their lives in their offsprings; and their concern for them is ſo near,

near, that they feel all their ſufferings, and taſte all their enjoyments, as much as if they regarded their own perſons.

However ſtrong we may ſuppoſe the fondneſs of a father for his children, yet they will find more lively marks of tenderneſs in the boſom of a mother.—There are no ties in nature to compare with thoſe which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderneſs with obedience and love.

....

EXAMPLES OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

ZALEUCUS, prince of the Locrines, made a decree, that whoever was convicted of adultery ſhould be puniſhed with the loſs of both his eyes. Soon after this eſtabliſhment, the legiſlator's *own ſon* was apprehended in the very fact, and brought to a public trial. How could the father acquit himſelf in ſo tender and delicate a conjuncture? Should he execute the law in all its rigour, this would be worſe than death to the unhappy youth; ſhould he pardon ſo notorious a delinquent, this would defeat the deſign of his ſalutary inſtitution. To avoid both theſe inconveniences, he ordered one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and one of his ſon's. *Ælian. Lib.* 13.

....

SOLON enquiring of Thales, the Mileſian philoſopher, Why, conſidering the happy ſituation of his affairs, he had neither wife nor children; Thales, for the preſent, made him no anſwer. A few days after he introduced a ſtranger, properly inſtructed, who ſaid, that he came ten days ago from Athens. Solon immediately aſked him what news he brought from thence: I know of nothing extraordinary, replied he, except that the whole city celebrated the funeral of a young man, the ſon of a citizen, moſt eminent for his virtues, who, it ſeems,

went abroad upon his travels. Miserable man! cried Solon; but did not you hear his name? I did, returned the ſtranger, but I have forgot it; this I remember, that he was particularly famous for his wiſdom and juſtice. Was it Solon? ſaid our philoſopher: It was, anſwered the ſtranger. Upon this, our legiſlator began to beat his head, to weep, and to diſcover all the ſymptoms of the deepeſt ſorrow. But Thales interpoſing, with a ſmile, addreſſed him thus: "These, O Solon, are the things which make me afraid of marriage and children, ſince theſe are capable of affecting even ſo wiſe a man as you; be not, however, concerned, for this is all a fiction." Whether on this occaſion, or on the real loſs of a ſon, is uncertain, Solon being deſired by a perſon not to weep, ſince weeping would avail nothing; he was anſwered with much humanity and good ſenſe, *And for this cauſe I weep.* *Univ. Hiſt.*

....

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, was of all mankind one of the moſt tender and indulgent fathers to his children. It is reported of him, that when they were little he would play with them, and divert himſelf and them with riding upon a ſtick: and that having been ſurpriſed by a friend in that action, he deſired him *not to tell any body of it till he himſelf was a father.* *Rollin's Ant. Hiſt.*

....

Cornelia*, the illuſtrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her huſband, who left her twelve children, applied herſelf to the care of her family, with a wiſdom and prudence that acquired her univerſal eſteem. Only three out of the twelve lived to years of maturity; one daughter, Sempronia, whom ſhe married to the ſecond Scipio Africanus: and two ſons, Tiberius and Caius, whom ſhe brought up with ſo much care,

* Legimus epiſtolas Corneliæ matris Gracchorum, apparet filios non tam in Gremio educatos quam in Sermone matris. *Cic. in Brut. 2. 11.*

care, that, though they were generally acknowledged to have been born with the moſt happy geniuſes and diſpoſitions, it was judged that they were ſtill more indebted to education than nature. The anſwer ſhe gave a Campanian lady concerning them is very famous, and includes in it great inſtructions for ladies and mothers.

That lady, who was very rich, and ſtill fonder of pomp and ſhew, after ſhe had diſplayed in a viſit ſhe made her, her diamonds, pearls, and richeſt jewels, earneſtly deſired Cornelia to let her ſee her jewels alſo. Cornelia dexterouſly turned the converſation to another ſubject, to wait the return of her ſons, who were gone to the public ſchools. When they returned and entered their mother's apartment, ſhe ſaid to the Campanian lady, pointing to them with her hand, *Theſe are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.* And ſuch ornaments, which are the ſtrength and ſupport of ſociety, add a brighter luſtre to the fair than all the jewels of the Eaſt.

....

Cato, though he kept a maſter expreſsly for his ſon in his own houſe, yet he frequently examined him as to the progreſs he made in his learning; and, when time permitted, would take great pleaſure in teaching him himſelf.

....

Agesilaus did the ſame with regard to his grand-children, Caius and Lucius; and the great Theodoſius made it a part of his religion to ſit by Arſenius, whilſt he taught his ſons, Arcadius and Honorius. *Rom. Hiſt.*

....

Paulus Æmilius, after the expiration of his firſt conſulſhip, ſubſtituted the ſweets of repoſe for the ſplendor of employments. As Augur, he applied himſelf to the affairs of religion; and as a father, to the education of his children. He was very reſerved, and frugal in every thing that tended only to luxury and pomp;

pomp; but noble and magnificent in refpect to expences of honour and duty; in confequence of which, he fpared nothing to procure them an education worthy of their birth. Grammarians, rhetoricians, philofophers, fculptors, painters, mafters expert in breaking and managing horfes; hunters, who taught youth the exercifes of the chace: in a word, he gave his fons all the aids and mafters that were neceffary in forming both their minds and bodies.

When he was not employed in public affairs, he would be prefent at their ftudies and exercifes: by thefe affiduous cares evincing, that of all the Romans, he was the father who had moft love and tendernefs for his children. *Plut. in Æmil.*

The beft proof undoubtedly which parents can give of their affection to their children, is to endeavour to make them wife and good. The firft clafs of duties which parents owe their children, refpects their natural life; and this comprehends protection, nurture, provifion, introducing them into the world in a manner fuitable to their rank and fortune, and the like. The fecond order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in fuch arts and accomplifhments as are neceffary to qualify them for performing the duties they owe to themfelves and others. As this was found to be the principal defign of the matrimonial alliance, fo the fulfilling that defign is the moft important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his part wifely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a creature of God, both parents ought to combine their joint wifdom, authority, and power, and each apart to employ thofe talents which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their refpective fex. The *father* ought to lay out and fuperintend their education; the *mother* to execute and manage the detail of which fhe is capable. The former fhould direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and moral powers of his child; his imagination and the manner of thofe exertions, are the peculiar

ar province of the latter. The former ſhould adviſe, protect, command; and by his experience, maſculine vigour, and that ſuperior authority which is commonly aſcribed to his ſex, brace and ſtrengthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity, and firmneſs in ſuffering. The buſineſs of the latter is to bend and ſoften her male pupil by the charms of her converſation, and the ſoftneſs and decency of her manners, for ſocial life, for politeneſs of taſte, and the elegant decorum and enjoyments of humanity: and to improve and refine the tenderneſs and modeſty of her female pupil, and form her to all thoſe mild domeſtic virtues, which are the peculiar characteriſtics and ornaments of her ſex.

To conduct the opening minds of their ſweet charge through the ſeveral periods of their progreſs, to aſſiſt them in each period in throwing out the latent ſeeds of reaſon and ingenuity, and in giving freſh acceſſions of light and virtue; and, at length, with all theſe advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theatre of human life, to act their ſeveral parts in the ſight of their friends, of ſociety, and mankind; how glorioully does heaven reward the taſk, when the parents behold thoſe dear images and repreſentations of themſelves, inheriting their virtues as well as fortunes, ſuſtaining their reſpective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable proſpect of tranſmitting their names with growing honours and advantages to a race yet unborn!

Beaut. of Hiſt.

....

The Strength of Parental Affection.

I WENT the other day to viſit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of ſeveral children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine. that ſhe might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little

little daughter's requeſt, had juſt taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A ſmiling boy was at the ſame time careſſing a lap dog, which is their mother's favourite, becauſe it pleaſes the children; and ſhe, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, ſo divided her converſation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, ſhe ſaid with a bluſh, " Mr Ironſide, though you are an old batchelor, you muſt not laugh at my tenderneſs to my children." I need not tell my reader what civil things I ſaid in anſwer to the lady, whoſe matron-like behaviour gave me infinite ſatisfaction: ſince I myſelf take great pleaſure in playing with children, and am ſeldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to ſuch entertaining companions.

Whence is it, ſaid I to myſelf when I was alone, that the affection of parents is ſo intenſe to their offspring? Is it becauſe they generally find ſuch reſemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themſelves renewed in their children, and are willing to tranſmit themſelves to future times? or is it becauſe they think themſelves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nouriſh and rear what is placed ſo immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the ſcene of miſery, of neceſſity? Theſe will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a ſupereminent degree protects and cheriſhes the whole race of mankind, his ſons and creatures? How ſhall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, ſo ſignally diſplayed throughout every ſpecies of the animal creation, without which the courſe of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Inſtances of tenderneſs in the moſt ſavage brutes are ſo frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unneceſſary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a ſecret delight in obſerving the gentle dawn of reaſon in babes; if our ears

ears are foothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate founds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and furprifed at the unexpected ftarts of wit and cunning in thefe miniatures of man: what tranfport may we imagine in the breafts of thofe, into whom natural inftinct hath poured tendernefs and fondnefs for them! how amiable is fuch a weaknefs of human nature! or rather, how great a weaknefs is it to give humanity fo reproachful a name! The bare confideration of paternal affection fhould, methinks, create a more grateful tendernefs in children towards their parents, than we generally fee; and the filent wifpers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

Thefe filent whifpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their caufe hath been unknown. There are feveral examples in ftory, of tender friendfhips formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a fympathy betwixt fouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the fenfe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnifh me with a very entertaining inftance of this fecret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human foul. It will be neceffary to inform the reader, that the perfon whofe ftory I am going to relate, was one, whofe roving and romantic temper, joined to a difpofition fingularly amorous, had led him through a vaft variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princefs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her hufband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having confumed his paternal eftate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceafed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warfaw, and lay ill

ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I ſhall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days when the counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom ſhe was nearly related; but when I found ſhe knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if ſhe had the charity to ſend me to Warſaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majeſty. The counteſs had the goodneſs to take compaſſion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the queen.

"My fever increaſed after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better ſhaped than the Poliſh women generally are. She was very fair, her ſkin exceedingly fine, and her air and ſhape inexpreſſibly beautiful. I was not ſo ſick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart ſuch emotions at the firſt view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me ſufficiently againſt the charms of the fair ſex.

"The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great inclination and tenderneſs for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwered, that ſhe was niece to the counteſs of Venoſki.

"I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the ſatisfaction

ſatisfaction to ſee, the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully: and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

"They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurpriſe, when I found it to be the very painting which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked

whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, "Ah, "my dear child," ſaid I, "yes, I am your father!" I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more lively emotions and pleaſing tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite." *Spectator.*

The Character of a GOOD FATHER.

THE good father is ever humane, tender, and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindneſs; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chaſtiſes with reluctance; he never ſuffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakneſs, or his affection to be biaſſed by partiality: as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never ſuffers them to want a bleſſing which he can beſtow, or lament an evil which he can prevent: whilſt he continueth with them, he adminiſters to their preſent happineſs, and provides for their future felicity when he ſhall be removed from them; he is doubly cautious in preſerving his own character, becauſe theirs depend upon it: he is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy; induſtrious, that they may be rich; good and virtuous, that they may be reſpected; he inſtructs by his life, and teaches by his example; as he is thoroughly ſatisfied that piety is the ſource and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that they may be good men, he endeavours to make them good *Chriſtians*: and after having done every thing in his power to make them eaſy and happy here, he points out to them the only infallible means of ſecuring eternal bliſs and tranquility hereafter. *Beaut. of Hiſt.*

The

The History of OLIVER CROMWELL.*

AFTER the murder of Charles I. the commons publiſhed a proclamation, forbidding all perſons, on pain of death, to acknowledge the late king's ſon, or any other, as ſovereign of England. They likewiſe aboliſhed the houſe of lords, where there were but ſixteen peers ſitting; ſo that, in all appearance, they took into their own hands the ſovereignty of England and Ireland.

The houſe of commons, which ſhould be compoſed of† five hundred and thirteen members, conſiſted then only of eighty. A new great ſeal was ordered to be made, on which was engraved theſe words, 'The parliament of the commonwealth of 'England.' The king's ſtatue in the Royal-Exchange had been already pulled down, and now this inſcription was affixed in its room: 'Charles the laſt king and the firſt tyrant.'

This ſame houſe condemned to death ſeveral noblemen, who had been taken priſoners fighting for their king. It was nothing extraordinary, that thoſe who had violated the law of nations ſhould infringe the law of arms; to do which the more effectually, the duke of Hamilton, a Scottiſh nobleman, was in the number of thoſe devoted to death. This treatment was a principal means of determining the Scots to acknowledge Charles II. for their ſovereign; but at the ſame time the law of liberty was ſo deeply rivetted in all hearts, that they reſtricted the royal authority within as narrow bounds as the Engliſh parliament had done at the beginning of the troubles. The Iriſh received their new king without conditions. Cromwell then got himſelf appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and immediately ſet out for that kingdom with the flower of the army, and was attended with his uſual ſucceſs.

 In

* Voltaire's Hiſt. Works, vol. v. p. 276—288.

† Thus it was before the union; but it now conſiſts of five hundred and fifty-eight.

In the mean time Charles II. was invited over to Scotland by the parliament of that kingdom, but on the fame conditions they had propofed to his father. They infifted that he fhould be a prefbyterian, as the Parifians had infifted upon his grandfather Henry IV's becoming a Roman catholic. They reftricted the royal prerogative in all things; whereas Charles was refolved upon having it preferved full and entire. His father's fate had in no wife weakened in him thofe notions, which feem born in the heart of every monarch.

The firft confequence of his being proclaimed king of Scotland, was a civil war. The Marquifs of Montrofe, a nobleman famous in thofe times for his perfonal valour and fteady attachment to the royal family, had brought fome foldiers from Germany and Denmark, * which he tranfported into the north of Scotland. Here he was joined by the Highlanders, and pretending to add the rights of conqueft to thofe of his mafter, he was defeated, taken and hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high.

After the death of Montrofe, the king finding himfelf abfolutely without other refource, quitted Holland, and put himfelf in the power of thofe who had fo lately hanged his general, and faithful friend and protector, and entered the city of Edinburgh by the very gate where the quarters of Montrofe were ftill expofed. The new commonwealth of England began to make inftant preparations for a war with Scotland, refolved that one half of the ifland fhould not be an afylum for a perfon who pretended to be king of the other likewife. This new commonwealth fupported the change of government with as much prudence of conduct as it had fhewn rage and fury in bringing it about; and it was an unheard of thing, that an handful of private citizens, without any chief to command them,

* The Marquis of Montrofe brought a few Scotch officers from the continent; but he had no other troops than about 1200 Irifh and a few Highlanders, with whom he obtained feveral furprizing victories before he was defeated by, David Leflie.

them, ſhould keep the peers of the realm at a ſilent diſtance, ſtrip the biſhops of their dignity, reſtrain the people within bounds, maintain an army of ſixteen thouſand men in Ireland, and the ſame in England, ſupport a formidable fleet well provided with neceſſaries, and punctually pay all demands, without any one member in the houſe enriching himſelf at the nation's expence. To provide for ſo great a charge, they obſerved the ſtricteſt œconomy in the management of the revenues formerly annexed to the crown, and made a ſale of the forfeited lands of the biſhops and chapters for ten years. In ſhort, the nation paid a tax of one hundred and twenty thouſand pounds ſterling per month; a tax ten times greater than that of ſhip money, which Charles I. had attempted to raiſe by his own authority, and which had been the firſt cauſe of ſo many diſaſters.

This parliament was not under Cromwell's direction, he being at that time on his Iriſh expedition, with his ſon-in-law Ireton; but it was chiefly guided by the independent party, who ſtill bore a great ſway. It was reſolved by the houſe to aſſemble an army againſt the Scots, and to ſend Cromwell thither, next in command under general Fairfax; accordingly he received orders to quit Ireland, which he had almoſt ſubdued. General Fairfax refuſed to accept the command of the army againſt the Scots. He was not an independent, but he was a preſbyterian, and pretended that his conſcience would not ſuffer him to attack his brethren, as they had not invaded England; and, notwithſtanding the earneſt ſolicitations of the houſe, reſigned his commiſſion, and retired to end his days in peace. This was no extraordinary reſolution, at a period, and in a country, where every one acted by his own rules. This however proved the æra of Cromwell's greatneſs, who was appointed general in the place of Fairfax, and marched into Scotland at the head of an army accuſtomed to victory for upwards of ten years. He beat the Scottiſh army at Dunbar, and immediately took poſſeſſion of the city of Edinburgh. From thence

thence he went in pursuit of Charles, who was advanced into England as far as Worcester, in hopes that the English royalists would rise in his behalf and join him there; but his army consisted chiefly of new-raised troops, raw and undisciplined. Cromwell came up with, and attacked him on the banks of the Severn, and gained, after very little resistance, the compleatest victory that had ever crowned his arms. He carried near seven thousand prisoners to London, who were sold as slaves to the American planters. The victorious army made itself master of all Scotland, while Cromwell pursued the king from place to place.

Imagination, the parent of fiction, never conceived a train of more extraordinary adventures, more pressing dangers, or more cruel extremities, than those which Charles experienced in his flight from his father's murderer. He was obliged to travel almost alone through bye-paths, half spent with hunger and fatigue, till he arrived in Staffordshire. There he concealed himself a whole night and day, in the hollow of a large oak in the midst of a wood, † surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers, who were every where in search of him. The oak was still to be seen at the beginning of this century. Astronomers have given it a place among the constellations of the southern pole, and have thus perpetuated the remembrance of these disasters. This prince, after wandering from village to village, sometimes disguised like a postilion, sometimes in women's apparel, and sometimes like a wood-cutter, at length found means to escape in a small fishing-boat, and was safely landed in Normandy, after having undergone, for six weeks, a train of adventures that almost exceed credibility.

Cromwell, in the mean time, returned to London in triumph. He was met a few miles from the city by the speaker of the house, accompanied by several of the members, and the mayor and magistrates of London in their formalities. The first thing he

† It was at Boscobel in Shropshire, that the king and colonel Careless concealed themselves among the branches of an oak.

he did after his return, was to perſuade the parliament to an abuſe of the victory their troops had gained, and which was ſo flattering to the Engliſh. The houſe paſſed an act for incorporating Scotland, as a conquered country, with the Engliſh commonwealth; and royalty was aboliſhed among the conquered, as it had already been among the victors.

Never had England been more powerful than ſince it had become a commonwealth. The parliament, which was wholly compoſed of republicans, formed the extraordinary project of joining the ſeven United Provinces to that of England, as it had lately incorporated Scotland. The ſtadtholder William II. ſon-in-law to Charles I. was lately dead, after having attempted to make himſelf abſolute in Holland, as Charles I. had attempted it in England, but with no better ſucceſs. He left a ſon in the cradle; and the Engliſh parliament hoped that the Dutch would as eaſily give up their ſtadtholder as the Engliſh had done its monarch; in which caſe the united republic of England, Scotland and Holland, might hold the balance of Europe; but the friends of the houſe of Orange having vigorouſly oppoſed this project, which ſavoured greatly of the enthuſiaſm of the times, this very enthuſiaſm determined the Engliſh parliament to declare war againſt Holland. The two republics had ſeveral engagements at ſea with various ſucceſs. Some of the wiſeſt among the members, who began to dread Cromwell's great influence and power, concurred in carrying on the war, that they might have a pretence for encreaſing the navy expence, which might oblige the parliament to diſband the army, and thus by degrees overthrow the dangerous power of the general.

Cromwell ſaw into their ſchemes, as they had penetrated into his; and now he threw off the maſk entirely, and ſhewed himſelf in his proper colours. He told major general Vernon, that 'he was compelled to do that which made his hair ſtand 'on end.' He haſtened to the houſe with a detachment of choſen men, and followed by the officers who were moſt at his devotion,

devotion, and ſet a guard upon the door; then he entered and took his place, and after ſome little pauſe, ' Methinks, ſaid he, ' this parliament is ripe enough to be diſſolved.' Some of the members having reproached him with ingratitude, he ſtarted up in the middle of the houſe, and exclaimed, ' The Lord has ' done with you, and has made choice of other inſtruments.' After this fanatic ſpeech he reviled all preſent in the moſt opprobrious terms, reproaching one as a drunkard, another as a whore-maſter, and telling them all that the goſpel condemned them, and that they had nothing to do but to diſſolve themſelves immediately. His officers and ſoldiers then entered the houſe, where pointing to the mace, he bade one of them ' take ' away that bauble.' Major general Harriſon then went up to the ſpeaker, and obliged him to leave the chair by violence; Cromwell then turning to the members, ' It is you, added he, ' that have forced me upon this. I have prayed to the Lord ' night and day that he would rather ſlay me than put me up- ' on this work.' Having ſaid this, he turned out all the members one by one, locked the doors himſelf, and carried away the key in his pocket.

What is ſtill more ſtrange is, that the parliament being thus diſſolved by force, and there being no acknowledged legiſlative authority, every thing did not fall into confuſion. Cromwell called a council of his officers, and it was by them that the conſtitution of the ſtate was truly changed. On this occaſion that happened in England, which we have already ſeen happen in all countries in the world; the ſtrong gave laws to the weak.

At Cromwell's inſtigation, this council nominated one hundred and forty-four perſons to repreſent the nation in parliament; theſe were chiefly taken from the loweſt claſs of the people, ſuch as ſhop-keepers and journeymen handicrafts. One of the moſt active members of this parliament was a leather-ſeller, named Barebones, from whom this aſſembly was called Barebone's Parliament.

 Cromwell,

Cromwell, as general, ſent a written order to all theſe members, requiring them to come and take upon them the ſovereign power, and to govern the nation. This aſſembly, after ſitting five months, during which time it became the object of ridicule and contempt to the whole nation, came to a reſolution to diſſolve itſelf, and reſigned the ſovereign power into the hands of the council of war, who thereupon, of their own authority, declared Cromwell protector of the three kingdoms, and ſent for the lord mayor and aldermen to join in the ſame. Oliver was then conducted to Whitehall with great ceremony, and there inſtalled in the royal palace, where he afterwards took up his reſidence. He was honoured with the title of Your Highneſs; and the city of London invited him to a feaſt, where the ſame honours were ſhewn him as had been paid to their kings. Thus did a private gentleman of Wales, † from an amazing conjunction of courage and hypocriſy, riſe to the kingly power, though under another name.

He was near fifty-three years of age when he attained the ſovereign power, forty-two years of which time he had paſſed without having had any employ civil or military. He was hardly known in 1642, when the houſe of commons, of which he was a member, gave him a commiſſion for a major of horſe. From this beginning it was that he roſe to be maſter of that houſe and the army; and, after having ſubdued Charles I. and his ſon, ſtept into their throne; and without being king, reigned more abſolutely and fortunately than any king had ever done. He choſe a council conſiſting of fourteen of the principal officers, who had been the companions of his fortunes, to each of whom he aſſigned a penſion of a thouſand pounds ſterling. The forces were paid one month's advance; the magazines of all kinds were regularly ſupplied. In the treaſury, of which he had the ſole management, there were three hundred

 thouſand

† He was born at Huntingdon of a good family, though he inherited but a ſmall eſtate from his family.

thousand pounds sterling, and about one hundred and fifty thousand in that of Ireland. The Dutch sued to him for peace, and he dictated the conditions, which were, that they should pay three hundred thousand pounds sterling; that the ships of the States-General should pay the compliment to the British flag; and that the young prince of Orange should never be restored to the offices or posts of his ancestors. This was the same prince who afterwards dethroned James II. as Cromwell had dethroned his father.

All the nations of Europe vied with each other in courting the protector. France courted his alliance against Spain, and put Dunkirk into his hands. His admirals took the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards, which has ever since remained with the English. Ireland, was entirely subdued, and treated like a conquered country. The estates of the vanquished were bestowed upon the victors; and those who were most attached to the royal cause, died by the hands of the common executioner.

Cromwell, who governed with all the authority of a king, convoked several parliament; but as he was always their master, he dissolved them whenever he pleased. He discovered all the plots that were formed against him, and prevented many insurrections. The peers were wholly excluded from his parliament, and lived in obscurity on their respective estates. He had the address to prevail on one of these parliaments, to make him a tender of the royal dignity, that he might refuse it; and by that means, more effectually secure his real power. He resided in the royal palace, where he lived a retired and gloomy life, without the least pomp or extravagance. General Ludlow, who was his lieutenant in Ireland, relates, that when the protector sent his son Henry Cromwell over to that kingdom, he sent only one servant to attend him. He was always of a morose disposition; he was sober, temperate, saving, though not greedy of another's possessions; he was diligent and punctual in all public affairs. By this dexterous management, he

he kept well with all ſects; he did not perſecute thoſe of the Romiſh communion, or of the church of England, who now hardly dared to ſhew their heads; he had chaplains of all parties; he was an enthuſiaſt with the fanatics (now called the Preſbyterians) whom he had cheated, ſubdued, and no longer feared; and would laugh at them with the Deiſts, placing confidence only in the independents, who could not ſubſiſt but through him. By this conduct, he preſerved to his laſt hour, an authority which had been cemented with blood, and ſupported by force and artifice.

Notwithſtanding his ſobriety, nature had limited his life to fifty-eight years. He died of a common fever, occaſioned probably by the anxiety of mind, ever attendant upon tyranny; for towards the latter part of his life, he was under continual apprehenſions of being aſſaſſinated: he never lay two nights together in the ſame room. At his death, he nominated his ſon Richard his ſucceſſor in the protectorſhip. As ſoon as the breath was out of his body, one of his preſbyterian chaplains, named Herries, comforted the by-ſtanders with this ſpeech: 'Do not be diſmayed; as he protected the Lord's people ſo long as he remained amongſt us, he will protect us more powerfully, now that he is aſcended into Heaven, where he will be ſeated at the right hand of Chriſt.' The ſpirit of Fanaticiſm was ſo powerful at that time, and Cromwell was held in ſuch high eſteem, that no one laughed at this ridiculous notion.

Notwithſtanding the different intereſts which prevailed at that time, Richard Cromwell was peaceably proclaimed protector in London. The council iſſued an order for the funeral of the deceaſed protector, which was more magnificent than that of any of the kings of England. They choſe as a model on this occaſion, the ceremonial which had been uſed at the death of Philip II. king of Spain. It is to be obſerved, that Philip was repreſented as being in purgatory for two months, in an apartment hung with black, and lighted with only a few

tapers. He was afterwards reprefented as in Heaven. The body was laid on a bed, richly adorned with gold, in an apartment hung with cloth of the fame, and illuminated with upwards of five hundred tapers, the light of which was again reflected from filver plates, which formed a luftre, equal to that of the Sun at noon-day. The fame ceremony was obferved at Oliver's funeral. He was laid on a bed of ftate, with the crown on his head, and a golden fceptre in his hand. The people gave little attention either to this imitation of a Romifh ceremony, or the magnificence with which it was accompanied. The dead body was embalmed and depofited in the royal vault, from whence Charles II. after his reftoration, caufed it to be removed, and expofed upon a gallows.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Common RAM.

THE Sheep, in its prefent domeftic ftate, feems fo far removed from a ftate of nature, that it may be deemed a difficult matter to point out its origin. Climate, food, and above all, the unwearied arts of cultivation, contribute to render this animal, in a peculiar manner, the creature of man; to whom it is obliged to truft entirely for its protection, and to whofe neceffities it largely contributes. Though fingularly inoffenfive, and harmlefs even to a proverb, it does not appear to be that ftupid, inanimate creature defcribed by Buffon, "devoid of every neceffary art of felf-prefervation, without courage, and even deprived of every inftinctive faculty, we are led to conclude, that the Sheep, of all other animals, is the moft contemptible and ftupid:" But amidft thofe numerous flocks which range without controul on extenfive mountains, where they feldom

dom depend upon the aid of the ſhepherd, it will be found to aſſume a very different character. In thoſe ſituations, a Ram or a Wedder will boldly attack a ſingle Dog, and often come off victorious: But when the danger is more alarming, they have recourſe to the collected ſtrength of the whole flock.—On ſuch occaſions, they draw up into a compact body, placing the young and the females in the center; while the males take the foremoſt ranks, keeping cloſe by each other. Thus an armed front is preſented on all quarters, and cannot eaſily be attacked without danger of deſtruction to the aſſailant. In this manner they wait with firmneſs the approach of the enemy; nor does their courage fail them in the moment of attack: For when the aggreſſor advances within a few yards of the line, the Rams dart upon him with ſuch impetuoſity as lays him dead at their feet, uuleſs he ſave himſelf by flight. Againſt the attacks of ſingle Dogs or Foxes, when in this ſituation, they are perfectly ſecure. A Ram, regardleſs of danger, will ſome times engage a Bull; and his forehead being much harder than that of any other animal, he ſeldom fails to conquer: For the Bull, by lowering his head, receives the ſtroke of the Ram between his eyes, which uſually brings him to the ground.

In the ſelection of their food, few animals diſcover greater ſagacity than the Sheep; nor does any domeſtic animal ſhew more dexterity and cunning in its attempts to elude the vigilance of the ſhepherd, in order to ſteal ſuch delicacies as are agreeable to its palate. Beſides its hardineſs in enduring great ſeverities of weather, the natural inſtinct of the Sheep in foreſeeing the approach of a ſtorm is no leſs remarkable: In their endeavours to ſecure themſelves under the ſhelter of ſome hill, whole flocks have frequently been buried for many days under a covering of ſnow, and have afterwards been taken out without any material injury. Thus beautifully deſcribed by Thomſon:—

« Oft

——————— " Oft the whirlwind's wing
" Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
" At one wide waft; and o'er the haplefs flocks,
" Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
" The billowy tempeft whelms."———

There have been inftances where Sheep, at the approach of a ftorm, have fled for fhelter to a neighbouring cottage, and taken refuge under the fame roof with their fhepfherd.

The variety in this creature is fo great, that fcarcely any two countries produce Sheep of the fame kind; there is found a manifeft difference in all, either in the fize, the covering, the fhape, or the horns.

The woolly Sheep is found only in Europe and in the temperate provinces of Afia: When tranfported into warmer climates, it lofes its wool, and becomes hairy and rough; it is likewife lefs fertile, and its flefh no longer retains the fame flavour.

No country produces finer Sheep than Great Britain: Their fleeces are large, and well adapted to the various purpofes of cloathing. The Spanifh fleeces are indeed finer, but ftand in no degree of comparifon with thofe of Lincolnfhire or Warwickfhire for weight or utility. In Edward III.'s time, when wool was allowed to be exported, it brought 150,000l. *per annum*, at 2l. 10s. a pack, which was a great fum in thofe days: At this time, when our woollen manufactory ftands unrivalled by any nation in the world, and every method is taken to prevent this valuable commodity from being fent out of the kingdom, the annual value of wool fhorn in England, is eftimated at two millions fterling, and when manufactured, at no lefs than fix millions.

Like other ruminating animals, the Sheep wants the upper fore-teeth: It has eight in the lower jaw, two of which drop out, and are replaced at two years old; four of them are renewed at three years, and the remainder at the age of four.

The Ewe produces one or two lambs at a time, and fometimes, though rarely, three or four; bears her young five months,

months, and brings forth in the ſpring. The Ram lives to the age of about fifteen years, and begins to procreate at one. When caſtrated, they are called Wedders. They then grow ſooner fat, and the fleſh becomes finer and better flavoured.

There is hardly any part of this animal that is not ſerviceable to man: Of the fleece we make our clothes; the ſkin produces leather, of which are made gloves, parchment, and covers for books; the entrails are formed into ſtrings for fiddles and other muſical inſtruments, likewiſe coverings for whips; its milk affords both butter and cheeſe; and its fleſh is a delicate and wholeſome food.

In the northern diſtricts of Scotland, and in many of the iſlands, there is a breed of Sheep which differs from the others in the ſmallneſs of their ſize, many of them when fed weighing no more than ſix, ſeven, or eight pounds per quarter. They have dun faces, without horns; and their wool, which is very fine, is varioſly mixed, and ſtreaked with black, brown, and red.

To theſe various and numerous tribes of this uſeful animal, we muſt add, that, by the perſevering induſtry and attention of Mr Bakewell of Diſhley, in Leiceſterſhire, our breed of Sheep has been greatly improved; and he has been followed by many eminent breeders, with nearly equal ſucceſs.

It ſeems to be generally agreed, that in Sheep, as well as in all other animals, there is a certain ſymmetry or proportion of parts, which is beſt adapted to the ſize of each particular animal: All thoſe of each kind that exceed, or fall ſhort of this pitch, are more or leſs diſproportioned, according to the ſize they attain to; and in the degree they are advanced beyond this line of perfection, we find them leſs active, weaker, and always leſs able to endure hardſhip. Thus, by ſelecting the handſomeſt and beſt proportioned of their kinds, the judicious breeder has gradually arrived at a degree of perfection in improving this animal, unknown at any former period.

The

The Common GOAT

THIS lively, playful, and capricious creature occupies the next ſtep in the great ſcale of Nature; and, though inferior to the Sheep in value, in various inſtances bears a ſtrong affinity to that uſeful animal. The Goat and the Sheep will propagate together: The He-Goat copulates with the Ewe, and the Ram with the She-Goat; the offspring likewiſe is prolific.

The Goat is a much more hardy animal than the Sheep, and is in every reſpect more fitted for a life of liberty: It is not eaſily confined to a flock, but chuſes its own paſture, ſtraying wherever its appetite or inclination leads: It chiefly delights in wild and mountainous regions, climbing the loftieſt rocks, and ſtanding ſecure on the verge of inacceſſible and dangerous precipices; although, as Ray obſerves, one would hardly ſuppoſe that their feet were adapted to ſuch perilous achievements; yet, upon a nearer inſpection, the wonder ceaſes, and we find that Nature has provided them with hoofs well calculated for the purpoſe of climbing, being made hollow underneath, with ſharp edges, like the inſide of a ſpoon, which prevents them ſliding off theſe rocky eminences.

The Goat is an animal eaſily ſuſtained, and is chiefly, therefore, the property of thoſe who inhabit wild and uncultivated regions, where it finds an ample ſupply of food from the ſpontaneous productions of Nature, in ſituations inacceſſible to other creatures. It delights rather on the heathy mountains, or the ſhrubby rock, than the fields cultivated by human induſtry. Its favourite food is the tops of the boughs, or the tender bark of young trees. It bears a warm climate better than the Sheep, and frequently ſleeps expoſed to the hotteſt rays of the ſun.

The milk of the Goat is ſweet, nouriſhing, and medicinal, being found highly beneficial in conſumptive caſes: It is not ſo apt to curdle upon the ſtomach as that of the Cow. From the ſhrubs and heath on which it feeds, the milk of the Goat acquires

quires a flavour and wildneſs of taſte very different from that of either the Sheep or Cow, and is highly pleaſing to ſuch as have accuſtomed themſelves to its uſe: It is made into whey for thoſe whoſe digeſtion is too weak to bear it in its primitive ſtate. Several places in the north of England and the mountainous parts of Scotland, are much reſorted to for the purpoſe of drinking the milk of the Goat, and its effects have been generally ſalutary in vitiated and debilitated habits.

In many parts of Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, their Goats make the chief poſſeſſions of the inhabitants; and in moſt of the mountainous parts of Europe, ſupply the natives with many of the neceſſaries of life: They lie upon beds made of their ſkins, which are ſoft, clean, and wholeſome; they live upon their milk, and oat bread; they convert part of it into butter, and ſome into cheeſe. The fleſh of the kid, which they do not allow themſelves to taſte, is conſidered by the city epicure as a great rarity; and, when properly prepared, is eſteemed by ſome as little inferior to veniſon.

The Goat produces generally two young at a time, ſome times three, rarely four: In warmer climates, it is more prolific, and produces four or five at once; though the breed is found to degenerate. The male is capable of propagating at one year old, and the female at ſeven months; but the fruits of a generation ſo premature, are generally weak and defective: Their beſt time is at the age of two years, or eighteen months at leaſt. The Goat is a ſhort-lived animal, full of ardour, but ſoon enervated. His appetite for the female is exceſſive, ſo that one buck is ſufficient for one hundred and fifty females.

Hiſt. of Quad.

On Embelliſhments of STYLE.

THE deſign of expreſſion is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in ſuch a manner as is moſt probable to attain the end we propoſe, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unleſs they wrote agreeably, ſo as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the underſtanding of their readers: for which reaſon, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleaſing, as well as profitable; and thoſe arts are very commendable and honeſt; they are no trick, no deluſion, or impoſition on the ſenſes and underſtanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon obſerving her operations in all the various paſſions and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embelliſhments of ſtyle; all figures and ſchemes of ſpeech, and thoſe ſeveral decorations that are uſed in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flouriſhes of fancy reſemble the flouriſhes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuſcripts, and of the preſs, borrowed their title perhaps from the illumination which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and diſperſes through his compoſition.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a ſubject, lies in a right diſtribution of the ſhades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to obſerve where the lights will fall, to produce the moſt beautiful parts to the day, and caſt in ſhades what we cannot hope will ſhine to advantage.

It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ornaments and illuſtrations of ſpeech; and yet I would not diſmiſs it without pointing at the general rules and neceſſary qualifica-

tions required in thoſe who would attempt to ſhine in the productions of their pen. And therefore you muſt pardon me if I ſeem to go back, for we cannot raiſe any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation. *Felton.*

....

On the Purity and Idiom of Language.

WHILE the Romans ſtudied and uſed the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flouriſhed, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expreſſive; but in a few years after, the ladies and beaus of Rome affected to ſpeak Greek, and regarding nothing but the ſoftneſs and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monſtrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to ſpeak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dreſs, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and Engliſh mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of ſenſe. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not againſt any real improvement of our own language from that or any other; but we are always ſo fooliſh, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs but what is ſilly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the ſubſtantial uſe of their language, we only enervate and ſpoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and ſtand in need of recruits to ſupply the place of thoſe words that are continually falling off through diſuſe: and ſince it is ſo, I think 'tis better to raiſe them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have ſufficient ſtrength and numbers within ourſelves: there is a vaſt treaſure, an inexhauſtible fund in the old Engliſh,

gliſh, from whence authors may draw conſtant ſupplies, as our officers make their ſureſt recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the ſtrength, and ſignificancy of many antiquated words, ſhould recommend them to uſe again. 'Tis only wiping off the ruſt they have contracted, and ſeparating them from the droſs they ly mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will riſe above the ſtandard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not ſo muſical to the ear, nor ſo abundant in multiplicity of words; but its ſtrength is real, and its words are therefore the more expreſſive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is cloſe, compact, and full; and our writings (if you will excuſe two Latin words) come neareſt to what Tully means by his *Preſſa Oratio.* They are all weight and ſubſtance, good meaſure preſſed together, and running over in a redundancy of ſenſe, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language conſiſts in preſerving this character, in writing with the Engliſh ſtrength and ſpirit: let us not envy others, that they are more ſoft, and diffuſe, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want ſupplies, we had better revive old words than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debaſe it with too much allay; and let me leave this cenſure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the Engliſh tongue with the moſt ſpecious foreign words and phraſes, is juſt as wiſe as thoſe modiſh ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old cloaths is much the faireſt barter. *Felton.*

On Plainneſs and Perſpicuity.

AFTER this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a juſt ſtyle is its plainneſs and perſpicuity. This is the

the greateſt commendation we can give an author, and the beſt argument that he is maſter of the language he writes in, and the ſubject he writes upon, when we underſtand him, and ſee into the ſcope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obſcurity of expreſſion, and darkneſs of ſenſe, do ariſe from the confuſion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, be his ſtyle never ſo plain as to the words he uſes, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this ſubject be never ſo juſt and diſtinct, unleſs he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of eaſy writing in plain obvious expreſſions, the words will perplex the ſenſe, and cloud the clearneſs of his thoughts.

It is the unhappineſs of ſome, that they are not able to expreſs themſelves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigeſted knowledge, which lies confuſed in the brain, without any order or diſtinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obſcurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed ſtyle, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending againſt plainneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, is an affectation of hard unuſual words, and of cloſe contracted periods: the faults of pedants and ſententious writers! that are vainly oſtentatious of their learning, or their wiſdom. Hard words and quaint expreſſions are abominable: wherever you meet ſuch a writer, throw him aſide for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have uſed a ſhort and conciſe way of expreſſion, I muſt own; and if they are not ſo clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we ſtudy to be conciſe, we can hardly avoid being obſcure. We crowd our thoughts into too ſmall a compaſs, and are ſo ſparing of our words, that we will not afford enow to expreſs our meaning.

There is another extreme in obſcure writers, not much taken notice of, which ſome empty conceited heads are apt to

run

run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of ſenſe. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who loſe their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their ſenſe under heaps of phraſes. Their underſtanding is rather rarified than condenſed: their meaning, we cannot ſay, is dark and thick; it is too light and ſubtle to be diſcerned; it is ſpread ſo thin, and diffuſed ſo wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would expreſs all they ſay in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt ſyllabub and froth, a little varniſh and gilding, without any ſolidity or ſubſtance. *Felton.*

On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.

THE deepeſt rivers have the plaineſt ſurface, and the pureſt waters are always cleareſt. Cryſtal is not the leſs ſolid for being tranſparent; the value of a ſtyle riſes like the value of precious ſtones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to poliſh it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the ſame art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debaſes it if it be dull.

You ſee I have borrowed ſome metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impoſſible to deſcribe the plainneſs and clearneſs of ſtyle, without ſome expreſſions clearer than the terms I am otherwiſe bound up to uſe.

You muſt give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of ſtyle: there is no inconſiſtency between the plainneſs and perſpicuity, and the ornament of writing. A ſtyle reſembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to ſymmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements as to features and complexion. If I may tranſgreſs in too frequent alluſions, becauſe I would make every thing plain to you, I would paſs on from painters to ſtatuaries, whoſe excellence it is at firſt to form true and juſt proportions,

portions, and afterwards to give them that ſoftneſs, that expreſſion, that ſtrength and delicacy, which make them almoſt breathe and live.

The decorations of ſtyle are formed out of thoſe ſeveral ſchemes and figures which are contrived to expreſs the paſſions and motions of our minds in our ſpeech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expreſſions. I ſhall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and thoſe ſeveral ornaments of writing, whoſe grace and commendation ly in being uſed with judgment and propriety. It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ſchemes and illuſtrations of ſpeech: but there are ſome common forms, which every writer upon every ſubject may uſe, to enliven and adorn his work.

Theſe are metaphor and ſimilitude; and thoſe images and repreſentations, that are drawn in the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the uſe of theſe, your ordinary writers are moſt apt to offend. Images are very ſparingly to be introduced; their proper place is in poems and orations; and their uſe is to move pity or terror, admiration, compaſſion, anger, and reſentment, by repreſenting ſomething very affectionate or very dreadful, very aſtoniſhing, very miſerable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the ſubject, where they are painted by a maſterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unſkilfully placed, they raiſe no paſſion but indignation in the reader. *Ibid.*

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On Metaphors and Similitudes.

THE moſt common ornaments are Metaphors and Similitude. One is an alluſion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the moſt familiar and beſt known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obſcure in them, the purpoſe of uſing them is defeated; and that which is not clear itſelf, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of ſome poor brains to run out perpetually into a courſe of ſimilitudes, confounding their ſubject by the multitude of likeneſſes; and making it like ſo many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himſelf; and, while he is likening his ſubject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in ſome ſimile men, which is, drawing their compariſons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the reſemblance holds or not. But the true art of illuſtrating any ſubject by ſimilitude, is, firſt to pitch on ſuch a reſemblance as all the world will agree in; and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the ſtrongeſt lines, and the neareſt likeneſs: and this will ſecure us from all ſtiffneſs and formality in ſimilitude, and deliver us from the nauſeous repetition of *as* and *ſo*, which ſome ſo ſo writers, if I may beg leave to call them ſo, are continually ſounding in our ears.

I have nothing to ſay to thoſe gentlemen who bring ſimilitudes and forget the reſemblance. All the pleaſure we can take, when we meet theſe promiſing ſparks, is in the diſappointment, where we find their fancy is ſo like their ſubject, that it is not like at all. *Ibid.*

On Metaphors.

METAPHORS require great judgment and conſideration in the uſe of them. They are a ſhorter ſimilitude, where the likeneſs is rather implied than expreſſed. The ſignification of one word,

word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there muſt be a common reſemblance, ſome original likeneſs in nature, ſome correſpondence and eaſy tranſition, or metaphors are ſhocking and confuſed.

The beauty of them diſplays itſelf in their eaſineſs and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not riſe out of the courſe of thought, but are conſtrained and preſſed into the ſervice, inſtead of making the diſcourſe more lively and chearful, they make it ſullen, dull, and gloomy.

You muſt form your judgment upon the beſt models and the moſt celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and ſtrength, ſhedding a luſtre and beauty on the work: for it ought never to be uſed but when it gives greater force to the ſentence, an illuſtration to the thought, and inſinuates a ſilent argument in the alluſion. The uſe of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleaſing manner, but to give it a ſtronger impreſſion, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling traſh; and in a due obſervance of this, in a pure, chaſte, natural expreſſion, conſiſt the juſtneſs, beauty, and delicacy of ſtyle.

Felton.

On Epithets.

I HAVE ſaid nothing of Epithets. Their buſineſs is to expreſs the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to diſtinguiſh what are the moſt proper titles to be given on all occaſions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of moſt ornament when they are of uſe; they are to determine the character of every perſon, and decide the merits of every cauſe; conſcience and

 juſtice

juſtice are to be regarded, and great ſkill and exactneſs are required in the uſe of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of ſatire, and ſtrains of compliment, depend upon it; otherwiſe we may make an aſs of a lion; commend a man in ſatire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here alſo there is room for genius: common juſtice and judgment ſhould direct us to ſay what is proper at leaſt; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the moſt lively and moſt forcible epithets that can be applied; and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies. *Felton.*

On Allegories.

ALLEGORIES I need not mention, becauſe they are not ſo much any ornament of ſtyle, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed ſhape, and a dreſs more agreeably to the fancy, than naked truth herſelf can be. Truth is ever moſt beautiful and evident in her native dreſs; and the arts that are uſed to convey her to our minds, are no argument that ſhe is deficient, but ſo many teſtimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plaineſt and ſinceſt, is forced to gain admittance to us in diſguiſe, and court us in maſquerade. *Ibid.*

On the Sublime.

THERE is one ingredient more required to the perfection of ſtyle, which I have partly mentioned already, in ſpeaking of the ſuitableneſs of the thoughts to the ſubject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to conſider it in another light, with regard to the majeſty and dignity of the ſubject.

It

It is fit, as we have ſaid already, that the thoughts and expreſſions ſhould be ſuited to the matter on all occaſions; but in nobler and greater ſubjects, eſpecially where the theme is ſacred and divine, it muſt be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majeſty of the things we preſume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childiſh thoughts or boyiſh expreſſions, will be endured: all muſt be awful and grave, and great and ſolemn The nobleſt ſentiments muſt be conveyed in the weightieſt words: all ornaments and illuſtrations muſt be borrowed from the richeſt parts of univerſal nature; and in divine ſubjects, eſpecially when we attempt to ſpeak of God, of his wiſdom, goodneſs, and power, of his mercy and juſtice, of his diſpenſations and providence, (by all which he is pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to the ſons of men) we muſt raiſe our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and ſearch all the treaſures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only expreſs our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation; and the brighteſt of theſe can only give us ſome feint ſhadows of his greatneſs and his glory. The ſtrongeſt figures are too weak, the moſt exalted language too low, to expreſs his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in ſo ſublime a theme nothing can be hyperbolical. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in ſupplying thought on an infinite ſubject. How poor and mean, how baſe and groveling, are the heathen conceptions of the Deity! ſomething ſublime and noble muſt needs be ſaid on ſo great an occaſion; but in this great article, the moſt celebrated of the Heathen pens ſeem to flag and ſink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depreſſed by the weight, and dazzled with the ſplendour of the ſubject.

We have no inſtances to produce of any writers that riſe at all to the majeſty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the ſacred penmen. No leſs than Divine Inſpiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of

God knew how to exprefs his greatnefs, and difplay his glory: in comparifon of thefe divine writers, the greateft geniufes, the nobleft wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The fublime majefty and royal magnificence of the fcripture poems are above the reach and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the beft and livelieft poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the fcriptures, in a profe tranflation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, lofe their fpirits and their ftrength in the transfufion, to that degree that we have hardly patience to read them. But the facred writings, even in our tranflation, preferve their majefty and their glory, and very far furpafs the brighteft and nobleft compofitions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richnefs and folemnity of the eaftern eloquence, (for it holds in no other inftance) but to the divine direction and affiftance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the moft literal tranflation of the fcriptures, in the moft natural fignification of the words, is generally the beft; and the fame punctualnefs, which debafes other writings, preferves the fpirit and majefty of the facred text: it can fuffer no improvement from human wit; and we may obferve, that thofe who have prefumed to heighten the expreffions by a poetical tranflation or paraphrafe, have funk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verfe, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majefty, and folemnity of our profe: fo that the profe of fcripture cannot be improved by verfe, and even the divine poetry is moft like itfelf in profe One obfervation more I would leave with you: Milton himfelf, as great a genius as he was, owes his fuperiority over Homer and Virgil, in majefty of thought aud fplendour of expreffion, to the fcriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the facred treafure that enriched his fancy, and furnifhed him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to difcover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will

will meet all his ſentiments and words raiſed and ſuited to the greatneſs and dignity of the ſubject.

I have detained you the longer on this majeſty of ſtyle, being perhaps myſelf carried away with the greatneſs and pleaſure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt ſo much on with reſpect to divine ſubjects, is more eaſily to be obſerved with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall ſhort; and in adorning all other ſubjects, our words and ſentiments may riſe in a juſt proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the ſame wit can raiſe a human ſubject, that only debaſes a divine. *Felton.*

....

A Recapitulation.

I SHALL make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all theſe rules together riſes a juſt ſtyle, and a perfect compoſition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to ſhine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be uſed in the pomp and trappings of a diſcourſe: it is not neceſſary that every part ſhould be embelliſhed and adorned; but the decoration ſhould be ſkilfully diſtributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offenſive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itſelf there are vacancies and ſpaces between the ſtars: and the day is not leſs beautiful for being interſperſed with clouds; they only moderate the brightneſs of the ſun, and, without diminiſhing from his ſplendour, gild and adorn themſelves with his rays. But to deſcend from the ſkies: It is in writing as in dreſs; the richeſt habits are not always the completeſt, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain ſuit than in an embroidered coat: the dreſs depends upon the imagination, but muſt be adjuſted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy

fancy in the choice of their clothes. The firſt excellence is to write in purity, plainly and clearly; there is no diſpenſation from theſe: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your ſubject as you pleaſe.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one ſocial bond, and joined, like the moral virtues and liberal arts, in a ſort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain Engliſh, muſt never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dreſs and adorn his diſcourſe; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other ſide, let a man write in the exacteſt purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work ſome force and ſpirit, it is nothing but a mere corpſe, and a lumpiſh, unwieldy maſs of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect maſter of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richeſt vein, and gives his pieces ſuch lively colours, and ſo beautiful a complexion, that you would almoſt ſay his own blood and ſpirits were transfuſed into the work. *Felton.*

... .

On the Hiſtorical Style.

HISTORY will not admit thoſe decorations other ſubjects are capable of; the paſſions and affections are not to be moved with any thing but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty muſt ly in the order and expreſſion. To relate every event with clearneſs and perſpicuity, in ſuch words as beſt expreſs the nature of the ſubject, is the chief commendation of an hiſtorian's ſtyle. Hiſtory gives us a draught of facts and tranſactions in the world. The colours theſe are painted in; the ſtrength and ſignificancy of the ſeveral faces; the regular confuſion of a battle; the diſtractions of tumult ſenſibly depicted; every object and every occurrence ſo preſented to your

your view, that while you read you ſeem indeed to ſee them: this is the art and perfection of an hiſtorical ſtyle. And you will obſerve, that thoſe who have excelled in hiſtory, have excelled in this eſpecially; and what has made them the ſtandards of that ſtyle, is the clearneſs, the life and vigour of their expreſſion, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the ſubjects they wrote on: for hiſtory and narration are nothing but juſt and lively deſcriptions of remarkable events and accidents. *Felton.*

Of HERODOTUS *and* THUCYDIDES.

FOR this reaſon we praiſe Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Salluſt and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their ſtyle, yet they all agree in theſe common excellencies. Herodotus diſplays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearneſs of a numerous and ſolemn diction; he flows with a ſedate and majeſtic pace, with an eaſy current, and a pleaſant ſtream. Thucydides does ſometimes write in a ſtyle ſo cloſe, that almoſt every word is a ſentence, and every ſentence almoſt acquaints us with ſomething new; ſo that from the multitude of cauſes, and variety of matter crowded together, we ſhould ſuſpect him to be obſcure: but yet ſo happy, ſo admirable a maſter is he in the art of expreſſion, ſo proper and ſo full, that we cannot ſay whether his diction does more illuſtrate the things he ſpeaks of, or whether his words themſelves are not illuſtrated by his matter, ſo mutual a light do his expreſſion and ſubject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be preſſed and cloſe, is nevertheleſs great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his ſubject. He firſt, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the hiſtorian's ſtyle, to make the narration more pleaſing, by leaving the flatneſs and nakedneſs of former ages.

This is moſt obſervable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial ſpirit, as if he ſtood in the hotteſt of the engagement; and what is moſt excellent, as well as remarkable in ſo cloſe a ſtyle, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their moſt proper ſituation. *Felton.*

Of SALLUST *and* LIVY.

SALLUST and Livy you will read, I hope, with ſo much pleaſure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Salluſt are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus? and, ſince I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the compariſons. Salluſt is repreſented as a conciſe, a ſtrong, and nervous writer; and ſo far he agrees with Thucydides's manner: but he is alſo charged with being obſcure, as conciſe writers very often are, without any reaſon. For, if I may judge by my own apprehenſions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious, and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can obſerve, one redundant expreſſion; but his words are all weighed and choſen, ſo expreſſive and ſignificant, that I will challenge any critic to take a ſentence of his and expreſs it clearer or better; his contraction ſeems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that conſidered and ſtudied perſpicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to expreſs his meaning, nor ſuffer one to ſtand, if his ſenſe was clear without it. Being more diffuſe, would have weakened his language, and have made it obſcurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only ſerve to cloud or diſſipate the ſenſe; and though a copious ſtyle in a maſter's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciſeneſs and perſpicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the

the expreſſions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Salluſt is all life and ſpirit, yet grave and majeſtic in his diction: his uſe of old words is perfectly right; there is no affectation, but more weight and ſignificancy in them: the boldneſs of his metaphors are among his greateſt beauties; they are choſen with great judgment, and ſhew the force of his genius; the colouring is ſtrong, and the ſtrokes are bold; and in my opinion he choſe them for the ſake of the brevity he loved, to expreſs more clearly and more forcibly what otherwiſe he muſt have written in looſer characters with leſs ſtrength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the juſteſt and exacteſt of the Roman writers.

Livy is the moſt conſiderable of the Roman hiſtorians, if to the perfection of his ſtyle we join the compaſs of his ſubject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewiſh, eſpecially over Thucydides; whoſe hiſtory, however drawn out into length, is confined to the ſhorteſt period of any, except what remains of Salluſt. No hiſtorian could be happier in the greatneſs and dignity of his ſubject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majeſty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not ſo copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expreſſion, grave, majeſtic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would ſay his ſtyle flows with milk and honey, in ſuch abundance, ſuch pleaſure and ſweetneſs, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to reſume him. We may reſemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majeſty of expreſſion; and if we obſerve the multitude of clauſes in the length of his periods, perhaps Thucydides himſelf is not more crowded; only the length of the periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have

been induced to think this writer was copious, becaufe his fentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his defcriptions, not lavifh in the number, but exuberant in the richnefs and fignificancy of his words. You will obferve, for I fpeak upon my own obfervation, that Livy is not fo eafy and obvious to be underftood as Salluft; the experiment is made every where in reading five or fix pages of each author together. The fhortnefs of Salluft's fentences, as long as they are clear, fhews his fenfe and meaning all the way in an inftant: the progrefs is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another with fo fwift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read diftinctly, run fafter than we underftand him. This is the brighteft teftimony that can be given of a clear and obvious ftyle. In Livy we cannot pafs on fo readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the fentence, and have fo many claufes to fort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I muft own I cannot read him fo readily at fight as I can Salluft; though with attention and confideration I underftand him as well. He is not fo eafy, nor fo well adapted to young proficients, as the other; and is ever plaineft when his fentences are fhorteft, which I think is a demonftration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quinctilian; but I do not conceive fo myfelf; for Quinctilian recommends Livy before Salluft, rather for his candour, and the larger compafs of his hiftory: for he owns a good proficiency is required to underftand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehenfion. Diftinction of fentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expreffive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermoft; but long periods, and a multiplicity of claufes, however they abound with the moft obvious and fignificant words, do neceffarily make the meaning more retired, lefs forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may feem as crowded

ed as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauſes, which, ſo diſpoſed, do rather obſcure than illuminate his writings. But in ſo rich, ſo majeſtic, ſo flowing a water, we may wait with patience to the end of the ſentence, for the pleaſure ſtill encreaſes as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatneſs and nobleneſs of his diction, his happineſs in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his ſtyle, if we were to decide, is certainly the ſtandard of Roman hiſtory. For Salluſt, I muſt own, is too impetuous in his courſe; he hurries his reader on too faſt, and hardly ever allows him the pleaſure of expectation, which in reading hiſtory, where it is juſtly raiſed on important events, is the greateſt of all others. *Felton.*

On SPENCER *and* SHAKESPEAR.

I MAY add ſome poets of more ancient date: and though their ſtyle is out of the ſtandard now, there are in them ſtill ſome lines ſo extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spencer, though he be antiquated too, hath ſtill charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verſe has muſic in it to raviſh any ears that can be ſenſible of the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt numbers that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakeſpear is a wonderful genius, a ſingle inſtance of the force of nature and the ſtrength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expreſſion. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and ſets his readers on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is ſo admirable a maſter of the paſſions, that he raiſes your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleaſure; but he delights moſt in terror. *Ibid.*

On MILTON and PHILIPS.

MILTON is the aſſertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like ſinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleaſed in being ſlaves. Some indeed have made ſome faint attempts to break it, but their verſe had all the ſoftneſs and effeminacy of rhyme without the muſic; and Dryden himſelf, who ſometimes ſtruggled to get looſe, always relapſed, and was faſter bound than ever: but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr Philips has trod the neareſt in his great maſter's ſteps, and has equalled him in his verſe more than he falls below him in the compaſs and dignity of his ſubject. The Shilling is truly ſplendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfiniſhed caſtle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digreſſed from Milton; and that I may return, and ſay all in a word; his ſtyle, his thoughts, his verſe, are as ſuperior to the generality of other poets, as his ſubject. *Felton.*

The preſent Life to be conſidered only as it may conduce to the Happineſs of a future one.

A LEWD young fellow, ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, " Father," ſays he, " you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world." " True, ſon," ſaid the hermit; " but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond, permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of thoſe two lives is it our chiefeſt intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, whe-

ther we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmoſt length, of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life that is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that, in practice, we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We make proviſions for this life, as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a ſpecies of beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would he not believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age! How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence; when, I ſay, he ſhould know

know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon, than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that which, after many myriads of years, will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may, after all, prove unſucceſsful; whereas, if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years: Suppoſing then you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in the choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination, as to

diſpoſe

diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay, of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice!

I here put the caſe, even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life; but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice!

Every wiſe man, therefore, will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

Spectator.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

I WAS yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn.

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First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at

at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

> ——————————*Hæres*
> *Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.*
> Hor. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.
>
> ——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
> Wave urges wave. Creech.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul

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as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is; nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it; and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs! *Spectator.*

On religious Principles and Behaviour.

RELIGION is rather a matter of ſentiment than reaſoning. The important and intereſting articles of faith are ſufficiently plain. Fix your attention on theſe, and do not meddle with controverſy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelf. It ſpoils the temper, and, I ſuſpect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all converſation, that tend to ſhake your faith on thoſe great points of religion, which ſhould ſerve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happineſs depend.

Never indulge yourſelves in ridicule on religious ſubjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by ſeeming diverted with what they ſay. This, to people of good breeding, will be a ſufficient check.

I wiſh you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace thoſe you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourſelves about ſuch as you do not underſtand, but treat them with ſilent and becoming reverence.

I would adviſe you to read only ſuch religious books as are addreſſed to the heart, ſuch as inſpire pious and devout affections, ſuch as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not ſuch as tend to entangle you in the endleſs maze of opinions and ſyſtems.

Be punctual in the ſtated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any ſenſibility or imagination, this will eſtabliſh ſuch an intercourſe between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite conſequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual chearfulneſs, to your tempers, give a firmneſs and ſteadineſs to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the viciſſitudes of human life, with propriety and dignity.

I wiſh you to be regular in your attendance on public worſhip, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of ſome active duty in life, to which they ſhould always give place.—In your behaviour at public worſhip, obſerve an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme ſtrictneſs which I recommend to you in theſe duties, will be conſidered by many of your acquaintance as a ſuperſtitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other ſubjects, I have an eye to the ſpirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and diſſipation in the preſent manners, a coldneſs and liſtleſſneſs in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unleſs you purpoſely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual. *Gregory's Advice.*

The Temple of virtuous Love.

THE ſtructure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) conſecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by ſuch as received a ring, or ſome other token, from a perſon who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes and myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was ſeated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of ſeveral trees that were embraced by woodbines, jeſſamines, and amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries that were performed in it. I had, however,

ver, the curiofity to obferve how the feveral couples that entered were difpofed of; which was after the following manner: There were two great gates on the backfide of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of thefe gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and compofed air, the other a fort of fmile and ineffable fweetnefs in her countenance: the name of the firft was Difcretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themfelves under the direction of thefe two fifters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnifhed with every thing that could make them the proper feats of happinefs. The fecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them ftrove to break, but could not. Several of thefe were fuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well-acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was poffeffed by three fifters, who joined themfelves with thefe wretches, and occafioned moft of their miferies. The youngeft of the fifters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the drefs and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the fecond was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the fkin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and fnapped at every one that paffed by her. The eldeft of the fifters, who feemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his fhoulder, the end of which was fafhioned into the horns of a ftag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd cafts in them, and that particular diftemper which makes perfons who are troubled with it fee objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealoufy. *Tatler.*

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The Temple of Luſt.

HAVING finiſhed my obſervations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters, made up of half men, half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamour and jollity: on one ſide of me I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other, brawls and claſhing of ſwords: in ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it, but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it: all who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and ſeveral loſt their limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The re-

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maining part of this viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the ſubject of another paper.

Tatler.

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The Temple of Virtue.

WITH much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road were ſeveral paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it: theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the temple of Honour, by reaſon of the temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it: at the gates of this temple we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe, in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her

feet

feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it. *Ibid.*

Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar; but ſuch was the abſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground. "Son of affliction," ſaid Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy diſtreſs?" "My name," replied the ſtranger, "is Haſſan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adverſity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eyes compaſſionate thou canſt not deliver." "To deliver thee," ſaid Omar, "belongs to Him only from whom we ſhould receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain." Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt.

It is now ſix years ſince our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to diſpenſe: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving diſtreſs and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and

and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; and my chearfulneſs was rather encreaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I have raiſed thy curioſity, and it ſhall be ſatiſfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the ſovereign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of Medina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented me: "Haſſan," ſaid he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wiſdom." I anſwered, "Mock not thy ſervant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happineſs and miſery are the daughters of thy will." "Haſſan," he replied, "I can no otherwiſe give life or happineſs, than by not taking them away: thou art thyſelf beyond the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my boſom with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or puniſh. By the bow-ſtring I can repreſs violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power I can transfer

fer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to encrease or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that chearfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, chearfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence, and reserved only a mattrass, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with chearfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment

ment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and, throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter a falſehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loſs of that which I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes, which indeed I am not worthy thou ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in obſcurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I miſtook thy character: I now diſcover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe their objects were too remote to rouſe them. I cannot therefore inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes that I excited, leſt thy heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me."—I ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an extaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he

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took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the feraglio; I was attended by his own fervants; my provifions were fent from his own table; I received every week a fum from his treafury, which exceeded the moft romantic of my expectations. But I foon difcovered that no dainty was fo tafteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no flumbers fo fweet as thofe which wearinefs invited; and no time fo well enjoyed as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered thefe enjoyments with regret; and while I was fighing in the midft of fuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were fuddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midft of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired fuddenly in the bath: fuch thou knoweft was the deftiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His fon Aububekir, who fucceeded to the throne, was incenfed againft me, by fome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he fuddenly withdrew my penfion, and commanded that I fhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with fo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myfelf in the ftreets of Medina, indigent and friendlefs, expofed to hunger and derifion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the fenfibility of pride. O! let not thy heart defpife me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is mifery to lofe that which it is not happinefs to poffefs. O! that for me this leffon had not been written on the tablets of providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myfelf. How different are the ftates in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleafures of neither can return.—Haffan having thus ended his ftory, fmote his hands together, and looking upward, burft into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was paft, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My fon," faid he, "more is yet

yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The leſſon of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and labour, only becauſe they were become habitual, and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence approached thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour no more. That whieh then became the object, was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the delights of paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldſt not have regretted that leſs was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of ſoul; and the diſtreſs which is now ſuffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy truſt in Him who alone can gratify the wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy thy ſoul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet; to thy content alſo will be added ſtability, when it depends not upon that which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the Angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with chearfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt.

Adventurer.

—Quid

The Story of AMURATH.

——Quid violentius aure tyranni. Juv.

" Rough truth ſoon irritates a tyrant's ear."

BY which of the Indian ſages of antiquity the following ſtory was written, or whether the people of the Eaſt have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the firſt perſon, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempſychoſis is an article of faith, and the viſible agency of Superior Beings admitted without ſcruple.

' Amurath, Sultan of the Eaſt, the judge of nations, the diſciple of adverſity, records the wonders of his life: let thoſe who preſumptuouſly queſtion the ways of Providence, bluſh in ſilence and be wiſe; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the ſenſual reform and be happy.

' The angel of death cloſed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire deſcended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At firſt my mind was awed to humility, and ſoftened with grief; I was inſenſible to the ſplendour of dominion, I heard the addreſſes of flattery with diſguſt, and received the homage of dependent greatneſs with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting inſtances of his tenderneſs, and renewing the ſolemn ſcene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and graſped my hand in the agonies of death.

' One evening, after having concealed myſelf all day in his chamber, I viſited his grave: I proſtrated myſelf on his tomb; ſorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my boſom. I felt myſelf ſuddenly ſmitten on the ſhoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whoſe eyes were

' piercing

'piercing as light, and his beard whiter than ſnow. "I am,"
'ſaid he, "the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father A-
"bradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the deſire of
"his people; whoſe ſmile diffuſed gladneſs like the luſtre of
"the morning, and whoſe frown was dreadful as the gather-
"ing of a tempeſt; reſign thyſelf to my influence, and thou
"ſhalt be like him." I bowed myſelf to the earth in token of
'gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle fin-
'ger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep
'colour and uncommon brightneſs "This ring," ſaid he,
"ſhall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that,
"without weighing remote conſequences, thou mayeſt know
"the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive,
"therefore, to the ſilent admonition; and when the circle of
"gold ſhall by a ſudden contraction preſs thy finger, and the
"ruby ſhall grow pale, deſiſt immediately from what thou ſhalt
"be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a
"tranſgreſſion of the rule of right: keep my gift as a pledge
"of happineſs and honour, and take it not off for a moment."
'I received the ring with a ſenſe of obligation which I ſtrove
'to expreſs, and an aſtoniſhment that compelled me to be ſi-
'lent. The Genius perceived my confuſion; and, turning
'from me with a ſmile of complacency, immediately diſappear-
'ed.

'During the firſt moon I was ſo cautious and circumſpect,
'that the pleaſure of reflecting that my ring had not once indi-
'cated a fault, was leſſened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied
'myſelf to public buſineſs; my melancholy decreaſed as my
'mind was diverted to other objects; and leſt the youth of
'my court ſhould think that recreation was too long ſuſpended,
'I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the
'ſport rather to gratify others than mylelf, yet my uſual ardour
'returned in the field: I grew warm in the purſuit, I conti-
'nued the chace, which was unſucceſsful, too long, and re-
'turned fatigued and diſappointed.

'As

'As I entered the ſeraglio, I was met by a little dog that had 'been my father's, who expreſſed his joy of my return by 'jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand; 'but as I was not diſpoſed to receive his careſſes, I ſtruck him 'in the fretfulneſs of my diſpleaſure ſo ſevere a blow with my 'foot, that it left him ſcarce power to crawl away and hide 'himſelf under a ſofa in a corner of the apartment. At this 'moment I felt the ring preſs my finger, and looking upon the 'ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

'I was at firſt ſtruck with ſurpriſe and regret; but ſurpriſe 'and regret quickly gave way to diſdain. "Shall not the Sul- "tan Amurath," ſaid I, "to whom a thouſand kings pay tri- "bute, and in whoſe hand is the life of nations, ſhall not A- "murath ſtrike a dog that offends him, without being reproach- "ed for having tranſgreſſed the rule of right?" My ring a- 'gain preſſed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: im- 'mediately the palace ſhook with a burſt of thunder, and the 'Genius Syndarac again ſtood before me.

"Amurath," ſaid he, "thou haſt offended againſt thy bro- "ther of the duſt; a being who, like thee, has received from "the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleaſure and pain; pleaſure "which caprice is not allowed to ſuſpend, and pain which juſ- "tice only has a right to inflict. If thou art juſtified by power "in afflicting inferior beings, I ſhould be juſtified in afflicting "thee: but my power yet ſpares thee, becauſe it is directed "by the laws of ſovereign goodneſs, and becauſe thou mayeſt "yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the im- "pulſe of quick reſentment, nor indulge in cruelty the for- "wardneſs of diſguſt, leſt by the laws of goodneſs I be com- "pelled to afflict thee; for he that ſcorns reproof muſt be re- "formed by puniſhment, or loſt for ever."

'At the preſence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words 'covered me with confuſion: I fell proſtrate at his feet, and 'heard him pronounce with a milder accent—"Expect not "henceforth that I ſhould anſwer the demands of arrogance, "or

" or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friend-ship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

'As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not re-'peat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained 'them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ce-'remony should be suspended, and that the company should 'treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conver-'sation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I 'encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy 'of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off 'the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to 'despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was 'paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who 'endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liber-'ty that had been given them, and was himself an example of 'the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the sub-'ject of my raillery the man who alone deserved my approba-'tion; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagin-'ed that he was securing my favour by that behaviour which 'had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and 'confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridicu-'lous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at 'my success: but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, 'and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a mo-'ment: but some of my courtiers having discovered and se-'conded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment 'gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of 'my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Ali-'beg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproach-'ed me; but I still persevered: the visier was at length rouzed 'to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my 'weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became out-'rageous, and descended from raillery to invective. At 'length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile—" A-" murath," said he, " if the Sultan should know that, after ha-

" ving invited your friends to feſtivity and merriment, you had " aſſumed his authority, and inſulted thoſe who were not aware " that you diſdained to be treated with the familiarity of friend- " ſhip, you would certainly fall under his diſpleaſure." The ' ſeverity of this ſarcaſm, which was extorted by long provo- ' cation from a man warmed with wine, ſtung me with into- ' lerable rage: I ſtarted up, and, ſpurning him from the table, ' was about to draw my poniard, when my attention was a- ' gain called to my ring, and I perceived with ſome degree of ' regret, that the ruby had faded almoſt to a perfect white.

' But inſtead of reſolving to be more watchful againſt what- ' ever might bring me under this ſilent reproof, I comforted ' myſelf that the Genius would no more alarm me with his ' preſence. The irregularities of my conduct encreaſed almoſt ' imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became propor- ' tionably more frequent though leſs forcible, till at laſt they ' were ſo familiar, that I ſcarce remarked when they were gi- ' ven and when they were ſuſpended.

' It was ſoon diſcovered that I was pleaſed with ſervility; ' ſervility, therefore, was practiſed, and I rewarded it ſome- ' times with a penſion and ſometimes with a place. Thus the ' government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who ' oppreſſed the people to enrich themſelves. In the mean time ' I filled my ſeraglio with women, among whom I abandoned ' myſelf to ſenſuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that ' love which ariſes from eſteem. But I had not yet ſtained my ' hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I ne- ' glected to fulfil.

' My reſentment againſt Alibeg, however unjuſt, was inflex- ' ible, and terminated in the moſt perfect hatred: I degraded ' him from his office; but I ſtill kept him at court, that I ' might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practiſe ' againſt him new ſchemes of malevolence.

' Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by ' my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed

' only

'only by his death: but the pleaſure and the dignity that Ali-'beg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my 'purpoſe. Yet ſuch was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed 'with deſire; and ſuch was her wit, that I liſtened with de-'light. I therefore reſolved, that I would if poſſible ſeduce 'her to voluntary proſtitution; and that when her beauty 'ſhould yield to the charm of variety, I would diſmiſs her with 'marks of diſgrace. But in this attempt I could not ſucceed; 'my ſolicitations were rejected, ſometimes with tears, and 'ſometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretch-'ed, by ſeeking to bring calamity upon others; I conſidered 'my diſappointment as the triumph of a ſlave, whom I wiſh-'ed but did not dare to deſtroy; and I regarded his daughter 'as the inſtrument of my diſhonour. Thus the tenderneſs, 'which before had often ſhaken my purpoſe, was weakened; 'my deſire of beauty became as ſelfiſh and as ſordid an appe-'tite as my deſire of food; and as I had no hope of obtaining 'the complete gratification of my luſt and my revenge, I de-'termined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to 'alleviate my torment.

'She reſided by my command in an apartment of the ſerag-'lio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door 'of which I had a key; but with inexpreſſible vexation I found 'it empty. To be thus diſappointed in my laſt attempt, at 'the very moment in which I thought I had inſured ſucceſs, 'diſtracted me with rage; and inſtead of returning to my 'chamber, and concealing my deſign, I called for her women. 'They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they 'gazed at me aſtoniſhed and terrified; and then looking upon 'each other, ſtood ſilent. I repeated my demand with fury 'and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the mini-'ſters of death: they then fell proſtrate at my feet, and decla-'red with one voice that they knew not where ſhe was: that 'they had left her, when they were diſmiſſed for the night, 'ſitting on a ſofa penſive and alone; and that no perſon had 'ſince to their knowledge paſſed in or out of her apartment.

'In this account, however incredible, they persisted without 'variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confu- 'sion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence 'by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my 'resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with 'anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innu- 'merable possibilities that might have produced my disappoint- 'ment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apart- 'ment were open, and I imagined that she might that way 'have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why 'should she escape who had never been confined? If she had 'designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had 'she an assignation? and did she intend to return without be- 'ing known to have been absent; this supposition increased 'my torments; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to 'my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these 'conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence 'a pretence to destroy her father.

'In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and 'brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he enter- 'ed, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death "goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the "wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima "with mercy: let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to "delight." 'I heard no more, but cried out—" Darest thou "to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom "thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often for- "feited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or "affronted mercy shall give thee up."—" O!" said he, "let "not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of "the weak; if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die to- "gether."

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'Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had 'confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I refolved to 'perfift in requiring her at his hands; and therefore difmiffed 'him with a repetition of my command, to produce her with- 'in an hour upon pain of death.

'My ring, which, during this feries of events, had given 'perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always difregard- 'ed, now preffed my finger fo forcibly, that it gave me great 'pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and 'gave way to the difcontent that fwelled my bofom. "How "wretched a flave is Amurath to an invifible tyrant! a being, "whofe malevolence or envy has reftrained me in the exercife "of my authority as a prince, and whofe cunning has contriv- "ed perpetually to infult me by intimating that every action "of my life is a crime! How long fhall I groan under this in- "tolerable oppreffion! This accurfed ring is the badge and "the inftrument of my fubjection and difhonour: he who "gave it is now, perhaps, in fome remote region of the air "perhaps, he rolls fome planet in it's orbit, agitates the fouth- "ern ocean with a tempeft, or fhakes fome diftant region "with an earthquake. But, wherever he is, he has furely a "more important employ than to watch my conduct. Per- "haps he has contrived this talifman, only to reftrain me "from the enjoyment of fome good, which he wifhes to with- "hold. I feel that my defires are controuled; and to gratify "thefe defires is to be happy." As I pronounced thefe words I 'drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with difdain 'and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud 'burft in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was 'upon me. I ftood before him motionlefs and filent; horror 'thrilled in my veins, and my hair ftood upright, I had nei- 'ther power to deprecate his anger, nor to confefs my faults. 'In his countenance there was a calm feverity; and I heard 'him to pronounce thefe words—"Thou haft now, as far as it "is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy

"being:

" ing: thy form, therefore, ſhall no longer conceal thy nature, " nor thy example render thy vices contagious." 'He then 'touched me with his rod: and while the ſound of his voice 'yet vibrated in my ears, I found myſelf in the midſt of a de-'ſert, not in the form of a man but of a monſter, with the 'fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like 'a goat. I was ſtill conſcious to every event of my life, and 'my intellectual powers were continued, though my paſſions 'were irritated by frenzy. I now rolled in the ſand in an ago-'ny not to be deſcribed; and now haſtily traverſed the deſert, 'impelled only by the vain deſire of flying from myſelf. I 'now bellowed with rage, and now howled in deſpair; this 'moment I breathed execration againſt the Genius, and the 'next reproached myſelf for having forfeited his friendſhip.

'By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of 'both were ſoon exhauſted: I crawled into a den which I per-'ceived near me, and immedietely ſunk down in a ſtate of in-'ſenſibility. I ſlept; but ſleep, inſtead of prolonging, put an 'end to this interval of quiet. The Genius ſtill terrified me 'with his preſence; I heard his ſentence repeated, and felt 'again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, 'I was not refreſhed: calamity, though it is compelled to ad-'mit ſlumber, can yet exclude reſt. But I was now rouſed by 'hunger; for hunger, like ſleep, is irreſiſtable.

'I went out in ſearch of prey; and if I felt any alleviation 'of miſery, beſide the hope of ſatisfying my appetite, it was 'in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I ſhould meet, 'and inflicting ſome part of the evil which I endured; for 'though I regreted my puniſhment, I did not repent of my 'crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mi-'tigate nor encreaſe my ſufferings, I was not reſtrained, either 'by hope or fear, from indulging my diſpoſition to cruelty and 'revenge. But while I was thus meditating the deſtruction 'of others, I trembled leſt by ſome ſtronger ſavage I ſhould be 'deſtroyed myſelf.

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'In the midſt of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of 'dogs, the trampling of horſes, and the ſhouts of the hunters; 'and ſuch is the love of life, however wretched, that my 'heart ſunk within me at the ſound. To hide myſelf was im-'poſſible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or reſiſt. I 'ſtood ſtill till they came up. At firſt they gazed at me with 'wonder, and doubted whether they ſhould advance: but at 'length a ſlave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the 'city.

'I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidſt the 'noiſe and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have 'hid themſelves at my preſence. I heard the ſound of muſic 'at a diſtance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was pro-'claimed in my ſtead. I was now deſerted by the multitude, 'whoſe curioſity was diverted by the pomp of the proceſſion; 'and was conducted to the place where other ſavages are kept, 'which cuſtom has conſidered as part of the regalia.

'My keeper was a black ſlave whom I did not remember e-'ver to have ſeen, and in whom it would indeed have been a 'fatal preſumption to have ſtood before me. After he had gi-'ven me food, and the vigour of nature was reſtored, he diſ-'covered in me ſuch tokens of ferocity, that he ſuffered me 'to faſt many hours before I was again fed. I was ſo enrag-'ed at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared hor-'ribly when he again approached me: ſo that he found it ne-'ceſſary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain ſuch an 'aſcendency over me, as was ſuitable to his office. By this 'ſlave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famiſhed, till 'the fierceneſs of my diſpoſition being ſuppreſſed by fear and 'langour, a milder temper inſenſibly ſtole upon me; and a 'demeanour that was begun by conſtraint was continued by 'habit.

'I was now treated with leſs ſeverity, and ſtrove to expreſs 'ſomething like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper 'to yet greater kindneſs. His vanity was flattered by my ſub-miſſion;

'mission; and to shew as well his courage as the success of his dis-'cipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of 'those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of 'friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt 'some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened 'that a tyger, which had lately been taken, broke one day into 'my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision; and 'leaping upon him, would have torn him to pieces, if I had 'not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the 'ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, 'and turned about to caress his deliverer; but, starting sud-'denly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, 'perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

'I was myself conscious of the change which had again pas-'sed upon me; and, leaping out of my den, escaped from my 'confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward 'of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in 'the first moments of my escape; for I reflected that, as a 'dog, my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was 'no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for 'society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, 'which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to 'be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this 'joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which 'I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. 'Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power who had once 'more brought me within the circle of Nature. As a brute, I was 'more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a 'king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. 'And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate 'the bounties of Heaven?

'As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an 'irresistable inclination once more to visit the apartments of my 'seraglio. I placed myself behind an emir whom I knew to 'have been the firiend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him

'him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

'I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself—" Dost " thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy " lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once " so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than " human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these 'reflections from returning the caresses I received; and Alibeg 'who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

'In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was 'thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and 'that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me by the unanimous 'voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, 'whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and 'for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. 'I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, 'and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

'In the morning I beheld, with surprize, a wall of marble 'that seemed to reach to Heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold—" Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: Nature is not oppressed by

" the tyranny of religion, nor is pleafure awed by the frown of
" virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wifh, whofoever thou
" art; enter therefore and be happy."

'When I read this infcription, my bofom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my defire to enter was repreffed by the reflection, that I had loft the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Defire and curiofity were notwithftanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it clofed after me.'

Adventurer.

To be continued.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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The LION.

This animal is produced in every part of Africa, and the hotteft parts of Afia. It is found in the greateft numbers in the fcorched and defolate regions of the torrid zone, in the deferts of Zaara and Biledulgerid, and in all the interior parts of the vaft continent of Africa.—In thefe defert regions, from whence mankind are driven by the rigorous heat of the climate, this animal reigns fole mafter; its difpofition feems to partake of the ardour of its native foil; inflamed by the influence of a burning fun, its rage is moft tremendous, and its courage undaunted. Happily, indeed, the fpecies is not numerous, and is faid to be greatly diminifhed; for, if we may credit the teftimony of thofe who have traverfed thefe vaft deferts, the number of Lions is not nearly fo great as formerly. Mr Shaw obferves, that the Romans carried more Lions from Lybia in one year for their public fpectacles, than could be found in all that country at this time. It is likewife remarked, that in Turkey, Perfia, and the Indies, Lions are not now fo frequently met with as in former times.

It

It is obferved of this animal, that its courage diminifhes, and its caution and timidity are greater, in proportion as it approaches the habitations of the human race. Being acquainted with man, and the power of his arms, it lofes its natural fortitude to fuch a degree, as to be terrified at the found of his voice. It has been known to fly even before women and children, who were found fufficient to drive it away from its lurking places in the neighbourhood of their villages.

This alteration in the Lion's difpofition fufficiently fhews, that it will admit of a certain degree of education: And it is a well-known fact, that the keepers of wild beafts frequently play with this animal, pull out his tongue, hold him by the teeth, and even chaftife him without caufe. The animal feems to bear all with a fullen kind of compofure, and rarely retaliates this unmerited treatment. It is dangerous, however, to provoke him too far, or to depend upon his temper with too great fecurity. Labat tells us of a gentleman who kept a Lion in his chamber, and employed a fervant to attend it; who, as ufual, mixed his blows with careffes. This ill-judged affociation continued for fome time. One morning the gentleman was awakened by an unufual noife in his room; and, drawing his curtains, he perceived it to proceed from the Lion, which was growling over the body of the unhappy man, whom it had juft killed, and had feparated his head from his body. The terror and confufion of the gentleman may be eafily conceived: He flew out of the room, and with the affiftance of fome people, had the animal fecured from doing further mifchief.

As the paffions of this animal are ftrong, and its appetites vehement, we ought not to prefume that the impreffions of education will always be fufficiently powerful. It muft be dangerous, therefore, to fuffer it to remain too long without food, or perfift in irritating or abufing it.—However, numberlefs accounts affure us, that the anger of the Lion is noble, its courage magnanimous, and its temper fufceptible of grateful impreffions.

impreſſions. It has been often ſeen to deſpiſe weak and contemptible enemies, and even to pardon their inſults, when it was in its power to puniſh them. It has been known to ſpare the life of an animal that was thrown to be devoured by it, to live in habits of perfect cordiality with it, to ſhare its ſubſiſtence, and even to give it a preference where its portion of food was ſcanty.

The form of the Lion is ſtrikingly bold and majeſtic: His large and ſhaggy mane, which he can erect at pleaſure, ſurrounding his awful front; his huge eye-brows; his round and fiery eye-balls, which, upon the leaſt irritation, ſeem to glow with peculiar luſtre; together with the formidable appearance of his teeth, exhibit a picture of terrific grandeur, which no words can deſcribe.—The length of the largeſt Lion is between eight and nine feet, the tail about four feet, and its height about four feet and a half: The female is about one-fourth part leſs, and wants the mane.—As the Lion advances in years, its mane grows longer and thicker: The hair on the reſt of the body is ſhort and ſmooth, of a tawny colour, but whitiſh on the belly.——The roaring of a Lion is loud and dreadful; when heard in the night, it reſembles diſtant thunder; its cry of anger is much louder and ſhorter.

The Lion ſeldom attacks any animal openly, except when compelled by extreme hunger: In that caſe, no danger deters him: But as moſt animals endeavour to avoid him, he is obliged to have recourſe to artifice, and take his prey by ſurprize. For this purpoſe, he crouches on his belly in ſome thicket, where he waits till his prey approaches; and then, with one prodigious ſpring he leaps upon it at the diſtance of fifteen or twenty feet, and generally ſeizes it at the firſt bound: If he miſs his object, he gives up the purſuit; and, turning back towards the place of his ambuſh, he meaſures the ground ſtep by ſtep; and again lies in wait for another opportunity. The lurking-place of the Lion is generally choſen near a ſpring, or by the ſide of a river; where he frequently has an opportunity of catching ſuch animals as come to quench their thirſt

There

There are, however, inſtances where the Lion deviates from his uſual method of taking his prey; of which the following related by Sparrman, is remarkable:—A Hottentot, perceiving that he was followed by a Lion, and concluding that the animal only waited the approach of night to make him his prey, began to conſider the beſt method of providing for his ſafety, which he at length effected in the following ſingular manner: —Obſerving a piece of broken ground, with a precipitate deſcent on one ſide, he ſat down by the edge of it; and found, to his great joy, that the Lion alſo made a halt, and kept at the ſame diſtance as before. As ſoon as it grew dark, the Hottentot ſliding gently forward, let himſelf down a little below the edge of the hill, and held up his cloack and hat upon his ſtick, making at the ſame time a gentle motion with it: The Lion, in the mean while, came creeping ſoftly towards him, like a Cat; and miſtaking the ſkin cloak for the man himſelf, made a ſpring, and fell headlong down the precipice; by which means the poor Hottentot was ſafely delivered from his inſidious enemy.

That the Lion does not always kill whatever animal happens to be in his power, has already been obſerved; and this peculiarity in the temper of this creature is remarkably obvious, with regard to the human ſpecies. Of this there have been many inſtances. At St Catherine Cree's church, Leadenhall-ſtreet, London, proviſion is made, under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord-Mayor in the year 1646, for a ſermon to be annually preached on the 16th of November, in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a Lion, which he met in a deſert as he was travelling in the Turkiſh dominions, and ſuffered him to paſs unmoleſted. The miniſter is to have 20s. for the ſermon, the clerk 2s, 6d. and the ſexton 1s.: The ſum of 8l. 16s. 6d. is likewiſe to be diſtributed among the neceſſitous inhabitants, purſuant to the will of Sir John. —Sparrman, among ſeveral inſtances of the ſame nature, mentions

mentions a perſon, who, though he was thrown down by a Lion, and wounded by it in ſeveral places, was after all generouſly left with his life.

The ſtrength of this animal is great: One of them was obſerved to ſeize a heifer, which it carried off in its mouth with eaſe, and leaped over a ditch with her without much apparent difficulty.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lion is frequently hunted by the coloniſts. In the day time, and upon an open plain, twelve or ſixteen Dogs will eaſily get the better of a large Lion. As the Lion is not remarkably ſwift, the Dogs ſoon come pretty near him; when, with a ſullen kind of magnanimity, he turns round, and waits for the attack, ſhaking his mane, and roaring with a ſhort and ſharp tone. The hounds ſurround him; and, ruſhing upon him all at once, ſoon tear him to pieces. It is ſaid that he has ſeldom time to make more than twho or three ſtrokes with his paws, each of which is attended with the death of one of his aſſailants.

The Lioneſs goes with young five months, and brings forth three or four at a time. The young ones are about the ſize of a large pug Dog, harmleſs, pretty, and playful. They continue at the teat twelve months, and are above five years in coming to perfection.

The Lion is a long lived animal, although naturaliſts have differed greatly as to the preciſe period of its exiſtence, Buffon limits it to twenty, or to twenty-two years at moſt. It is however certain, that it lives much beyond that time. The great Lion, called Pompey, which died in the year 1760, was known to have been in the Tower above ſeventy years; and one, brought from the river Gambia, died there not long ago at the age of ſixty-three.—Several of theſe animals have been bred in the Tower; ſo that the time of their geſtation, the number they produce, and the time of their arriving at perfection, are all pretty well known.

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The attachment of the Lioneſs to her young is remarkably ſtrong: For their ſupport ſhe is more ferocious than the Lion himſelf, makes her incurſions with greater boldneſs, deſtroys without diſtinction, every animal that falls in her way, and carries it reeking to her cubs. She uſually brings forth in the moſt retired and inacceſſible places; and when afraid of her retreat being diſcovered, endeavours to hide her tract, by bruſhing the ground with her tail. When much diſturbed or alarmed, ſhe will ſometimes tranſport her young from one place to another in her mouth; and, if obſtructed in her courſe, will defend them to the laſt extremity. *Hiſt. of Quad.*

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The TIGER

Is the moſt rapacious and deſtructive of all carnivorous animals. Fierce without provocation, and cruel without neceſſity, its thirſt for blood is inſatiable: though glutted with ſlaughter, it continues its carnage, nor ever gives up, ſo long as a ſingle object remains in its ſight. Flocks and herds fall indiſcriminate victims to its fury: It fears neither the ſight nor oppoſition of man, whom it frequently makes its prey; and it is even ſaid to prefer human fleſh to that of any other animal.

The Tiger is peculiar to Aſia; and is found as far North as China and Chineſe Tartary: it inhabits Mount Ararat, and Hyrcania of old, famous for its wild beaſts. The greateſt numbers are met with in India, and its iſlands: they are the ſcourge of the country: They lurk among the buſhes, by the ſides of rivers, and almoſt depopulate many places.—They ſeldom purſue their prey; but bound upon it from the place of their ambuſh, with an elaſticity, and from a diſtance, ſcarcely credible.—It is highly probable, that, from this circum-

ſtance,

ſtance, the Tiger may derive its name, which, in the Armenian language, ſignifies an arrow; to the flight of which this creature may very properly be compared, in the quickneſs and agility of its bounds.

The ſtrength of this animal is ſo great, that, when it has killed an animal, whether it be a Horſe, a Buffalo, or a Deer, it carries it of with ſuch eaſe, that it ſeems no impediment to its flight. If it be undiſturbed, it plunges its head into the the body of the animal up to its very eyes, as if to ſatiate itſelf with blood.

The Tiger is, perhaps, the only animal whoſe ferocity can never be ſubdued: Neither gentleneſs nor conſtraint has any effect in ſoftening its temper. It does not ſeem ſenſible of the attention of its keeper; and would equally tear the hand that feeds, with that by which it is chaſtiſed.

Notwithſtanding the cruelty of this creature's diſpoſition, a ſudden check has ſometimes had a good effect in preventing its meditated attack. Some ladies and gentlemen being on a party of pleaſure, under a ſhade of trees, on the banks of a river in Bengal, were ſuddenly ſurprized at ſeeing a Tiger ready to make its fatal ſpring: One of the ladies, with amazing preſence of mind, laid hold of an umbrella, and unfurling it directly in the animal's face, it inſtantly retired.—Another party had not the ſame good fortune. A Tiger darted among them whilſt they were at dinner, ſeized on a gentleman, and carried him off in the ſight of his diſconſolate companions.

They attack all kinds of animals, even the Lion; and furious combats have frequently been maintained between them, in which both have periſhed. Father Tachard gives an account of a battle between a Tiger and two Elephants, at Siam, of which he was an eye-witneſs. The heads, and part of the trunks of the Elephants, were defended from the claws of the Tiger by a covering made for the purpoſe. They were placed in the midſt of a large incloſure. One of them was ſuffered to

to approach the Tiger, which was confined by cords, and received two or three heavy blows from the trunk of the Elephant upon its back, which beat it to the ground, where it lay for ſome time as if it were dead: But, though this attack had a good deal abated its fury, it was no ſooner untied, than, with a horrible roar, it made a ſpring at the Elephant's trunk, which that animal dexterouſly avoided by drawing it up; and, receiving the Tiger on its tuſks, threw it up into the air. The two Elephants were then allowed to come up; and, after giving it ſeveral heavy blows, would undoubtedly have killed it, if an end had not been put to the combat.—Under ſuch reſtraints and diſadvantages, we cannot wonder that the iſſue was unfavourable to the Tiger. We may, however, judge of its exceeding great ſtrength and fierceneſs,—that, after being diſabled by the firſt attack of the Elephant, whilſt it was held by its cords, it would venture to continue ſuch an unequal engagement. *Hiſt. of Quad.*

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The Domeſtic CAT

MAY be ſaid to be only a variety of the Wild Cat, the principal difference being in its ſize, which is leſs; and, inſtead of being uniformly the ſame, is diſtinguiſhed by an infinite variety of ſhades and colouring.

To deſcribe an animal ſo well known, might ſeem a ſuperfluous taſk; we ſhall only, therefore, ſelect ſuch of its peculiarities as are leaſt obvious, and may have eſcaped the notice of inattentive obſervers.

It is generally remarked, that Cats can ſee in the dark; but, though this is not abſolutely the caſe, yet it is certain that they can ſee with much leſs light than moſt other animals, owing to the peculiar ſtructure of their eyes, the pupils of which are capable of being contracted or dilated in proportion

to the degree of light by which they are affected. The pupil of the Cat, during the day, is perpetually contracted; and it is with difficulty that it can fee by a ftrong light: But in the twilight, the pupil refumes its natural roundnefs, the animal enjoys perfect vifion, and takes advantage of this fuperiority to difcover and furprife its prey.

The cry of the Cat is loud, piercing, and clamorous; and whether expreffive of anger or of love, is equally violent and hideous. Its call may be heard at a great diftance; and is fo well known to the whole fraternity, that on fome occafions feveral hundred Cats have been brought together from different parts. Invited by the piercing cries of diftrefs from a fuffering fellow-creature, they affemble in crowds; and, with loud fquawls and yells, exprefs their horrid fympathies. They frequently tear the miferable object to pieces; and, with the moft blind and furious rage, fall upon each other, killing and wounding indifcriminately, till there is fcarcely one left. Thefe terrible conflicts happen only in the night; and, though very rare, inftances of very furious ones are well authenticated.

The Cat is particularly averfe to water, cold, and bad fmells. It is fond of certain perfumes; but is more particularly attracted by the fmell of valerian, marum, and cat-mint. It rubs itfelf againft them; and, if not prevented from coming at them in a garden where they are planted, would infallibly deftroy them.

The Cat brings forth twice, and fometimes, thrice a year. The period of her geftation is fifty-five or fifty-fix days; and fhe generally produces five or fix at one litter. She conceals her kittens from the male, left he fhould devour them, as he is fometimes inclined; and, if apprehenfive of being difturbed, will take them up in her mouth and remove them one by one to a more fecure retreat. Even the female herfelf, contrary to the eftablifhed law of Nature, which binds the parent to its offspring by an almoft indiffoluble tie, is fometimes known

to

to eat her own young, the moment after ſhe has produced them.

Though extremely uſeful in deſtroying the vermin that infeſt our houſes, the Cat ſeems little attached to the perſons of thoſe that afford it protection. It ſeems to be under no ſubjection, and acts only for itſelf: All its views are confined to the place where it has been brought up; if carried elſewhere, it ſeems loſt and bewildered: Neither careſſes nor attention can reconcile it to its new ſituation; and it frequently takes the firſt opportunity of eſcaping to its former haunts. Frequent inſtances are in our recollection, of Cats having returned to the place from whence they had been carried, though at many miles diſtance, and even acroſs rivers, when they could not poſſibly have any knowledge of the road or ſituation that would apparently lead them to it.---This extraordinary faculty is, however, poſſeſſed in a much greater degree by Dogs; yet it is in both animals equally wonderful and unaccountable.

In the time of Hoel the Good, king of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made as well to preſerve, as to fix the different prices of animals; among which the Cat was included, as being at that period of great importance, on account of its ſcarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could ſee was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouſe, two-pence; after which it was rated at four-pence, which was a great ſum in thoſe days, when the value of ſpecie was extremely high. It was likewiſe required, that it ſhould be perfect in its ſenſes of hearing and ſeeing, ſhould be a good mouſer, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurſe: If it failed in any of theſe good qualities, the ſeller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value.---If any one ſhould ſteal or kill the Cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was either to forfeit a milk ewe, her fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the Cat ſuſpended by its tail, (its head touching the floor) would form a heap, high enough to cover the tip of the form-

er.——From hence we may conclude, that Cats were not originally natives of theſe iſlands: and, from the great care taken to improve and preſerve the breed of this prolific creature, we may ſuppoſe, were but little known at that period.—Whatever credit we may allow to the circumſtances of the well-known ſtory of Whittington and his Cat, it is another proof of the great value ſet upon this animal in former times.

Hiſt. of Quad.

The Character of HANIBAL.

HANIBAL being ſent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and reſtored to them: they ſaw the ſame vigorous countenance, the ſame piercing eye, the ſame complexion and features. But in a ſhort time his behaviour occaſioned this reſemblance of his father to contribute the leaſt towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things moſt manifeſtly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or ſoldiers loved him moſt. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Aſdrubal always choſe him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of ſucceſs, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever ſhewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more preſence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardſhip could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The neceſſary refection of nature, not the pleaſures of his palate, he ſolely regard in his meals. He made no diſtinction of day and night in his watching, or taking reſt; and appropriated no time to ſleep, but what remained

ed after he had completed his duty: he never ſought for a ſoft or retired place of repoſe; but was often ſeen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a ſoldier's cloak amongſt the centinels and guards. He did not diſtinguiſh himſelf from his companions by the magnificence of his dreſs, but by the quality of his horſe and arms. At the ſame time, he was by far the beſt foot and horſe ſoldier in the army; ever the foremoſt in a charge, and the laſt who left the field after the battle was begun. Theſe ſhining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no reſpect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the ſanctity of oaths, no ſenſe of religion. With a diſpoſition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he ſerved three years under Aſdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

Livy.

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Character of ANNE *of Auſtria.**

ANNE of Auſtria, Infanta of Spain, Queen Dowager of France, and Regent of the kingdom, had, together with a fine perſon, thoſe amiable qualities which gain affection; ſhe was liberal, generous, faithful to her promiſes, conſtant in her attachments loved juſtice, and hated flattery. The goodneſs of her own heart, hindered her from eaſily believing ill of others, and made her diſſemble the faults of her friends, but through a natural indolence, and a ſelf-diſtruſt, ſhe, for the moſt part, let herſelf be ſo much influenced by thoſe ſhe eſteemed, as to adopt their prejudices and eſpouſe their paſſions. This was a defect that proved very injurious to her glory, and gave occaſion to her enemies to accuſe her of having *more obſtinacy than reſolution, more pride than elevation, and more ſuperſtition than piety: in a word, more of ſhew than of reality.* If ſome have doubted of her capacity, the greater part do concur in giving her this fine encomium, *That ne-*

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* Conſort of Louis XIII. and mother to Louis XIV.

ver any queen had a better heart. She deserved this praise, not only account of her benevolent disposition, but for her invariable adherence to the interest of the king her son. Never was there an instance of a queen in whom the matrimonial engagements so remarkably prevailed over those sentiments which birth inspires; the moment she became a French-woman she forgot that she was born a Spaniard. *Ramsay.*

Character of the Prince of CONDE.*

LOUIS de Bourbon prince of Condé, was one of the greatest men that France ever produced. In his very first campaigns he shewed himself equal to the most celebrated captains, and that he needed neither years nor long experience to make him an accomplished soldier. Nature had happily given him that quick sight which at one glance takes in all objects, presents them to the imagination without confusion, and dictates to the mind in the very moment what is best to be done. Full of a martial enthusiasm, he often seemed to act by a sudden inspiration, which made him despise dangers and break through all obstacles. Fiercely resolute in command, he husbanded neither the lives of his soldiers nor his own; and, in every engagement intrepid to excess, seemed always determined to conquer or to die. He had an understanding sublime and profound, was eloquent, improved by letters, acquainted with the principal beauties of all the sciences that qualify for conversation, the cabinet, and the field. The strength of his genius equalled the vivacity of his spirit, which was at once full of light and heat. In the midst of his misfortunes he still preserved the hero, and when he had recovered the King's confidence, made the faults in a short interval in his life be forgot; becoming again, in a riper age, what he had been in his youth, the terror of Spain and of the Empire. *Ibid.*

Character

* Conde the great was one of the most celebrated generals of the last age.

Character of Cardinal MAZARIN.*

CARDINAL MAZARIN, of a temper no leſs mild, than that of Richelieu was violent, had a handſome perſon, and a majeſtic air; his manners were polite, his diſcourſe inſinuating, his converſation extremely pleaſant and charming. The Queen was pleaſed with him at firſt, from a ſympathy of characters, and he quickly became the ſoul of all her councils. He was impenetrable in his deſigns, diſguiſed in his proceedings, artful in his intrigues, and often attained his ends by ſuch ways as would ſeem to carry him wide of his mark. Notwithſtanding that greedineſs of riches with which he is reproached, he was known in ſome nice circumſtances, to ſacrifice the intereſts of his family to his maſter's glory. And though the genius of his politics was rather cunning than reſolution, yet in critical and important occaſions, he made no ſcruple to hazard all, and could face the moſt preſſing dangers with an intrepid ſoul. The ſame man who dreaded the cabals in the Parliament of Paris, made himſelf courted by the greateſt powers of Europe, even at the time of his diſgrace. He had little knowledge in the fundamental laws of the kingdom, but was perfectly well verſed in foreign affairs. He completed, by his abilities and by negociations, what his predeceſſor had begun by force of arms. The methods he employed to raiſe the regal authority to its higheſt pitch, were alſo quite different. Richelieu found no other means to humble the nobles, than by a ſeverity which often looked like cruelty; but Mazarin gained this point, by adviſing the king to enſlave them by hopes, ſoften them by pleaſures, and ruin them by luxury. *Ramſay.*

Character

* Prime Miniſter of France, during the regency of Anne of Auſtria.

Character of Cardinal de Retz.

Jean-François de Gondy, coadjutor of Paris, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, discovered very early his restless spirit and propensity to faction, and was proud of being called *the Little Catiline.* Ambitious without measure, and courageous even to rashness, he knew no restraint, and was fearless of danger. To gain his point, he made use alternately of gallantry and politics, vice and virtue, religion and the passion. Quick, passionate, and of an unruly imagination, his schemes, though he had great penetration and a vast extent of capacity, *always bordered upon the chimerical* : he was fond of all extraordinary projects, and endeavoured to put them in execution by methods the least common and the fullest of artifice. The memoirs he has left behind him, give a pretty just idea of his character; he was in every respect, like his stile, which is full of fire and smoke ; he moves, he hurries you along, he intoxicates, but he very seldom enlightens or persuades. We must however do him the justice to confess, that virtue, victorious over the depravity of his heart, rectified in the latter part of his life, all his vicious inclinations. Such were the principal actors who appeared in the feuds and divisions of the *Fronde* during the minority of Louis XIV. *Ramsay.*

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Character of Marshall de Turenne.*

All the cardinal virtues were united in the Marshal de Turenne, and by what has been said there seems to be none, of which he did not give examples ; his disinterestedness was so much

* Henri de la Tour de Auvergne, Viscount de Turenne, was son of Henry duke of Buillon, prince of Sedan, the Lieutenant, the Friend, and the Companion of Henry the great. Turenne was co-temporary with Conde : and these two celebrated

much the more praiſe-worthy, as covetouſneſs was the reigning vice of the age. His fortune at his death was leſs than the patrimony he had received from his parents, though he had commanded the king's army above thirty years under a bountiful queen regent and the moſt magnificent of all monarchs; and though he lived in an age fruitful in great fortunes. Some of his friends talking with him of thoſe immenſe and ſuddenly acquired fortunes, and rallying him on that occaſion in an agreeable obliging manner; he anſwered, "I could never find "out what pleaſure there can be in keeping coffers filled with "gold and ſilver: were I to have conſiderable ſums remain-"ing at the end of the year, my ſtomach would turn as much as "if a great repaſt were ſerved up to me immediately upon my "riſing from table." And indeed there were found at his death only 500 crowns in his ſtrong box. Not content with being liberal, he was ingenious in finding out means to ſpare the objects of his bounty the ſhame of receiving, and in concealing his generoſity under various pretexts, fearing leſt his benefactions being divulged, ſelf-love ſhould diminiſh his virtue.

The love of the public good was the only rule of his deſires and actions; though his ambition appeared in his younger years, yet firſt his prudence and afterwards his piety kept it always within due bounds; he never ſuffered the love of his own glory nor the undoubted ſucceſs of a dazzling enterprize to biaſs him, when a pacific object could be of more advantage to his country; he always preferred his family to his fortune, and the intereſt of the ſtate to that of his houſe; but however dear his country was to him, he never to ſerve it either violated the law of nations or the immutable rules of juſtice.

He had from his tender years a predominant love of truth; he deteſted that policy which to ſucceed in its deſigns employs

brated generals were chiefly inſtrumental in advancing Louis XIV. to that height of greatneſs which attracted the envy of all Europe.

diſſimulation, lying, and deceiving; he ſpoke either well or ill of himſelf according as it was neceſſary, the one without vanity, the other without ſhame, and both without affectation, like a man that was become a ſtranger to himſelf. This character runs through all his writings, whether letters, inſtructions, or memoirs. His reputation of being ſtrictly faithful to his word, was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that moſt of the princes of Germany treated with him without aſking any guarantee. The Swiſs, Dutch, Engliſh, and Swedes, thought themſelves ſecure if he had given them a promiſe; he never gave one without being ſure that he was able to perform it, and rather than come under engagements which he was afraid he could not fulfil, he choſe to run the riſk of provoking the miniſter, diſpleaſing even the king, and ſeeing himſelf deſerted by his troops.

His humanity extended itſelf univerſally to all men; officers, ſoldiers, domeſtics, even enemies felt the effects of it; he never let ſlip an opportunity of making known the merit and of concealing or excuſing the faults of thoſe who ſerved under him. When an officer whoſe capacity he knew, had been beaten at the head of a detachment, the Viſcount himſelf raiſed his courage again by comforting him; he would ſend him on a party with a greater number of troops to take his revenge, and continued to give him new commands till he had gained ſome advantage. He thus formed and ripened the talents of men, and perfected their growing courage which another manner of acting might have rendered abortive.

Never was a captain ſo tenderly beloved by his troops; he ſeemed to be at the ſame time general of an army and father of a family; one would have thought that his ſoldiers had been his children; by condeſcending to them without debaſing himſelf, being familiar with them without loſing any thing of his dignity, he tied to him by the bands of affection men who are commonly reſtrained by nothing but the fear of puniſhment: a reproof from him was the greateſt chaſtiſement, and his approbation the reward they moſt coveted. There is too frequently

quently in armies a confuſed aſſembly of mercenaries and libertines, cowards and raſh men, who muſt by turns be raiſed or brought under, animated or reſtrained: Turenne's army on the contrary was the model of a perfect republic; the diſtinctions of commanding and obeying were hardly perceptible there; every one knew his duty, and performed it out of a deſire to pleaſe the general, ſhame to be wanting to their common father, and a true love of glory which diffuſed itſelf from the head to the meaneſt member. He marched a foot at the head of his ſoldiers, eat of the ſame proviſions with them, ſhared in all their toils, and required nothing of them but what he did himſelf; he never ſuffered them to be idle, knowing that if he did not employ them well, they would employ themſelves ill; but ſtill obſerving a juſt medium between too exceſſive fatigue and too great inaction, he carefully provided for all their wants, contenting himſelf with little, and often refuſing himſelf neceſſaries, either to give them tokens of his bounty, or relieve them when they ſuffered by ſcarcity.

Being no leſs compaſſionate to his domeſtics than to his ſoldiers, he never made them feel the lowneſs of their condition by the caprices of a proud and uneven temper. His lenity and goodneſs, which has been ſo often admired on the great theatre of the world, did not leſs ſhow themſelves in his family; the more narrowly his actions were looked into, the more he was reſpected and beloved. Notwithſtanding his great jealouſy of the prerogatives of his houſe, he was ſtruck with horror at the monſtrous maxims which the great have formed to authorize their uſurping a tyranny over other men, and deſpiſing them; as if birth, dignities, or riches, gave any other ſolid advantage than that of being able to do more good; while he made the diſtinctions eſtabliſhed for the preſervation of *civil order* be reſpected, he never forgot that, according to *the law of nature*, men are really diſtinguiſhed by no other thing than virtue and merit.

* Being accuſtomed to conquer without ambition, he triumphed without pride; he forbade pillaging, preſerved the fruits of the ground, ſpared the enemy's country as much as he could, and made a kind of *ſyſtem of military morality* which was peculiar himſelf: accordingly the enemy being full of reſpect and affection for him, lamented his death as much as the French themſelves. The Germans for ſeveral years left untilled the ſpot on which he was killed, and the peaſants ſhowed it as a ſacred place; they reſpected the old tree under which he reſted a little before his death, and would not let it be cut down; nor did it periſh, but by ſoldiers of all nations taking away pieces of it out of regard to the memory of that great man.

The Viſcount, according to the idea which he had formed to himſelf of true heroiſm, made it conſiſt in an elevation of ſoul which renders us inacceſſible to the paſſions of others, and gives us an abſolute empire over our own. He ſpent his life without ever having any perſonal quarrel. In the firſt years of his ſervice, he was not always under leaders for whom he had a great eſteem: he had afterwards under him officers whom he eſteemed as little: he was joined in command with generals not eaſy to live with on account of their humours and the jealouſies they had of his glory; amidſt ſo many provocations to impatience, he never offended any body, nor ſhowed the leaſt paſſion; nay he let not ſo much as an indiſcreet word eſcape him. Though he had naturally a great ſweetneſs of temper, yet a moderation ſo rare, and practiſed with ſo much conſtancy, could not be the effect of conſtitution alone: if he ſeemed ſometimes to deviate from it, it was only to ſupport the intereſts of the ſtate, againſt the prepoſſeſſions and falſe views of the miniſter; then without regarding his own intereſts, or thoſe of his family, he always ſpoke with firmneſs like a good patriot, who was afraid of nothing but being wanting to the cauſe of juſtice and his country.

Sobriety

‖ See his Funeral Oration by Flechier.

Sobriety had preferved his vigour to an advanced age, he looked upon that virtue as a mean equally proper to maintain the ftrength of the body, and encreafe that of the mind; he eat little, and his repafts were very fhort; by which means he was free and capable to do bufinefs at all times, and became indefatigable both of body and mind.

His modefty was confpicuous above all his other virtues; this is clearly feen in the memoirs which he has left written with his own hand; he there relates his greateft actions as ordinary events; he feems hardly to have had any part in them, and to have done nothing but what any other could have done. The *heroic*, the *fublime* in action, or what the French call *le grand*, was natural and familiar to him; he was always GREAT, and always fo with eafe. In converfation he hardly ever fpoke of himfelf; if he was at any time forced to it, he did it with fo much referve, that he feemed ignorant of his own merit and the high idea which others had of it. When he related the battles in which he had not fucceeded, he always made ufe of this expreffion; *I loft:* when he fpoke of his victories, he always faid, *We gained.* The unaffected plainnefs of his manners and drefs, table and equipage, fufficiently fpoke his modefty. He took no other care of his perfon but what cleanlinefs and decency obliged him to; he employed his domeftics only in neceffary fervices, and fometimes too indulgently difpenfed with thofe.

He purified all his virtues by that noble folid piety which refers them to God as their fource and end. In the midft of the noife and tumult of arms, the fentiments of a Chriftian accompanied, animated, and perfected in him thofe of a hero.‡ If there be a fituation where the foul full of itfelf is in danger of forgetting what it owes to the Supreme being, it is in thofe ftations where a general by the prudence of his conduct, the greatnefs of his courage, and the valour of his troops, becomes as it were *the God of other men*, and fills the world with love

‡ See Father Mafcaron's funeral oration.

love or envy, admiration or terror. Turenne was never more ſenſible of his duty to God than in thoſe moments; at this pitch of glory and greatneſs, religion and humility kept his mind in that ſubmiſſion and dependence which the creature ought to be in with regard to the Creator.

The Viſcount's talents were equal to his virtues. ‡ Nature had given him great ſenſe and penetration, juſtneſs and depth of thought, and all ſolid accompliſhments, but had denied him that fire of genius, that livelineſs of imagination, thoſe qualities which conſtitute a ſparkling, entertaining wit; this want of vivacity hindered him from laying hold of objects immediately; but by continued reflection he diſcovered them with greater clearneſs, and comprehended them in all their extent. He ſaw diſtinctly the end he ſhould aim at, he took the neareſt way to it, and without being very fruitful in expedients, never failed to chooſe the beſt. In urgent affairs he determined without heſitating; but when he was not obliged to act, he deliberated a long time. He neither ſaid nor did any thing that was uſeleſs, but forgot nothing that was neceſſary; all his orders were plain and exact, becauſe he had clear conceptions of things, and was never diſcompoſed in dangers.

We have ſeen in the courſe of this Hiſtory, that by his profound reflections he had acquired ſuch an extenſive knowledge in the art of war, that he had calculated even the chances of it, and reduced them to rules. He knew how to remedy inconveniencies, improve advantages, accommodate himſelf to times, places and circumſtances, find out expedients when all was thought loſt, let an enterprize ripen with patience, bear with being criticiſed and blamed rather than diſcover his ſecret, prevent the enemy's deſigns, gueſs what they would do, by what they ought to do, and by the characters of thoſe he was to fight with foreſee their different managements. It was thus that he made himſelf maſter of events, and as it were ſubjected them to his ſchemes. Few generals have poſſeſſed in ſo great perfection all the different parts of war. We have ſeen the art

§ St Evremont's Eulogium.

art and order of his retreats, and the fecrecy and quicknefs of his marches. All his motions were adjufted according to the ground, the time and the feafon. The great knowledge he had of the country where he made war, the trouble he took to go in perfon to view the enemy, and the exactnefs of his eye in judging of their fituation, raifed him above the ableft Generals in choofing ground for a camp. It was by this art that with forces very much inferior in number he often checked the moft formidable enemies. He always preferred fmall armies to great, as being more expeditious in their marches, eafier to be maintained, and more manageable in their motions; but when he was at the head of 30,000 men he conducted them with the fame judgment as when he had but 10,000. In the beginning of an action there was nothing extraordinary to be remarked in him; but as the engagement grew warmer, his air and countenance changed; he appeared more raifed and animated, ftill preferving an entire freedom of mind, which made him judge coolly, provide for all, and take advantage of the leaft faults committed by the enemy. He fo well chofe his ground, that he was fcarcely ever forced to fight. In drawing up his troops for a battle he ranked the foldiers of the different nations according to the knowledge he had of their genius, and regulated the pofts of the officers rather by their capacity than their precedency. He no lefs excelled in the art of making fieges; he viewed all with his own eyes, directed the works, vifited them continually, and would have the officers informed as he was of the moft minute particulars. He avoided as much as poffible the taking any place by affault, his humanity making him afraid of the outrages which the foldiers commit on fuch occafions.

Thefe virtues, fentiments and talents were the fource of great actions, which will make the Vifcount de Turenne immortal, and which juftly gained him the elogium of having been A MAN WHO WAS AN HONOUR TO MANKIND.||

GENERAL

§ The words of his rival Montecuculi, the celebrated Imperial general.

GENERAL HISTORY.

Of the Origin of Nations, Laws, Government, and Commerce.

V. FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

Rome (now known by the name of the Weftern Empire, in contradiftinction to Conftantinople, which, from its fituation, was called the Eaftern Empire) weakened by this divifion, becomes a prey to the barbarous nations. Its ancient glory, vainly deemed immortal, is effaced, and Adoaces, a barbarian chieftain, fits down on the throne of the Cæfars These irruptions into the empire were gradual and fucceffive. The immenfe fabric of the Roman empire was the work of many ages; and feveral centuries were employed in demolifhing it. The ancient difcipline of the Romans, in military affairs, was fo efficacious, that the remains of it defcended to their fucceffors, and muft have proved an over-match for all their enemies, had it not been for the vices of their emperors, and the univerfal corruption of manners among the the people. Satiated with the luxuries of the known world, the emperors were at a lofs to find new provocatives. The moft diftant regions were explored, the ingenuity of mankind was exercifed, and the tribute of provinces expended upon one favourite difh. The tyranny, and the univerfal depravation of manners that prevailed

ed under the emperors, or as they are called Cæſars, could only be equalled by the barbarity of thoſe nations who overcame them.

Towards the cloſe of the ſixth century, the Saxons, a German nation, were maſters of the ſouthern, and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks, another tribe of Germans, of Gaul; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards, of Italy, and the adjacent provinces. Scarce any veſtige of the Roman policy, juriſprudence, arts or literature remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dreſſes, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were every where introduced.

From this period till the ſixteenth century, Europe exhibited a picture of moſt melancholy Gothic barbarity. Literature, ſcience, taſte, were words ſcarce in uſe during theſe ages. Perſons of the higheſt rank, and in the moſt eminent ſtations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not underſtand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; ſome of them could ſcarce read it. The human mind neglected, uncultivated, and depreſſed, ſunk into the moſt profound ignorance. The ſuperior genius of Charlemagne, who, about the beginning of the ninth century, governed France, Germany, with part of Italy; and Alfred the Great in England, endeavoured to diſpel this darkneſs, and gave their ſubjects a ſhort glympſe of light. But the ignorance of the age was too powerful for their efforts and inſtitutions. The darkneſs returned, and ſettled over Europe more thick and heavy than formerly.

A new diviſion of property gradually introduced a new ſpecies of government, formerly unknown; which ſingular inſtitution is now diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Feudal Syſtem.* The king or general, who led the barbarians to conqueſt, parcelled out the lands of the vanquiſhed among his chief officers, binding thoſe on whom they were beſtowed, to follow his ſtandard with a number of men, and to bear arms in his defence.

The chief officers imitated the example of the fovereign, and in diftributing portions of their lands among their dependents, annexed the fame condition to the grant. But though this fyftem feemed to be admirably calculated for defence againft a foreign enemy, it degenerated into a fyftem of oppreffion.

The ufurpation of the nobles became unbounded and intolerable. They reduced the great body of the people into a ftate of actual fervitude. They were deprived of the natural and moft unalienable rights of humanity. They were flaves fixed to the foil, which they cultivated, and together with it were transferred from one proprietor to another, by fale, or by conveyance. Every offended baron, or chieftain, buckled on his armour, and fought redrefs at the head of his vaffals. His adverfaries met him in like hoftile array. The kindred and the dependents of the the aggreffor, as well as of the defender, were involved in the quarrel. They had not even the liberty of remaining neuter*.

The monarchs of Europe perceived the encroachment of the nobles with impatience. They declared, that as all men were by nature free born, they determined it fhould be fo in reality as well as in name. In order to create fome power, that might counter-balance thofe potent vaffals, who, while they enflaved the people, controlled or gave law to the crown, a plan was adopted of conferring new privileges on towns. Thefe privileges abolifhed all marks of fervitude, and formed them into corporations, or bodies politic, to be governed by a council and magiftrates of their own denomination.

The acquifition of liberty made fuch a happy change in the condition of mankind, as roufed them from that ftupidity and inaction into which they had been funk by the wretchednefs of

* This Gothic fyftem ftill prevails in Poland: a remnant of it continued in the Highlands of Scotland fo late as the year 1748. And even in England, a country renowned for civil and religious liberty, fome relics of thefe Gothic inftitutions are perceivable at this day.

of their former ſtate. A ſpirit of induſtry revived; commerce became an object of attention, and began to flouriſh.

Various cauſes contributed to revive this ſpirit of commerce, and to renew the intercourſe between different nations. Conſtantinople, the capital of the Eaſtern, or Greek empire, had eſcaped the ravages of the Goths and Vandals, who overthrew that of the Weſt. In this city, ſome remains of literature and ſcience were preſerved: this too, for many ages, was the great emporium of trade, and where ſome reliſh for the precious commodities and curious manufactures of India was retained. They communicated ſome knowledge of theſe to their neighbours in Italy; and the cruſades, which were begun by the Chriſtian powers of Europe with a view to drive the Turks from Jeruſalem, opened a communication between Europe and the Eaſt. Conſtantinople was the general place of rendezvous for the Chriſtian armies, in their way to Paleſtine, or on their return from thence. Though the object of theſe expeditions was conqueſt and not commerce, and though the iſſue of them proved unfortunate, the commercial effects were both beneficial and permanent.

Soon after the cloſe of the holy war, the mariner's compaſs was invented, which facilitated the communication between remote nations, and brought them nearer to each other. The Italian ſtates, particularly thoſe of Venice and Genoa, began to eſtabliſh a regular commerce with the Eaſt, and the ports of Egypt, and drew from thence all the rich productions of India. Theſe commodities they diſpoſed of to great advantage among the other nations of Europe, who began to acquire ſome taſte of elegance, unknown to their predeceſſors, or deſpiſed by them. During the 12th and 13th centuries, the commerce of Europe was almoſt in the hands of the Italians, more commonly known in thoſe ages by the name of Lombards. Companies or ſocieties of Lombard merchants ſettled in every different parts of the kingdom; they became the carriers, the manufacturers, and the bankers of Europe. One of

these companies ſettled in London, hence the name of Lombard-ſtreet.

While the Italians in the South of Europe cultivated trade with ſuch induſtry and ſucceſs, the commercial ſpirit awakened in the North towards the middle of the thirteenth century. As the Danes, Swedes, and other nations around the Baltic, were at that time extremely barbarous, and infeſted that ſea with their piracies, this obliged the cities of Lubec and Hamburgh, ſoon after they had begun to open ſome trade with the Italians, to enter into a league of mutual defence. They derived ſuch advantages from this union, that other towns acceded to their confederacy; and, in a ſhort time, eighty of the moſt conſiderable cities, ſcattered through thoſe vaſt countries of Germany and Flanders which ſtretch from the bottom of the Baltic to Cologne on the Rhine joined in an alliance, called the Hanſeatic league; which became ſo formidable, that its alliance was courted, and its enmity was dreaded by the greateſt monarchs. The members of this powerful aſſociation formed the firſt ſyſtematic plan of commerce known in the middle ages, and conducted it by common laws enacted in their general aſſemblies. They ſupplied the reſt of Europe with naval ſtores; and pitched on different towns, the moſt eminent of which was Bruges, in Flanders, where they eſtabliſhed ſtaples, in which their commerce was regularly carried on. Thither the Lombards brought the productions of India, together with the manufactures of Italy, and exchanged them for the more bulky, but not leſs uſeful commodities of the North.

As Bruges became the centre of communication between the Lombards and Hanſeatic merchants, the Flemings traded with both in that city to ſuch extent as well as advantage, as ſpirited among them them a general habit of induſtry, which long rendered Flanders and the adjacent provinces the moſt opulent, the moſt populous, and beſt cultivated countries in Europe.

Struck

Struck with the flouriſhing ſtate of theſe provinces, of which he diſcovered the true cauſe, Edward III. of England, endeavoured to excite a ſpirit of induſtry among his own ſubjects, who, blind to the advantages of their ſituation, and ignorant of the ſource from which opulence was deſtined to flow into their country, totally neglected commerce, and did not even attempt thoſe manufactures, the materials of which they furniſhed to foreigners. By alluring Flemiſh artiſans to ſettle in his dominions as well as by many wiſe laws for the encouragement and regulation of trade, he gave a beginning to the woollen manufactures of England, and firſt turned the active and enterpriſing genius of his people towards thoſe arts which have raiſed the Engliſh to the firſt rank among commercial nations.

The Chriſtian princes, after their great loſſes in the cruſades, endeavoured to cultivate the friendſhip of the great khans of Tartary, whoſe fame in arms had reached the moſt remote corners of Europe and Aſia, that they might be ſome check upon the Turks, who had been ſuch enemies to the Chriſtian name; and who, from a contemptible handful of wanderers, ſerving occaſionally in the armies of contending princes, had begun to extend their ravages over the fineſt countries of Aſia.

The Chriſtian embaſſies were managed chiefly by monks, a wandering profeſſion of men, who, impelled by zeal, and undaunted by difficulties and danger, found their way to the remote courts of theſe infidels. The Engliſh philoſopher, Roger Bacon, was ſo induſtrious as to collect from their relations, or traditions, many particulars of the Tartars, which are to be found in Purchas's Pilgrims, and other books of travels. The firſt regular traveller of the monkiſh kind, who committed his diſcoveries to writing, was John du Plant Carpin, who with ſome of his brethren, about the year 1246, carried a letter from pope Innocent to the great khan of Tartary, in favour of the Chriſtian ſubjects in that prince's extenſive dominions.

nions. Soon after this, a ſpirit of travelling into Tartary and India became general; and it would be no difficult matter to prove that many Europeans, about the end of the fourteenth century, ſerved in the armies of Tamerlane, one of the greateſt princes of Tartary, whoſe conqueſts reached to the moſt remote corners of India; and that they introduced into Europe the uſe of gun-powder and artillery; the diſcovery made by a German chemiſt being only partial and accidental.

After the death of Tamerlane, who, jealous of the riſing power of the Turks, had checked their progreſs, the Chriſtian adventurers, upon their return, magnifying the vaſt riches of the Eaſt Indies, inſpired their countrymen with a ſpirit of adventure and diſcovery, and were the firſt that rendered a paſſage thither by ſea probable and practicable. The Portugueſe had been always famous for their application to maritime affairs; and to their diſcovery of the Cape of Good Hope, Great-Britain is at this day indebted for her Indian commerce.

At firſt they contented themſelves with ſhort voyages, creeping along the coaſts of Africa, diſcovering cape after cape; but by making a gradual progreſs ſouthward, they, in the year 1497, were ſo fortunate as to ſail beyond the Cape, which opened a paſſage by ſea to the eaſtern ocean, and all thoſe countries known by the name of India, China, and Japan.

While the Portugueſe were intent upon a paſſage to India, by the eaſt, Columbus, a native of Genoa, conceived a project of ſailing thither by the weſt. His propoſal being condemned by his countrymen as chimerical and abſurd, he laid his ſcheme ſucceſſively before the courts of France, England, and Portugal, where he had no better ſucceſs. Such repeated diſappointments would have broken the ſpirit of any man but Columbus. The expedition required expence, and he had nothing to defray it. Spain was now his only reſource, and there, after eight years attendance, he ſucceeded, through the intereſt of queen Iſabella, who raiſed money upon her jewels to defray the expences of his expedition, and to do honour to her ſex.

Columbus

Columbus now ſet ſail, anno 1492, with a fleet of three ſhips, upon the moſt adventurous attempt ever undertaken by man, and in the fate of which the inhabitants of two worlds were intereſted.

In this voyage he had a thouſand difficulties to contend with, and his ſailors, always diſcontented, began to inſiſt upon his return, threatening, in caſe of refuſal, to throw him overboard; but the firmneſs of the commander, and the diſcovery of land, after a paſſage of 33 days, put an end to the commotion. From the appearance of the natives he found to his ſurprize, that this could not be the Indies he was in queſt of, and which he ſoon diſcovered to be a new world.

Europe now began to emerge out of that darkneſs into which ſhe had been ſunk ſince the ſubverſion of the Roman empire. Theſe diſcoveries, from which ſuch wealth was deſtined to flow to the commercial nations of Europe, were ſucceeded by others of unſpeakable benefit to mankind. The invention of printing, the revival of learning, arts, and ſciences; and, laſtly, the happy reformation in religion, all diſtinguiſh the 15th and ſixteenth century as the firſt æra of modern hiſtory. "It was in theſe ages that the powers of Europe were formed into one great political ſyſtem, in which each took a ſtation, wherein it has ſince remained, with leſs variation than could have been expected, after the ſhocks occaſioned by ſo many internal revolutions, and ſo many foreign wars, of which we have given ſome account in the hiſtory of each particular ſtate in the following ſheets. The great events which happened then have not hitherto ſpent their force. The political principles and maxims then eſtabliſhed, ſtill continue to operate; and the ideas concerning the balance of power then introduced, or rendered general, ſtill influence the councils of European nations."

Guthrie.

AFFECTION

Affection Conjugal.

SENTIMENTS.

Of all the pleaſures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature than thoſe that flow from the mutual return of *conjugal love.*

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal ſincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a tranſport that is inconceivable to all but thoſe who are in this ſituation : Hence ariſes that heart-enobling ſolicitude for one another's welfare; that tender ſympathy which alleviates affliction, and that participated pleaſure which heightens proſperity and joy itſelf.

A good wife makes the cares of the world ſit eaſy, and adds a ſweetneſs to its pleaſures : ſhe is a man's beſt companion in proſperity, and his *only friend* in *adverſity* ; the carefulleſt preſerver of his health, and the kindeſt attendant on his ſickneſs; a faithful adviſer in diſtreſs, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domeſtic affairs.

Good-nature and evenneſs of temper will give you an eaſy companion for life ; virtue and good ſenſe, an agreeable friend; love and conſtancy, a good wife or huſband.

A married woman ſhould not be deſirous of attracting the eyes of any man but thoſe of her huſband.

He that allows himſelf to taſte thoſe pleaſures which he denies his wife, acts like a man who would enjoin his wife to oppoſe thoſe enemies to whom he has already ſurrendered. *Beaut. of Hiſt.*

....

EXAMPLES OF CONJUGAL AFECTION.

Leonidas, king of Sparta, ſuſpecting a conſpiracy was formed againſt him, fled to the temple of Minerva for ſhelter, whereupon

whereupon Cleombrutus, his ſon-in-law, ſeized the government. When Leonidas was informed of this, he made his eſcape, taking his daughter along with him, who choſe rather to fly with her father than reign with her huſband. Some time after, Leonidas being reſtored to the throne, he advanced at the head of a band of ſoldiers to the temple where Cleombrutus, upon this change of affairs, had, himſelf, fled for refuge. He there reproached him with great warmth for aſſuming the regal power, in violation of the ties of affinity between them, and for expelling him from his own country in ſo ignominous a manner. Cleombrutus, who had nothing to anſwer to theſe reproaches, continued ſeated in a profound ſilence, and with an aſpect which ſufficiently teſtified his confuſion. His wife Chelonida ſtood near with her two children at her feet. She had been equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter; but was equally faithful in each of thoſe capacities, and had always adhered to the unfortunate ſide. All thoſe who were then preſent melted into tears at ſo moving a ſight, and were ſtruct with admiration at the virtue and tenderneſs of Chelonida, and the amiable force of conjugal love. The unfortunate princeſs, pointing to her mourning habit and diſheveled treſſes, "Believe me, O, my father!" ſaid ſhe, "this habit of woe, which I now wear, this dejection which now appears in my countenance, and theſe ſorrows into which you ſee me ſunk, are not the effects of that compaſſion I entertain for Cleombrutus; but the ſad remains of my affliction for the calamities you ſuſtained in your flight from Sparta. On what, alas! ſhall I now reſolve? While you reign for the future in Sparta, and triumph over the enemies who oppoſed you, ſhall I continue to live in the deſolate ſtate to which you ſee me reduced? Or, is it my duty to array myſelf in the robes of royalty and magnificence, when I behold the huſband I received from you in the flower of my youth on the point of periſhing by your dagger? Should he be unable to diſarm your reſentment, and move your ſoul to compaſſion by the

tears

tears of his wife and children, permit me to aſſure you that he will be puniſhed with more ſeverity for his imprudence, than was even intended by yourſelf, when he ſhall ſee a wife who is ſo dear to him, expiring at his feet; for you are not to think, that in my preſent condition, I will ever conſent to out-live him. What appearance ſhall I make among the Spartan ladies after my inability to inſpire my husband with compaſſion for my father; or to ſoften my father into pity for my huſband? What, indeed, ſhall I appear to them, but a daughter and a wife, always afflicted and contemned by her neareſt relations?" Chelonida, at the concluſion of theſe words, reclined her cheek on that of Cleombrutus; while with her eyes, that ſpoke her ſorrow in her tears, ſhe caſt a languid look on thoſe who were preſent.

Leonidas, after a few moments diſcourſe with his friends, ordered Cleombrutus to riſe, and immediately to quit Sparta; but earneſtly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not forſake a father who gave her ſuch a peculiar proof of tenderneſs as to ſpare the life of her huſband. His ſolicitations were, however, ineffectual; and the moment Cleombrutus roſe from his ſeat, ſhe placed one of her children in his arms, and claſped the other in her own; and when ſhe had offered up her prayers to the goddeſs, and kiſſed the altar, ſhe became *a voluntary exile with her huſband.*

How extremely affecting was this ſpectacle, and how worthy the admiration of all ages is ſuch model of conjugal affection! If the heart of Cleombrutus, ſays Plutarch, was not entirely depraved by vain-glory, and a boundleſs ambition to reign, he would have been ſenſible that even baniſhment itſelf, with ſo virtuous a companion, was a felicity preferable to the condition of a ſovereign. *Plut. in vit. Agid.*

....

It was highly honourable for Phocion, that he was forty times elected general of the Athenians; and it is remarkable, that

that thefe elections always happened when he was abfent, without any previous folicitations on his part. His wife was fufficiently fenfible how much this was for his glory; and one day, when an Ionian lady of confiderable rank, who lodged in her houfe, fhowed her, with an air of oftentation and pleafure, her ornaments of gold, with a variety of jewels and bracelets, fhe anfwered her with a modeft tone, *For my part, I have no ornament but Phocion, who for thefe twenty years has been always elected general of the Athenians.* *Appian, l.* 4.

....

CYRUS, king of Perfia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princefs, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was paffionately fond. When both were brought to the tribunal, Cyrus afked the prince, what he would give to be re-inftated in his kingdom? He anfwered, with an air of indifference, "That as for his crown, and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low rate. But if Cyrus would reftore his beloved princefs to her native dignity and hereditary poffeffions, he fhould infinitely rejoice, and would pay, (this he uttered with tendernefs and ardor) would willingly pay his life for the purchafe."—When all the prifoners were difmiffed with freedom, it is impoffible to be expreffed how they were charmed with their royal benefactor; fome celebrated his martial accomplifhments, fome applauded his focial virtues, all were prodigal of their praife, and lavifh in grateful acknowledgement. And you, faid the prince, addreffing himfelf to his bride, What think you of Cyrus? *I did not obferve him,* faid the princefs——Not obferve him! Upon what then was your attention fixed? Upon that *dear* and *generous* man, who declared, "that he would purchafe *my liberty* at the *expence* of *his own life.*"

What an idea of Chaftity! and at the fame time, what a wonderful fimplicity and delicacy of thought are here in the

anſwer of the young princeſs, who had no eyes but for her huſband. *Xenoph. de Cyri. Juſt. l.* 3.

....

Pliny, one of the fineſt gentlemen, and politeſt writers of the age in which he lived, was alſo one of the beſt huſbands in the whole Roman empire. He did not think it below him to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counſellor. He has left us in his letter to Hiſpulla, his wife's aunt, one of the moſt agreeable family pieces I ever met with. Conjugal love is drawn with a delicacy which makes it appear to be an *ornament* as well as *virtue*. The tranſlation of it is as follows:

PLINY to HISPULLA.

As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, ſo as not only to expreſs the tenderneſs of the beſt of aunts, but even to ſupply that of the beſt of fathers, I am ſure it will give you pleaſure to hear that ſhe proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of her anceſtors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt pledge of her virtue, and adds to this, a wonderful diſpoſition to learning, which ſhe has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, ſtudies them, and even gets them by heart. You would ſmile to ſee the concern ſhe is in when I have a cauſe to plead, and the joy ſhe ſhows when it is over. She finds means to have the firſt news brought her of the ſucceſs I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, ſhe cannot refrain from placing herſelf privately in ſome corner to hear, where with the utmoſt delight ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes; ſometimes ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies them with the lute, without any maſter, except love, the beſt of inſtructors. From theſe inſtances I take the moſt certain omens

omens of our perpetual and increaſing happineſs, ſince her affection is not founded on my youth or perſon, which muſt gradually decay; but ſhe is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor, indeed, could leſs be expected, from one who had the happineſs to receive her education from you; who, in your houſe, was accuſtomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me on your recommendation. For as you had always the greateſt reſpect for my mother, you was pleaſed, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to preſage that I ſhould be one day what my wife fancies I am: accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

The ſame amiable diſpoſition and conjugal tenderneſs appear in all the Letters which he wrote to his wife Calphurnia, at a time when he was at a diſtance from her.

....

CICERO was in all reſpects as great a man as Pliny, and hath written a whole book of letters to his wife. They are full of that beautiful ſimplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhed character of the beſt ancient writers. The following were written at a time when he was baniſhed from his country by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO to TERENTIA.

LETTER I.

I LEARN from the letters of my friends as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy am I, that a woman of your virtue, conſtancy, honour, and good nature, ſhould fall into ſo great diſtreſſes upon my account?——If all this had happened by the decrees

of

of fate, as you would kindly perfuade me, I could have borne it; but alas! it is all befallen me by my own indifcretion, who thought I was beloved by thofe that envied me, and did not join with thofe who fought my friendfhip.——At prefent, fince my friends bid me hope, I fhall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate fervices. Plancius hopes we may fome time or other come together in Italy. If I ever live to fee that day, if I ever return to your dear embraces; in fhort, if I ever recover you and myfelf, I fhall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded

Letter II.

I must acknowledge, that you have done every thing for me with the utmoft fortitude and the utmoft affection; nor, indeed, is it more than I expected from you; though at the fame time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I fuffer can be relieved only by thofe which you undergo for my fake. For honeft Valerius has written me a letter which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public proceffion which you made for me at Rome. Alas! my deareft life, muft then Terentia, the darling of my foul, whofe favour and recommendations have been fo often fought by others, muft my Terentius droop under the weight of forrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my fake; for my fake, who have undone my family, by confulting the fafety of others?—You prefent yourfelf before my eyes day and night: I fee you labouring amidft innumerable difficulties: I am afraid, left you fhould fink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are neceffary to fupport you. Be fure, therefore, to cherifh your health, that you may compafs the end of your hopes and your endeavours. Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's defire, farewell.

Methinks,

Methinks, it is a pleaſure to ſee this great man in his family, who makes ſo different a figure in the forum or ſenate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the conſul; but, for my own part, I eſteem the huſband and the father. His private character, with all the little weakneſſes of humanity, is as amiable as the figure he makes in public is awful and majeſtic. It would be ill-nature not to acquaint the Engliſh reader, that his wife was ſucceſsful in her ſolicitations for this great man, and ſaw her huſband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that uſually attended the greateſt triumph.

From the foregoing examples, it appears inconteſtably evident, that a happy marriage has in it all the pleaſures of friendſhip, all the enjoyments of ſenſe and reaſon, and, indeed, all the ſweets of life: and to make it ſo, nothing more is required than diſcretion, virtue, and good nature. But, for want of theſe, wedlock is now become the ſtanding jeſt of fools, the curſe of knaves, and the plague of moſt men. Where theſe are happily united, we may ſay with the poet,

> They know a paſſion ſtill more deeply charming
> Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
> By long experience mellow'd into friendſhip.

....

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

The good huſband is one, who wedded not by intereſt, but by choice, is conſtant, as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderneſs as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakneſs, her imprudence to her inadvertency: he paſſes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and induſtry are employed for her welfare; all his ſtrength and power are exerted for her ſupport and protection;

he

he is more anxious to preferve his own character and reputation, becaufe her's is blended with it: laftly, the good hufband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Chriftianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each others happinefs in this world, they may unite to infure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

....

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one who, ever mindful of the folemn contract which fhe hath entered into, is ftrictly and confcientioufly virtuous, conftant, and faithful to her hufband: chafte, pure, and unblemifhed, in every thought, word, and deed: fhe is humble and modeft from reafon and conviction, fubmiffive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what fhe acquires by love and tendernefs, fhe preferves by prudence and difcretion: fhe makes it her bufinefs to ferve, and her bufinefs to oblige her hufband; confcious that every thing that promotes his happinefs, muft in the end contribute to her own: her tendernefs relieves his cares, her affection foftens his diftrefs, her good humour and complacency leffen and fubdue his afflictions. "She openeth her mouth," as Solomon fays, "with wifdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindnefs. She looketh well to the way of her hufband, and eateth not the bread of idlenefs: her children rife up and call her bleffed; her hufband alfo, and he praifeth her." As a good and pious Chriftian, fhe looks up with an eye of gratitude to the difpenfer and difpofer of all things, to the hufband of the widow and father of the fatherlefs, intreating his divine favour and affiftance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well fatisfied, that if fhe duly and punctually difcharges her feveral offices in this life, fhe fhall be bleffed and rewarded for it in another. "Favour is deceitful,

ceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." *Beauties of History.*

On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing.

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation; when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays study; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears; and hence, those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolance, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their masterpieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers.

Blair.

....

Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to carelessness.

It ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary corre-

ſpondence, are not to be underſtood as importing entire careleſſneſs. In writing to the moſt intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the ſubject and the ſtyle, is requiſite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourſelves, and to the friend with whom we correſpond. A ſlovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a diſobliging mark of want of reſpect. The liberty, beſides, of writing letters with too careleſs a hand, is apt to betray perſons into imprudence in what they write. The firſt requiſite, both in converſation and correſpondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character and that of others, demand. An imprudent expreſſion in converſation may be forgotten and paſs away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we muſt remember, that "Litera ſcripta manet." *Blair.*

....

On PLINY's Letters.

PLINY's letters are one of the moſt celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epiſtolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleaſing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phraſe, they ſmell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not eaſy to avoid thinking, that the author is caſting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publiſhes his own letters, to diveſt himſelf altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he ſays; by which means, he becomes much leſs agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any conſtraint of this ſort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Ibid.*

On

On CICERO's Letters.

CICERO's Eepiftles, though not fo fhowy as thofe of Pliny, are on feveral accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the moft valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real bufinefs, written to the greateft men of the age, compofed with purity and elegance, but without the leaft affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being publifhed to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of thofe which are now extant, amounting to near a thoufand*. They contain the moft authentic materials of the hiftory of that age; and are the laft monuments which remain of Rome in its free ftate; the greateft part of them being written during that important crifis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the moft interefting fituation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, efpecially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himfelf and his heart, with entire freedom. In the courfe of his correfpondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with feveral of the principal perfonages of Rome; and it is remarkable that moft of Cicero's correfpondents, as well as himfelf, are elegant and polite writers; which ferves to heighten our idea of the tafte and manners of that age. *Blair.*

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in anfwer to fome enquiries concerning his epiftles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about feventy of them. *Add. Att.* 16 5.

On POPE'S and SWIFT'S Letters.

THE moſt diſtinguiſhed collection of letters in the Engliſh language, is that of Mr Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly publiſhed in Mr Pope's works, and partly in thoſe of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one: and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epiſtles, of too much ſtudy and refinement. In the variety of letters from different perſons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with eaſe, and a beautiful ſimplicity. Thoſe of Dr Arbuthnot, in particular, always deſerve that praiſe. Dean Swift's alſo are unaffected; and as a proof of their being ſo, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wiſhed, for the honour of his memory, that his epiſtolary correſpondence had not been drained to the dregs, by ſo many ſucceſſive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Biſhop Atterbury's Letters, are maſterly. The cenſure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heavieſt on Mr Pope himſelf. There is viſibly more ſtudy, and leſs of nature and the heart in his letters, than in thoſe of ſome of his correſpondents. He had formed himſelf on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr Addiſon: "I am more joyed at your return, than "I ſhould be at that of the Sun, as much as I wiſh for him "in this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but it is his fate too, like "yours, to be diſpleaſing to owls and obſcene animals, who "cannot bear his luſtre." How ſtiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Biſhop Atterbury: "Though the noiſe and daily "buſtle for the Public be now over, I dare ſay, you are ſtill "tendering its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when ſeeming

"to

"to retire from the world, is preparing warmth and benedic-"tions for a better ſeaſon." This ſentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unſuitable to the ſtyle of one friend correſponding with another. *Blair.*

....

On the Letters of BALZAC, VOITURE, SEVIGNE, *and Lady* MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THE gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to ſeveral agreeable publications. In the laſt age Balzac and Voiture were the two moſt celebrated epiſtolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed ſoon declined, on account of his ſwelling periods and pompous ſtyle. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His compoſition is extremely ſparkling; he ſhows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the moſt entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and profeſſed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigne are now eſteemed the moſt accompliſhed model of a familiar correſpondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expreſſions of fondneſs, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they ſhew ſuch perpetual ſprightlineſs, they contain ſuch eaſy and varied narration, and ſo many ſtrokes of the moſt lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are juſtly entitled to high praiſe. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after thoſe of Madame de Sevignè. They have much of the French eaſe and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epiſtolary ſtyle, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the Engliſh language. *Ibid.*

ORATIONS.

ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.

If all the ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? they may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden excurſions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſobriety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils.

But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered. The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in a great meaſure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by thoſe who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of theſe is in all reſpects perfect, but each of them has ſome innate and incurable defect. Chuſe you, then, in what manner this city ſhall be governed. Shall it be by one man? ſhall it be by a ſelect number of the wiſeſt among us? or ſhall the legiſlative power be in the people? As for

for me, I ſhall ſubmit to whatever form of adminiſtration you ſhall pleaſe to eſtabliſh. As I think myſelf not unworthy to command, ſo neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having choſen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours ſufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooke.

....

HANNIBAL to SCIPIO AFRICANUS, at their interview preceding the Battle of Zama.

SINCE fate has ſo ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been ſo often on the point of ending it by a complete conqueſt, ſhould now come of my own motion to aſk a peace; I am glad it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to aſk it. Nor will this be among the leaſt of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over ſo many Roman generals, ſubmitted at laſt to you.

I could wiſh that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature ſeems to have preſcribed to it; the ſhores of Africa, and the ſhores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both ſides we have been ſo eager after foreign poſſeſſions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But ſince errors paſt may be more eaſily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me, to put an end, if poſſible, to the obſtinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the inſtability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reaſon can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted ſucceſs, may render you averſe from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects up-

on her inconſtancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps ſuffice to teach you moderation. I am that ſame Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became maſter of the greateſt part of your country, and deliberated with myſelf what fate I ſhould decree to Italy and Rome. And now—ſee the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preſervation and my country's. Such are the ſports of fortune. Is ſhe then to be truſted becauſe ſhe ſmiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleaſure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or to the glory of your country; if vanquiſhed, you loſe in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been ſo many years acquiring, But what is my aim in all this?—that you ſhould content yourſelf with our ceſſion of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the iſlands between Italy and Africa. A peace on theſe conditions will, in my opinion, not only ſecure the future tranquility of Carthage, but be ſufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that ſome of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—It is I, Hannibal, that now aſk a peace: I aſk it, becauſe I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

Hooke.

....

SCIPIO's Anſwer.

I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aſide all thoughts of a peace, when it was juſt upon the point of being concluded; and your preſent propoſal is a proof of it. You retrench from their conceſſions every thing but what we are, and have been long poſſeſſed of. But

But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens ſhould have the obligations to you of being eaſed from a great part of their burden, ſo it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiouſneſs. Nobody is more ſenſible than I am of the weakneſs of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is ſubject to a thouſand chances. If, before the Romans paſſed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are maſters here of the open country, the ſituation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be conſidered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their requeſt, were, over and above what you offer, to have reſtored to us our priſoners without ranſom, delivered up their ſhips of war, paid us five thouſand talents, and to have given hoſtages for the performance of all. The ſenate accepted theſe conditions, but Carthage failed on her part: Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be releaſed from the moſt important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of conduct? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added ſome new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, inſtead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore muſt ſubmit to us at diſcretion, or muſt vanquiſh us in battle.

Hooke.

Submiſſion; Complaint; Intreating—The Speech of SENECA *the philoſopher to* NERO, *complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requeſting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumſtances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

MAY it pleaſe the imperial majeſty of Cæſar, favourably to accept the humble ſubmiſſions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years ſince I firſt had the honour of attending your imperial majeſty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with ſuch affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reaſon to expect, the envy of many of thoſe perſons, who are always ready to preſcribe to their prince where to beſtow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illuſtrious anceſtor, Auguſtus, beſtowed on his deſerving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, ſuitable to the dignity of the benefector, and to the ſervices of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majeſty has, indeed, been purely domeſtic: I have neither headed your armies, nor aſſiſted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are ſome who do not ſeem to attend it) that a prince may be ſerved in different ways, ſome more, others leſs conſpicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" ſay my enemies, "ſhall a private perſon, of "equeſtrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to "an equality with the patricians? Shall an upſtart, of no name "nor family, rank with thoſe who can, by the ſtatues which "make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line "of anceſtors, long enough to tire out the faſti?‡ Shall a philoſopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, "and

† The faſti, or calendars, or, if you pleaſe, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, conſuls, &c.

"and contempt of all that is external, himſelf live in affluence "and luxury? Shall he purchaſe eſtates, and lay out money at "intereſt? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn "a country at his own expence, and for his own pleaſure."

Cæſar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince beſtowed, nor did he ever aſk: he is only guilty of—not refuſing. Cæſar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to deſpiſe the envious. As the overloaded ſoldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, ſo I, in this laſt ſtage of the journey of life, now that I find myſelf unequal to the lighteſt cares, beg, that Cæſar would kindly eaſe me of the troubles of my unwieldy wealth. I beſeech him to reſtore to the imperial treaſury, from whence it came, what is to me ſuperfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I now am obliged to beſtow upon my villa and my gardens, I ſhall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæſar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government? His goodneſs will grant to his worn-out ſervant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he beſtowed favours on ſome, who, ſo far from being intoxicated with them, ſhewed —that they could be happy, when (at their own requeſt) diveſted of them. *Corn. Tacit.*

....

CALISTHENES'S reproof of CLEON'S Flattery to ALEXANDER, on whom he had propoſed to confer Divinity by Vote.

If the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed: he would himſelf reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is

 rational;

rational; and that you do what you can to leffen his glory, inftead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wifh the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propofe, Herculus and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our fovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his fubjects? Firft try your powers, whether you can make a king. It is, furely, eafier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wifh that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propofal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may ftill be fo propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that fuccefs to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not afhamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confefs ourfelves inferior to them?

Q. Curtius.

BRUTUS's Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR's Murder.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my caufe; and be filent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have refpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenfure me, in your wifdom; and awake your fenfes, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this affembly, any dear friend of Cæfar's, to him I fay, that Brutus's love to Cæfar was no lefs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rofe againft Cæfar? this

this is my anſwer—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.—I pauſe for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inrolled in the capital: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you ſhall not? With this I depart—That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Shakeſpeare.

....

The SCYTHIAN *Ambaſſadors to* ALEXANDER, *on his making preparations to attack their Country.*

IF your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt at the ſame time: you graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia; from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer

quer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue nature. But, have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care leſt, while you ſtrive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why ſhould you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have ſeized Syria; you are maſter of Perſia; you have ſubdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger by what ſhould produce ſatiaty; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgot how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? while you were ſubduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories ſerve to no other purpoſe than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the buſineſs of every conqueſt is twofold, to win, and to preſerve: and though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible: for what people chuſe to be under foreign dominions?

If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another buſineſs; you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurpriſe you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no leſs

vigour

vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep with ſtrict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may loſe what you have. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furniſhed only with hands to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the graſp of thoſe to whom ſhe has been bountiful.—You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Ammon: it ſuits the character of a god to beſtow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhew more wiſdom, than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf.

You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people; there can be no ſincere friendſhip between the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed; even in peace, the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by ſigning, ſealing and taking the gods to witneſs, as is the Grecian cuſtom; but by doing actual ſervices. The Scythians are not uſed to promiſe, but perform without promiſing. And they think an appeal to the gods ſuperfluous; for that thoſe who have no regard for the eſteem of men will not heſitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore conſider with yourſelf, whether you had better have a people of ſuch a character, and ſo ſituated as to have it in their power, either to ſerve you or to

annoy

annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies. *Q. Curtius.*

The Story of LE FEVRE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe.—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſidebaord;—the land-lord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing 'till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me*.——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim, yet

—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him, then? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thurſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, ſays my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoaked on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill

be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear fo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reft in my mind, Trim, fince the account the landlord has given me.—I wifh I had not known fo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it:—How fhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleafe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and ftick, and go to the houfe and reconoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou fhalt go, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, and here's a fhilling for thee to drink with his fervant—I fhall get it all out of him, faid the corporal, fhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his fecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with confidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ftraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be faid to have thought of nothing elfe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he fmoaked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the afhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I defpaired at firft, faid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor fick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? faid my uncle Toby—He is, faid the corporal—And in what regiment? faid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ftraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, faid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haft done; fo fit down at thy eafe, Trim, in the window-feat, and begin thy ftory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally fpoke, as plain as a bow could fpeak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he fat down, as he was ordered,—and began the ftory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the fame words.

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I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,---we can hire horſes from hence.---But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,---for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;---but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.---Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.—I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.—I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never, in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby blowing his noſe,---but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;---and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar---(and thou might'ſt have added, my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:---he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,---for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt:---I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.---Mr Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire---but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I ſhould ſtep up ſtairs.---I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,---for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide; and as I ſhut the door I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. ---Are you ſure of it? replied the curate:——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;---and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.---'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.---But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;---harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;---harraſſing others

others to-morrow :---detached here ;---countermanded there ;---resting this night upon his arms ;---beat up in his shirt the next ;---benumbed in his joints ;---perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;---he must say his prayers how and when he can.---I believe, said I,---for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,---I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,---he prays as heartily as a parson---though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,---for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :---At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgement, (and not till then)---it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,---and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.---I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow :---In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,---it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :---I hope not, said the corporal.---But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric hand-kerchief beside it :---The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling---the book was laid upon the bed,---and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side :---If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's

thanks

thanks along with them, for his courtefy to me,---if he was of Leven's---faid the lieutenant.---I told him your honour was. ——Then, faid he, I ferved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him---but 'tis moft likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perfon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—— but he knows me not,—faid he, a fecond time, mufing ;---poffibly he may my ftory---added he---pray tell the captain, I was the enfign at Breda, whofe wife was moft unfortunately killed with a mufket-fhot, as fhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ftory, an't pleafe your honour, faid I, very well.——Do you fo? faid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.——In faying this, he drew a little ring out of his bofom, which feemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiffed it twice. ——Here, Billy, faid he,---the boy flew acrofs the room to the bed-fide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiffed it too,---then kiffed his father, and fat down upon the bed and wept.

I wifh, faid my uncle Toby with a deep figh,——I wifh, Trim, I was afleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; ---fhall I pour your honour out a glafs of fack to your pipe? ——Do, Trim, faid my uncle Toby..

I remember, faid my uncle Toby, fighing again, the ftory of the enfign and his wife, with a circumftance his modefty omited ;---and particularly well that he, as well as fhe, upon fome account or other, (I forget what) was univerfally pitied by the whole regiment ;---but finifh the ftory thou art upon: ——'Tis finifhed already, faid the corporal,---for I could ftay no longer, fo wifhed his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rofe from off the bed, and faw me to the bottom of the ftairs: and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flan-

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ders—But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then, what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and poſitive law, know not for their ſouls which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that neverthelefs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blocade—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——true, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,——but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredſt him

him whatever was in my houſe,——thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe a too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and the boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby ſmiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in the world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:—An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal he will never march but to his grave:—He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment. —He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point, the poor ſoul will die:—— He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accuſing ſpirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology

ſat

ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe, and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back; the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face, then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe flutter'd—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—mov'd—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on?——No.

Sterne.

Mercy recommended.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;---not from want of courage,---where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,---I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;---he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:——Go,---ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,---and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;---I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world, ſurely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

⁂ This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject. *Sterne.*

The Starling.

——Beshrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them.——'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant

tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it "could not get out."——I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a Starling hung in a little cage——"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I ſtood looking at the bird; and to every perſon who came through the paſſage, it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentations of its captivity---"I can't get out," ſaid the Starling---God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces---I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient.---I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſee thee at liberty---"No," ſaid the Starling.--- "I can't get out, I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, ſlavery! ſaid I---ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have

 been

been made to drink of thee, thou art no lefs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice fweet and gracious goddefs, addreffing myfelf to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worfhip, whofe tafte is grateful, and ever will be fo, till Nature herfelf fhall change---no tint of words can fpot thy fnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy fceptre into iron——with thee to fmile upon him as he eats his cruft, the fwain is happier than his monarch, from whofe court thou art exiled!---Gracious Heaven! cried I kneeling down upon the laft ftep but one in my afcent——Grant me but health, thou great beftower of it, and give me but this fair goddefs as my companion---and fhower down thy mitres, if it feems good unto thy Divine providence, upon thofe heads which are aching for them!

Sterne.

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The Captive.

THE bird in his cage purfued me into my room; I fat down clofe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myfelf the miferies of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and fo I gave full fcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but flavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of fad groupes in it did but diftract me——

I took a fingle captive, and having firft fhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wafted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ficknefs of the heart it was which arifes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I faw him pale and feverifh: in thirty years the weftern breeze had not once fanned his blood---he had feen no fun, no moon,

in

in all that time---nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice---his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed---and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there---he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down---ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle---He gave a deep ſigh---I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul---I burſt into tears---I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Ibid.*

Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.

——PR'YTHEE, Trim, quoth my father,---What doſt thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't pleaſe your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.---And didſt thou do that, Trim? ſaid Yorick.---He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.---Then, Trim, ſaid Yorick, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the Talmud itſelf. *Ibid.*

Health.

O BLESSED health! thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlarged the ſoul,---and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction, and to reliſh virtue.---He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for! and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,---wants every thing with thee. *Sterne.*

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On Vulgarity.

A VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or ſpeaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at ſchool, or among ſervants, with whom they are too often uſed to converſe; but, after they frequent good company, they muſt want attention and obſervation very much, if they do not lay it quite aſide; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aſide. The various kinds of vulgariſms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give ſome ſamples, by which you may gueſs at the reſt.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he ſuſpects himſelf to be ſlighted; thinks every thing that is ſaid meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is perſuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and teſty, ſays ſomething very impertinent, and draws himſelf into a ſcrape, by ſhewing what he calls a proper ſpirit, and aſſerting himſelf. A man of faſhion does not ſuppoſe himſelf to be either the ſole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never ſuſpects that he is either ſlighted or laughed at, unleſs he is conſcious that he deſerves it. And if (which very ſeldom happens) the company is abſurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unleſs the inſult be ſo groſs and plain as to require ſatisfaction of another

another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiefces than wrangles. A vulgar man's converfation always favours ftrongly of the lownefs of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domeftic affairs, his fervants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphafis, as interefting matters.—He is a man-goffip.

Vulgarifm in language is the next and diftinguifhing characteriftic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fafhion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expreffions and trite fayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he fay, that men differ in their taftes; he both fupports and adorns that opinion, by the good old faying, as he refpectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poifon." If any body attempts being *fmart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always fome favourite word for the time being; which, for the fake of ufing often, he commonly abufes. Such as, *vaftly* angry, *vaftly* kind, *vaftly* handfome, and *vaftly* ugly. Even his pronounciation of proper words carries the mark of the beaft along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* fuch a place. He fometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fafhion never has recourfe to proverbs and vulgar aphorifms; ufes neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to fpeak very correctly and gramatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the ufage of the beft companies.

An awkward addrefs, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handednefs, (if I may ufe that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impoffible to fuppofe, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched fomething, at leaft, of their air and motions.

tions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane, if unfortunately he wears one, is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His cloaths fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company: a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged. *Lord Chesterfield.*

On Good-breeding.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what the

good morals are to ſociety in general, their cement and their ſecurity. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at leaſt to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; ſo there are certain rules of civility, univerſally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and puniſh bad ones. And, indeed, there ſeems to me to be leſs difference both between the crimes and puniſhments, than at firſt one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is juſtly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who by his ill-manners, invades and diſturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common conſent as juſtly baniſhed ſociety. Mutual complaiſances, attentions, and ſacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and ſubjects; whoever, in either caſe, violates that compact, juſtly forfeits all advantages ariſing from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the conſciouſneſs of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the moſt pleaſing: and the epithet which I ſhould covet the moſt, next to that of Ariſtides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now conſider ſome of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, ſcarcely any, are wanting in the reſpect which they ſhould ſhew to thoſe whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their ſuperiors; ſuch as crowned heads, princes, and public perſons of diſtinguiſhed and eminent poſts. It is the manner of ſhewing that reſpect which is different. The man of faſhion, and of the world, expreſſes it in its fulleſt extent; but naturally, eaſily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not uſed to keep good company, expreſſes it awkwardly; one ſees that he is not uſed to it, and that it coſts him a great deal: but I never ſaw the worſt-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whiſtling, ſcratching his head, and ſuch-like indecencies, in companies that he reſpected. In ſuch companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to ſhew that reſpect which every body means to ſhew, in an eaſy, unembar-

 raſſed,

raſſed, and graceful manner. This is what obſervation and experience muſt teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at leaſt, ſuppoſed to be upon a footing of equality with the reſt; and, conſequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and reſpect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be leſs upon their guard; and ſo they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occaſion to be tranſgreſſed. But, upon theſe occaſions, though no one is entitled to diſtinguiſhed marks of reſpect, every one claims, and very juſtly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Eaſe is allowed, but careleſſneſs and negligence are ſtrictly forbidden. If a man accoſts you, and talks to you ever ſo dully or frivolouſly; it is worſe than rudeneſs, it is brutality, to ſhew him, by a manifeſt inattention to what he ſays, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more ſo with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in conſideration of their ſex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, diſlikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, muſt be officiouſly attended to, and, if poſſible, gueſſed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You muſt never uſurp to yourſelf thoſe conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; ſuch as the beſt places, the beſt diſhes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourſelf, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: ſo that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your ſhare of the common right. It would be endleſs for me to enumerate all the particular inſtances in which a well-bred man ſhews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to ſuppoſe that your own good ſenſe will not point them out to you; and then your good-nature will recommend, and your ſelf-intereſt enforce the practice.

There is a third ſort of good-breeding, in which people are the

the moſt apt to fail, from a very miſtaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's moſt familiar friends and acquaintances, or thoſe who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of eaſe is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, ſocial life. But eaſe and freedom have their bounds, which muſt by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and careleſſneſs becomes injurious and inſulting, from the real or ſuppoſed inferiority of the perſons; and that delightful liberty of converſation among a few friends, is ſoon deſtroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiouſneſs. But example explains things beſt, and I will put a pretty ſtrong caſe:—Suppoſe you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can poſſibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithſtanding this, do you imagine that I ſhould think there was no bounds to that freedom? I aſſure you, I ſhould not think ſo; and I take myſelf to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The moſt familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendſhips, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preſerve and cement them. The beſt of us have our bad ſides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I ſhall not uſe ceremony with you; it would be miſplaced between us: but I ſhall certainly obſerve that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the firſt place, decent, and which, I am ſure, is abſolutely neceſſary to make us like one another's company long. *Lord Cheſterfield.*

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The Art of Pleaſing.

THE deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal: the deſire of pleaſing ſhould be ſo too. It is included in that great and fundamental

principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold or comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may, Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at interest. What vast returns,

turns, then, muſt real merit, when thus adorned, neceſſarily bring in! A prudent uſurer would with tranſport place his laſt ſhilling at ſuch intereſt, and upon ſo ſolid a ſecurity.

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word; but not ſuch ſentimental friends, as Pylades or Oreſtes, Nyſus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and inclined to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good-nature and of good ſenſe; but good-breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politeſt courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to ſuch a degree, that I have often known it give currency to baſe coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremonioufneſs, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary out-work of manners, as well as of religion; it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world. *Cheſterfield.*

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Endeavour to pleaſe, and you can ſcarcely fail to pleaſe.

THE means of pleaſing vary according to time, place, and perſon; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree; conſtantly ſhew a deſire to pleaſe, and you will engage people's ſelf-love in

in your intereſt; a moſt powerful advocate. This, as indeed almoſt every thing elſe, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the moſt trifling thing that paſſes where you are; have, as the vulgar phraſe is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very fooliſh, though a very common ſaying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was "thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper anſwer to ſuch ingenious excuſes, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was preſent when it was ſaid or done. Oh! but you may ſay, you was thinking of quite another thing: if ſo, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you ſay you was thinking of? But you will ſay, perhaps, that the company was ſo ſilly, that it did not deſerve your attention; that, I am ſure, is the ſaying of a ſilly man; for a man of ſenſe knows that there is no company ſo ſilly, that ſome uſe may not be made of it by attention.

Let your addreſs, when you firſt come into company, be modeſt, but without the leaſt baſhfulneſs or ſheepiſhneſs; ſteady, without imprudence, and unembarraſſed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deſerves great attention; nothing but a long uſage to the world, and in the beſt company, can poſſibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he firſt goes into a faſhionable company, where moſt are his ſuperiors, is either annihilated by baſhfulneſs, or, if he rouſes and laſhes himſelf up to what he only thinks a modeſt aſſurance, he runs into imprudence and abſurdity, and conſequently offends inſtead of pleaſing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleneſs of manners, which never fails to make favourable impreſſions, provided it be equally free from an inſipid ſmile, or a pert ſmirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and diſputative turn, which too many people have, and ſame even value themſelves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from o-

thers,

thers, maintain it only with modeſty, calmneſs, and gentleneſs; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagoniſt beginning to grow warm, put an end to the diſpute by ſome genteel ſtroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two beſt friends in the world diſpute with eagerneſs upon the moſt trifling ſubject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Diſputes upon any ſubject are a ſort of trial of the underſtanding, and muſt end in the mortification of one or other of the diſputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you ſhould give an univerſal aſſent to all that you hear ſaid in company; ſuch an aſſent would be mean, and in ſome caſes criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleneſs.

Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that, you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances, what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments, I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

If you have not command enough over yourſelf to conquer your humour, as I am ſure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Inſtead of company's diverting you in thoſe moments, you will diſpleaſe, and probably ſhock them; and you will part worſe friends than you met; but whenever you find in yourſelf a diſpoſition to ſullenneſs, contradiction, or teſtineſs, it will be in vain to ſeek for a cure from abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itſelf off. Cheerfulneſs and good-humour are of all qualifications the moſt amiable in company; for, though they do not neceſſarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they repreſent them, at leaſt, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known ſome very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not eſſentially ill natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulneſs and eaſe in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and chearfulneſs, I am far from meaning noiſy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whoſe mirth is a kind of ſtorm. Obſerve it, the vulgar often laugh but never ſmile; whereas well-bred people often ſmile, but ſeldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleaſes only the mind, and never diſtorts the countenance; a glaring abſurdity, a blunder, a ſilly accident, and thoſe things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden paſſion is called ſhort-lived madneſs; it is a madneſs indeed, but the fits of it return ſo often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madneſs. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate diſpoſition, make it your conſtant ſtudy to ſubdue, or, at leaſt, to check it; when you find your choler riſing, reſolve neither to ſpeak to, nor anſwer the perſon who excites it; but ſtay till you find it ſubſiding, and then ſpeak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and ſteady upon all occaſions; the advantages of ſuch a ſteady calmneſs are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reaſon which diſtinguiſhes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpoſe; as a proof of this, I never ſaw, and ſcarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a paſſion. In truth, there is in that ſect a decorum and decency, and an amiable ſimplicity, that I know in no other. *Cheſterfield.*

The

MISSING PAGE 451 & 452, IN BOOK

The Innocent Pleafures of Childhood.

As it is ufual with me to draw a fecret unenvied pleafure from a thoufand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myfelf into a fhort tranfport, forgetting my age, and fancying myfelf a fchool-boy.

This imagination was ftrongly favoured by the prefence of fo many young boys, in whofe looks were legible the fprightly paffions of that age, which raifed in me a fort of fympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thofe enjoyments that once gave me pleafure, put on more lively colours, and a thoufand gay amufements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forfaken by this waking dream. The cheapnefs of puerile delights, the guiltlefs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the foul in the afcent of life, the pleafure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reafon, made me think moft men found that ftage the moft agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverfions which exalted the fpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refrefhing flumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the foul with anguifh, and the body with difeafe. The grateful employment of admiring and raifing themfelves to an imitation of the polite ftile, beautiful images, and noble fentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that fwarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our tafte, and infeft the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, infenfibly wear out, and

they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay; their novelty ſurprizes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite reliſh of trifles, by the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily terminating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age, after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure, the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views, and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcover the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connection, and ſymmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for thoſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport, without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth and honourable regard, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the ſtock of learning tranſmitted down from the ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities; ſo it cannot be denied, that theſe are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations, that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Chriſtian ſtates, as being eſteemed a neceſſary means to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and ſuperſtition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages, and of antiquity. *Guardian.*

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On Chearfulneſs.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is

is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy; on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred Perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious of compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of the ſoul; his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

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If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſunſhine, that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquility of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of a Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever title it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature, in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure

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of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil; it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive to chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old-age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its

firſt

firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs! The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind is, its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they ly under no real affliction; all that anguiſh we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we are made to pleaſe. *Spectator.*

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Love and Joy, a Tale.

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with

with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the off-ſpring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence. They were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them ſo ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the ſons of men diviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe Sorrow, the daughter of Ate: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable; her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung up a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born, and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove purſued by a hawk flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe

ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

One day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever ſince the Muſes ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride. *Aiken's Miſcell.*

Characters of CAMILLA *and* FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have ſo often imagined; or rather, ſhe poſſeſſes a combination of delicacies, which they have ſeldom had minuteneſs of virtue and taſte enough to conceive; to ſay ſhe is beautiful, ſhe is accompliſhed, ſhe is generous, ſhe is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would deſcribe. In her perſon ſhe is almoſt tall, and almoſt thin; graceful, commanding, and inſpiring a kind of tender reſpect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and ſhe can neither look nor move without expreſſing ſomething to her advantage. Poſſeſſed of almoſt every excellence, ſhe is unconſcious of any, and this heightens them all: ſhe is modeſt and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the ſubject on which ſhe gives it, and ſees the queſtion in its true light: ſhe has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy

to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before; she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is to often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude, that every different character is imperfect; what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally

equally ſtriking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuſe it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has diſplayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant ſoftneſs of female propriety: In Flora, ſhe charms with a certain artleſs poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameleſs freedom. Flora has ſomething original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not eaſily defined; to know her and to love her is the ſame thing; but you cannot know her by deſcription. Her perſon is rather touching than majeſtic, her features more expreſſive than regular, and her manner pleaſes rather becauſe it is reſtrained by no rule, than becauſe it is conformable to any that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed. Camilla puts you in mind of the moſt perfect muſic that can be compoſed; Flora, of the wild ſweetneſs which is ſometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive ſweetneſs of the Loves. Artleſs ſenſibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the moſt touching tenderneſs of ſoul, are the ſtrange characteriſtics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art ſeems rather to diminiſh than increaſe, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dreſs, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifeſted in Camilla and Flora! yet while ſhe has, in this contrariety, ſhewn the extent of her power to pleaſe, ſhe has alſo proved, that truth and virtue are always the ſame. Generoſity and tenderneſs are the firſt principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poſſeſſed in an higher degree than they are poſſeſſed by Flora: ſhe is juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others, as ſhe is negligent of her own; and though ſhe could ſubmit to any misfortune that could befal herſelf, yet ſhe hardly knows how to bear the miſfortunes

fortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility with the moſt lively gaiety; and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful, yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent, yet moſt elegant deſire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſto: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the lovelieſt idea of woman. *Greville.*

Diſtreſſes of an AUTHOR invited to read his own Play.

——Trifles ſuch as theſe, to ſerious miſchiefs lead. FRANCIS by HORACE.

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally expoſed, yet ſome ſpecies of intellectual diſtreſs are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of diſeaſe and poverty, pain and ſorrow, are frequently derived from others; but ſhame and confuſion are ſuppoſed to proceed from ourſelves, and to be incurred only by the miſconduct which they puniſh. This ſuppoſition is indeed ſpecious; but I am convinced by the ſtrongeſt evidence that it is not true: I can oppoſe experience to theory; and as it will appear that I ſuffer conſiderable loſs by my teſtimony, it muſt be allowed to have the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of ſincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the laſt effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a ſeries of events by which it was illuſtrated and eſtabliſhed: and that I might ſubſtitute action for narrative, and decorate ſentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my ſtory by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finiſhed, I ſate down like Hercules after his labours,

labours, exulting in the paſt, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a viſit, and when I went aboad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increaſing; and was at length mentioned with ſuch commendation to a very great lady, that ſhe was pleaſed to favour me with a meſſage by which I was invited to breakfaſt at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a ſelect company would then expect the pleaſure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and eſpecially this meſſage, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great ſelf complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the repreſentation of my play would be ſecured by a meſſage to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of ſollicitation and attendance unneceſſary.

Elated with theſe expectations, I roſe early in the morning, and being dreſſed long before it was time to ſet out, I amuſed myſelf by repeating the favourite paſſages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite anſwers to the compliments that ſhould be made me, and adjuſting the ceremony of my viſit.

I obſerved the time appointed with ſuch punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was ſtriking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwiſe engaged, it happened that the ſervant whoſe place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his ſtead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; ſo that no diſcovery was made of an enormous queüe of brown paper, which ſome miſchievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where after I had

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got within a very large Indian ſcreen I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little diſconcerted in my firſt addreſs, by the reſpect that was ſhewn me, and the curioſity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeyſance, and addreſſing myſelf in particular to the elder of the ladies whom I conſidered as my patroneſs, I expreſſed my ſenſe of the honour ſhe had done me in a ſhort ſpeech which I had preconceived for the purpoſe; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whoſe favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this miſtake increaſed my confuſion; for as I could not again repeat the ſame words, I reflected, that I ſhould be at laſt unprepared for the occaſion on which they were to have been uſed. The company all this while continued ſtanding: I therefore haſtily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was ſeated, I perceived every one labouring to ſtifle a laugh. I inſtantly ſuſpected that I had committed ſome ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after ſome heſitation, my extreme ſenſibility ſtruck me ſpeechleſs. The gentleman, however, kindly diſcovered the cauſe of their merriment, by exclaiming againſt the rude licentiouſneſs of the vulgar, and at the ſame time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This diſcovery afforded me inexpreſſible relief, my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was ſtill embarraſſed by the conſequences of my miſtake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with ſolicitude, and apprehenſion.

When ſhe came in, the deference with which ſhe was treated by perſons who were ſo much my ſuperiors, ſtruck me with awe; my powers of recollection were ſuſpended, and I reſolved to expreſs my ſentiments only by the lowneſs of my bow and the diſtance of my behaviour: I therefore haſtily retreated backward; and at the ſame time bowing with the moſt profound

profound reverence, unhappily overturned the ſcreen, which in its fall threw down the breakfaſt table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midſt of this ruin I ſtood torpid in ſilence and amazement, ſtunned with the ſhrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I conſidered myſelf as the author of ſuch complicated miſchief, I believe I felt as keen anguiſh as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is faſtening to a gibbet.

The ſcreen, however, was ſoon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady ſometimes adverted to me: ſhe politely deſired that I would conſider the accident as of no conſequence; the china, ſhe ſaid, was a trifle, and ſhe hoped Pompey was more frighted than hurt. I made ſome apology, but with great confuſion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again ſeated, and breakfaſt was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the diſcourſe turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the conſequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and ſolicitude, and found to be a razure of the ſkin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After ſome topical application, his cuſhion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteouſly.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had juſt made an attempt to introduce a new ſubject of converſation, when caſting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confuſion, by ſeeing ſomething hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my ſhirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I ſat, and which during the confuſion produced by the fall of the ſcreen had been left in the chair.

My embarraſſment was ſoon diſcovered, though the cauſe was miſtaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to diſplay my abilities without the reſtraint

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of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors: but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little crea-"ture.

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icile to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neck-cloth,

cloth, which I again buttoned into my bofom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finifhed, and they expreffed great impatience to hear the cataftrophe: I therefore began the fifth with frefh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, profeffors of Buckifm, who came with a defign to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rofe up with the reft of the company when they came in; but what was my aftonifhment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately fecured by one corner, hang down from my waift to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who ftood neareft me; who fwearing an oath of aftonifhment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the fervant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were fcarce lefs confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herfelf was fomewhat difconcerted: fhe faw my extreme confufion; and thought fit to apologize for her coufin's behaviour; "He is a wild boy, Sir," fays fhe, "he plays thefe tricks with every body; but it is his way, "and no body minds it." When we were once more feated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refufal of the ladies to go out, declared they would ftay and hear the laft act of my tragedy, I was therefore requefted to go on. But my fpirits were quite exhaufted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the prefence of two perfons, who appeared to confider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and fport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already loft in my own eftimation and had fcarce any wifh but to return without further difgrace into the quiet fhade of obfcurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleafed and furprized at the attention with which my new auditors feemed to liften as I went on: the dog was now filent; I increafed the pathos of my voice in proportion as I afcended the climax of diftrefs, and flattered myfelf that poetry and truth would be ftill victorious: but juft at this crifis, the gentleman, who had difengaged me from the napkin, defired me to ftop half a moment; fomething, he faid, had juft ftarted into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, "Jack," fays he, "there was fold in Smithfield no longer ago than "laft Saturday, the largeft ox that ever I beheld in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apoftrophe was fo ftriking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patronefs herfelf burft into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unfuccefsful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more fhame, confufion and anguifh. The laughter into which the company had been furprized, was, however, immediately fuppreffed, and a fevere cenfure paffed upon the perfon who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had fuffered, the ladies expreffed the utmoft impatience to hear the conclufion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed: but though I once more attempted to recollect myfelf, and again began the fpeech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were ftill diftracted; my voice faltered, and I had fcarce breath to finifh the firft period.

This was remarked by my tormenter the Buck, who fuddenly fnatched the manufcript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play juftice, and that he would finifh it himfelf. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited fenfations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In

In the action of my play, virtue had been ſuſtained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happineſs, during a ſeries of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the ſucceſs of her own projects, had been betrayed into ſhame, perplexity, and confuſion. Theſe events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonſtration, that "the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elyſium, "were not neceſſary to the juſtification of the Gods; ſince "whatever inequality might be pretended in the diſtribution "of externals, peace is ſtill the prerogative of virtue, and in-"tellectual miſery can be inflicted only by guilt."

But the intellectual miſery which I ſuffered at the very moment when this favourite ſentiment was read, produced an irreſiſtible conviction that it was falſe; becauſe, except the dread of that puniſhment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the proſecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the miſery that I ſuffered, ſuddenly propagated itſelf: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was ſo much affected that I took my leave with the abrupt haſte of diſtreſs and perplexity. I had no concern about what ſhould be ſaid of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the houſe, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myſelf. The next morning when I reflected cooly upon theſe events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have ſuppoſed that my deſire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my diſtreſs; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not poſſible, and that no man becomes

vicious by not effecting impoffibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we muft either do fomething from which we have power to abftain, or neglect fomething which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had loft, but fetting a truth, which I had newly difcovered by means fo extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am candidate for a place in the Adventurer. *Adventurer.*

The ftory of AMURATH, *continued from* p. 370.

BUT my ears were now ftunned with the diffonance of riot, and my eye fickened at the contortions of mifery: difeafe was vifible in every countenance however otherwife impreffed with the character of rage, of drunkennefs, or of luft. Rape and murder, revelling and ftrife, filled every ftreet and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumfpection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwife efcape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whofe propenfity to ill was reftrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punifh vice is to promote happinefs.

It was now evening, and that I might pafs the night in greater fecurity, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a houfe that was incircled by a mote, I fwam over to it, and chofe an obfcure corner of the area for my afylum. I heard from within the found of dancing and mufic; but after a fhort interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the fhrieks of terror, and the wailings of diftrefs. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and fome venifon was thrown out, which fell juft at my feet. As I had eaten nothing fince my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate

accident

accident; and after the pleafure of an unexpected repaft, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a fhort time, many perfons rufhed from the houfe with lights, and feemed folicitous to gather up the venifon which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the fame time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately feized and led into the houfe: but as I could not difcover that I was the object either of malignity or kindnefs, I was in doubt what would be the iffue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was refolved; for I foon learned, from the difcourfe of thofe about me, that I was fufpected to have eaten poifon, which had been intended for another, and was fecured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the fufpicion. As it was not expected that the poifon would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myfelf, where I reflected upon the caufe and the event of my confinement, with inexpreffible anguifh, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a fudden light fhone round me, and I found myfelf once more in the prefence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," faid he, "and "the Angel of Death fhall teach thee, that the wants of nature "cannot be fupplied with fafety, where the inordinate ap-"petites of vice are not reftrained. Thy hunger required "food; but the luft and revenge of others have given thee "poifon." My blood grew chill as he fpake; I difcovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wifhed to exprefs my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I fhivered, was convulfed, and expired.

That fpark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench rofe up from the duft which had thus been reftored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new ftate of exiftence I entered with inexpreffible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of fafety, but of the favour of

Syndarac,

Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever ſolicitous to pleaſe, I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to riſe above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedneſs were complicated in every object, and which I now deteſted as much as before I had deſired. But over this region a ſulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no ſooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had ſcarce ſtrength to keep my wings ſufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared ſome faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehenſion; as it ſeemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the receſs of luxury: but leſt the noiſe of my wings ſhould diſcover me to any hateful or miſchievous inhabitant of this gloomy ſolitude, I entered in ſilence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was ſuſpended from the roof, I diſcovered a hermit liſtening to a young lady, who ſeemed to be greatly affected with the events which ſhe was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I diſcerned to be Selima. I was ſtruck with amazement at this diſcovery; I remembered wth the deepeſt contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now ſecretly rejoiced that ſhe had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmoſt impatience of curioſity, ſhe continued her narrative.

" I was ſitting on a ſofa one evening after I had been ca-
" reſſed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mu-
" ſed. Why, ſaid I aloud, ſhould I give up the delights of
" love with the ſplendor of royalty? Since the preſumption of
" my father has prevented my marriage, why ſhould I not ac-
" cept the bleſſings that are ſtill offered? Why is deſire re-
" ſtrained by the dread of ſhame? and why is the pride of vir-
" tue offended by the ſoftneſs of nature? Immediately a thick
" cloud ſurrounded me; I felt myſelf lifted up and conveyed

through

"through the air with incredible rapidity. I defcended, the "cloud diffipated, and I found myfelf fitting in an alcove, by "the fide of a canal that incircled a ftately edifice and a fpaci- "ous garden, I faw many perfons pafs along; but difcovered "in all fomething either diffolute or wretched, fomething that "alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I fuddenly perceived "many men with their fwords drawn, contending for a wo- "man, who was forced along irrefiftably by the crowd, which "moved directly towards the place in which I was fitting. I "was terrified, and looked round me with eagernefs, to fee "where I could retreat for fafety. A perfon richly dreffed "perceived my diftrefs and invited me into the houfe which "the canal furrounded. Of this invitation I haftily accepted "with gratitude and joy: but I foon remarked feveral inci- "dents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehenfion. "I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour "were equally unknown; where every wifh was indulged "without the violation of any law, and where the will was "therefore determined only by appetite. I was prefently fur- "rounded by women, whofe behaviour covered me with blufh- "es; and though I rejected the careffes of the perfon into "whofe power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of "the diftinction with which he treated me: my expoftulations "were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: "preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was in- "vited to join the dance, aud upon my refufal was entertained "with mufic. In this dreadful fituation, I fighed thus to my- "felf: How fevere is that juftice, which tranfports thofe who "form licentious wifhes, to a fociety in which they are indulg- "ed without reftraint! Who fhall deliver me from the effects "of my own folly? who fhall defend me againft the vices of "others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice "of fome invifible being. The friends of Virtue are mighty; "reject not their protection, and thou art fafe. As I renoun- "ced the prefumptuous wifh which had once polluted my

"mind,

" mind, I exulted in this intimation with an affurance of re-
" lief; and when fupper was fet before me, I fuffered the
" principal lady to ferve me with fome venifon; but the friend-
" ly voice having warned me that it was poifoned, I fell back
" in my feat and turned pale: the lady inquired earneftly
" what had difordered me; but inftead of making a reply, I
" threw the venifon from the window, and declared that fhe
" had intended my death. The mafter of the table, who per-
" ceived the lady to whom I fpoke change countenance, was
" at once convinced that fhe had indeed attempted to poifon
" me, to preferve that intereft which as a rival fhe feared I
" fhould fubvert. He rofe up in a rage, and commanded the
" venifon to be produced; a dog that was fuppofed to have
" eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be
" known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, af-
" ter having fuddenly ftabbed her patron, plunged the fame
" poignard in her own bofom.

" In the midft of this confufion I found means to efcape,
" and wandered through the city in fearch of fome obfcure
" recefs, where, if I received not the affiftance which I hop-
" ed, death at leaft might fecure my perfon from violation, and
" clofe my eyes on thofe fcenes, which, wherever I turned,
" filled me not only with difguft but with horror. By that
" Benevolent Power who, as a prefervative from mifery,
" has placed in us a fecret and irrefiftible difapprobation of
" vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whofe virtue has
" participated in my diftrefs, and whofe wifdom may effect
" my deliverance."

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abufed, with fentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the moft bitter remorfe, for having produced one wifh that could ftain fo amiable a mind; and abhorred myfelf for having ufed the power which I derived from her tendernefs, to effect her deftruction. My fondnefs was not lefs ardent,

 but

but it was more chaſte and tender; deſire was not extinguiſhed, but it was almoſt abſorbed in eſteem. I felt a paſſion, to which, till now, I had been a ſtranger: and the moment LOVE was kindled in my breaſt, I reſumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can ſubſiſt, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my ſudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were ſuſpended, and ſhe ſunk into my arms. I claſped her to my breaſt, and looking towards the hermit for his aſſiſtance, I beheld in his ſtead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happineſs by affliction. At the ſame inſtant Selima recovered. "Ariſe," ſaid Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkneſs was ſuddenly diſſipated, and we perceived ourſelves in the road to Golconda, and the ſpires of the city ſparkled before us. "Go," ſaid he, Amurath, henceforth the huſband of Selima, and the father of thy people! "I have revealed thy ſtory to Alibeg in a viſion; he expects "thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, "and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath, the Sultan of the "Eaſt, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven; Amurath, "whoſe ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign "with wiſdom, and diffuſe felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with ſentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudeſt acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in proſperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, ſhall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witneſs, thou whoſe eye drinks inſtruction from my pen? Haſt thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in ſecret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the firſt whiſpers of this friend to thy ſoul; it is the voice of a

greater than Syndarac, to refift whofe influence is to invite deftruction. *Adventurer.*

CONTINENCE.

SENTIMENTS.

THIS is a virtue that makes but an inconfiderable figure in our days. However, we ought not to lofe our ideas of things, though we have debauched our true relifh in our practice: for, after all, folid virtue will keep its place in the opinion of the wife and fenfible part of mankind. And though cuftom has not made it fo fcandalous as it ought to be to infnare innocent women, and triumph in the falfehood; fuch actions as we fhall relate muft be accounted true gallantry, and rife higher in our efteem the farther they are removed from our imitation.

The force of cuftom is prodigious and unaccountable: the bulk of mankind are enflaved by it. They have little elfe to plead for moft of their opinions: but the opinion of the multitude is one of the moft erroneous, inconfiftent, and variable rules we can poffibly proceed by. Their blind *prejudices*, with a mixture of ftrong paffions, are the governing principles of their actions. One of the fureft ways, therefore, that can be taken both to think and act wrong, is implicitly to follow the predominant tafte and bias of the *times*, i. e. the *guidance* of the *multitude*, the extravagance of their principles, and the licentioufnefs of their behaviour. It is no wonder, then, fince men appear to be fo indolent, and inclined to fubmit to and follow the *public leading* implicitly, that cuftom is apprehended to give a fort of fanction to vice itfelf; and hinders them difcerning, in a clear and ftrong light, its nature, bafenefs, and deformity.

Continence

Continence conſiſts not in an inſenſibility or freedom from paſſions, but in the well-ordering them.

One man may be much more cheaply virtuous than another, according to the different ſtrength of their paſſions.

The pleaſure of ſubduing an inordinate deſire, or denying an impetuous appetite, is not only nobler, but greater by far than any that is to be found in the moſt tranſporting moments of gratification. *Beaut. of Hiſt.*

....

EXAMPLES OF CONTINENCE.

SCIPIO the younger, when only twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army againſt the Spaniards. His wiſdom and valour would have done honour to the moſt experienced general. Determined to ſtrike an important blow, he forms a deſign of beſieging Carthagena, then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His meaſures were ſo judiciouſly concerted, and with ſo much courage and intrepidity purſued, both by ſea and land, that notwithſtanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by ſtorm. The plunder was immenſe. Ten thouſand freemen were made priſoners: and above three hundred more, of both ſexes, were received as hoſtages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady, the wife of Mandonius, brother of Indibilis, king of the Ilergetes, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and throwing herſelf at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to thoſe who had the ladies in their keeping to have regard to their ſex and birth. Scipio, who did not underſtand her meaning at firſt, aſſured her that he had given orders that they ſhoud not want for any thing. But the lady replied, " Thoſe conveniences are not what effect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented? I have

have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war, and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princesses, which you see here before us; for as to me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect." She had with her the daughters of Indibilis, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother. Scipio, then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, "My own glory," says he, "and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering that virtue, which ought always to be respected, wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict in my care of it, in the virtuous solicitude you shew in thinking only of the preservation of your honour, in the midst of so many other objects of fear.' After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding, that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends. It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired in his camp, some of his officers brought in a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conquerror started from his seat with confusion and surprize; and, like one thunder-struck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his straggling spirits, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than, even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and, to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed him in these words; "You

and

and I are young, which admits of my ſpeaking to you with more liberty. Thoſe who brought me your future ſpouſe, aſſured me, at the ſame time, that you loved her with extreme tenderneſs; and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement, and were not wholly engroſſed with the affairs of my country, I ſhould deſire that ſo honourable and legitimate a paſſion ſhould find favour. I think myſelf happy in the preſent conjuncture to do you this ſervice. Though the fortune of war has made me your maſter, I deſire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bleſs you with her. One thing, however, I would have you to be fully aſſured of, that ſhe has been amongſt us as ſhe would have been in the houſe of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchaſe a looſe and momentary pleaſure at the expenſe of virtue, honour, and the happineſs of an honeſt man. No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a preſent worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this ineſtimable gift is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any anſwer: but throwing himſelf at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the ſame poſture; and remained ſo, till the father burſt out into the following words: "Oh! divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while ſhe prays to the gods for your proſperity, raptures above all the tranſports you could have reaped from the poſſeſſion of her injured perſon!"

The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very conſiderable ſum for her ranſom: but, when they ſaw that ſhe was reſtored to them in ſo generous and godlike a manner, they intreated the conqueror with great earneſtneſs, to accept that ſum as a preſent; and declared, by his complying, that that new favour would complete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to reſiſt ſuch warm and earneſt ſolicita-

tions,

tions, told them, that he accepted the gift; and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then, addreſſing himſelf to Allucius, "I "add," ſays he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in-law this ſum; which I deſire you to accept as a marriage preſent."

If we conſider that Scipio was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no reſtraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conqueſt he made of himſelf was far more glorious than that of the Carthaginian empire: and though his treatment of this captive prince was not more delicate and generous than what might juſtly be expected from a perſon endowed with reaſon and reflection; yet conſidering how few there are in his circumſtances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propoſe him as a ſuitable example in future ages. Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince charmed with the liberality and politeneſs of Scipio, went into his country to publiſh the praiſes of ſo generous a victor. He cried out, in the tranſports of his gratitude, "That there was come into Spain a young hero, like the gods; who conquered all things leſs by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue, and the greatneſs of his beneficence." Upon this report all Celtiberia ſubmitted to the Romans; and Allucius returned in a ſhout to Scipio, at the head of fourteen hundred choſen horſe, to facilitate his future conqueſts. To render the marks of his gratitude ſtill more durable, Allucius cauſed the action we have juſt related to be engraven on a ſilver ſhield, which he preſented to Scipio; a preſent infinitely more eſtimable and glorious than all his treaſures and triumphs. This buckler, which Scipio carried with him when he returned to Rome, was loſt in paſſing the Rhone, with part of the baggage It continued in that river, till the year 1665, when ſome fiſhermen found it. It is now in the king of France's cabinet. *Livy, Rollin, Tatler.*

THE

THE circumſtance which raiſes Alexander the Great above many conquerors, and as it were above himſelf, is the uſe he made of his victory after the battle of Iſſus. This is the moſt beautiful incident in his life. It is the point of view in which it is his intereſt to be conſidered; and it is impoſſible for him not to appear truly great in that view. By the victory of Iſſus he became poſſeſſed of the whole Perſian empire: not only Syſigambis, Darius's mother, was his captive, but alſo his wife and daughters, princeſſes whoſe beauty was not to be equalled in all Aſia. Alexander, like Scipio, was in the bloom of life, a conqueror, free, and not yet engaged in matrimony *: nevertheleſs, his camp was to thoſe princeſſes a ſacred aſylum, or rather a temple, in which their chaſtity was ſecured as under the gaurd of virtue itſelf; and ſo highly revered, that Darius, in his expiring moments, hearing the kind treatment they had met with, could not help lifting up his dying hands towards heaven, and wiſhing ſucceſs to ſo wiſe and generous a conqueror, who could govern his paſſions at ſo critical a time. Plutarch informs us more particularly, that the princeſſes lived ſo retired in the camp, according to their own deſire, that they were not ſeen by any perſon, except their own attendants; nor did any other perſon dare to approach their apartments. After the firſt viſit, which was a reſpectful and ceremonious one, Alexander, to avoid expoſing himſelf to the dangers of human fraility, made a ſolemn reſolution never to viſit Darius's queen any more. He, himſelf, informs us of this memorable circumſtance, in a letter wrote by him to Parmenio, in which he commanded him to put to death certain Macedonians, who had forced the wives of ſome foreign ſoldiers. In this letter was the following paragraph: " For as to myſelf, it will be found, that I neither ſaw, nor would ſee the wife of Darius; and did not ſuffer any one to ſpeak of her beauty before me."

Plutarch.

IF

‡ Et juvenis, et cælebis, et victor.

IT is remarked of Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian commander, that he always ſhewed uncommon wiſdom and continence with regard to the great number of women taken priſoners during the courſe of his wars; inſomuch, that no one would have imagined he had been born in Africa, where incontinence is the predominant vice of the country. *Pudicitiamque eum tantam inter tot captivos habuiſſe, ut in Africa natum quivis negaret.* *Juſtin.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fox.

THIS lively and crafty animal is common to every part of Great-Britain; and is ſo well known, as not to require a particular deſcription.

The Fox ſleeps much during the day; but the night is its ſeaſon of activity, and the time when it roams about in ſearch of prey.—It will eat fleſh of any kind; but prefers that of hares, rabbits, poultry, and all kinds of birds. Thoſe that reſide near the ſea coaſts will, for want of other food, eat crabs, ſhrimps, muſcles, and other ſhell-fiſh.

In France and Italy, the Fox does great damage among the vineyards by feeding on the grapes, of which it is extremely fond.—It boldly attacks the wild bees, and frequently robs them of their ſtores; but not with impunity: The whole ſwarm flies out, and faſtens upon the invader; but he retires only for a few minutes, and rids himſelf of the bees by rolling upon the ground; by which means he cruſhes ſuch as ſtick to him, and then returns to his charge, and devours both wax and honey.

The cunning of the Fox in ſurpriſing and ſecuring its prey is equally remarkable: When it has acquired more than it can

 devour,

devour, its firſt care is to ſecure what it has killed, which is generally all within its reach. It digs holes in different places, where it conceals its booty by carefully covering it with earth to prevent a diſcovery. If a flock of poultry have unfortunately fallen victims to its ſtratagems, it will bring them, one by one, to theſe hiding-places; where it leaves them till hunger demands freſh ſupplies.

There are three varieties of Foxes in this iſland, which differ from each other more in form than in colour, *viz.* the *Greyhound Fox*, the *Maſtiff Fox*, and the *Cur Fox*.

THE GREYHOUND FOX is the largeſt, and is chiefly found in the mountainous parts of England and Scotland: He is likewiſe the boldeſt, and will attack a well-grown Sheep.—His ears are long and erect, and his aſpect wild.

THE DOG.

THE ſervices of this truly valuable creature have been ſo eminently uſeful to the domeſtic intereſts of men in all ages, that to give the hiſtory of the Dog would be little leſs than to trace mankind back to their original ſtate of ſimplicity and freedom, to mark the progreſs of civilization through the various changes of the world, and to follow attentively the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the animal world, and gave him a manifeſt ſuperiority over every part of the brute creation.

If we conſider for a moment the ſtate of man without the aid of this uſeful domeſtic;—with what arts ſhall he oppoſe the numerous hoſts of foes that ſurround him on all ſides, ſeeking every opportunity to encroach upon his poſſeſſions; to deſtroy his labours, or endanger his perſonal ſafety? or how ſhall he bring into ſubjection ſuch as are neceſſary for his well-being? His utmoſt vigilance will not be ſufficient to ſecure him from the

the rapacity of the one, nor his greateſt exertions enable him to overcome the ſpeed of the other. To maintain his independence, to inſure his ſafety, and to provide for his ſupport, it was neceſſary that ſome one among the animals ſhould be brought over to his aſſiſtance, whoſe zeal and fidelity might be depended on. And where, amidſt all the various orders of animated being, could one be found ſo entirely adapted to this purpoſe; where could one be found ſo bold, ſo tractable, and ſo obedient as the Dog? Without its aſſiſtance how could man have conquered, tamed, and reduced other animals into ſlavery? how could he have hunted down and deſtroyed thoſe noxious animals, from whoſe rapacity his life was in continual danger? To confirm the truth of theſe obſervations, we need only turn our attention to the preſent condition of thoſe nations which are not yet emerged from a ſtate of barbariſm, where the uſes of the Dog are but little known or attended to, and we will find that they lead a precarious and wretched life of perpetual warfare with the ſtill more ſavage inhabitants of the foreſt, with which they are obliged to diſpute the poſſeſſion of their uncultivated fields, and divide with them the fruits of their labours.—From hence we may conclude, that the attention of mankind, in the earlieſt ages, would be engaged in training and rendering this animal ſubſervient to the important purpoſes of domeſtic utility; and the reſult of this art has been the conqueſt and peaceable poſſeſſion of the earth.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THIS uſeful animal, ever faithful to his charge, reigns at the head of the flock; where it is better heard, and more attended to, than even the voice of the ſhepherd. Safety, order, and diſcipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity.

In thoſe large tracts of land which, in many parts of our iſland, are ſolely appropriated to the feeding of Sheep and other cattle, this ſagacious animal is of the utmoſt importance. Immenſe

menſe flocks may be ſeen continually ranging over thoſe extenſive wilds, as far as the eye can reach, ſeemingly without controul: Their only guide is the ſhepherd, attended by his faithful Dog, the conſtant companion of his toils: It receives his commands, and is always prompt to execute them; it is the watchful guardian of the flock, prevents them from ſtraggling, keeps them together, and conducts them from one part of their paſture to another; it will not ſuffer any ſtrangers to mix with them, but carefully keeps off every intruder. In driving a number of Sheep to any diſtant part, a well-trained Dog never fails to confine them to the road, watches every avenue that leads from it; where he takes his ſtand, threatening every delinquent: He purſues the ſtragglers, if any ſhould eſcape; and forces them into order, without doing them the leaſt injury. If the herdſman be obliged to leave them, he depends upon his Dog to keep the flock together; and as ſoon as he hears the well-known ſignal, this faithful creature conducts them to his maſter, though at a conſiderable diſtance.

There is a very remarkable ſingularity in the feet of the Shepherd's Dog: All of them have one, and ſome two toes more than other Dogs, though they ſeem not to be of much uſe. They appear to be deſtitute of muſcles, and hang dangling at the hind part of the leg more like an unnatural excreſcence than a neceſſary part of the animal. But the adage, that 'Nature has made nothing in vain,' ought to correct our deciſion on their utility, which probably may exiſt unknown to us.

This breed of Dogs, at preſent, appears to be preſerved, in the greateſt purity, in the northern parts of Scotland; where its aid is highly neceſſary in managing the numerous herds of Sheep bred in thoſe extenſive wilds.

THE GREYHOUND,

M. Buffon ſuppoſes to be the Iriſh Greyhound, rendered thinner

thinner and more delicate by the difference of climate and culture: But whatever truth there may be in the fanciful arrangements of that ingenious author, there is an evident ſimilarity of form in all of thoſe juſt mentioned; particularly in the depth of the cheſt, in the length of the legs, and in the ſmallneſs of the muzzle.

The Greyhound is the fleeteſt of all the Dogs, and can outrun every animal of the chaſe; but as it wants the faculty of ſcenting, it only follows by the eye. It was formerly held in ſuch eſtimation, as to be conſidered the peculiar companion of gentlemen; and, by the foreſt laws of king Canute, it was enacted, that no perſon under that degree ſhould preſume to keep a Greyhound.

THE SPANISH POINTER.

Is of foreign origin, as its name ſeems to imply; but is now naturalized in this country, which has long been famous for Dogs of this kind; the greateſt attention being paid to preſerve the breed in its utmoſt purity.

This Dog is remarkable for the aptneſs and facility with which it receives inſtruction: It may be ſaid to be almoſt ſelf-taught; whilſt the Engliſh Pointer requires the greateſt care and attention in breaking and training to the ſport. The Spaniſh Pointer, however, is not ſo durable and hardy, nor ſo able to undergo the fatigues of an extenſive range. It is chiefly employed in finding partridges, pheaſants, &c. either for the gun or the net.

It is ſaid, that an Engliſh nobleman (Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland) was the firſt that broke a Setting-Dog to the net.

Many of the Setting-Dogs, now uſed by ſportſmen, are a mixt breed, between the Engliſh and Spaniſh Pointer.

FINIS.

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